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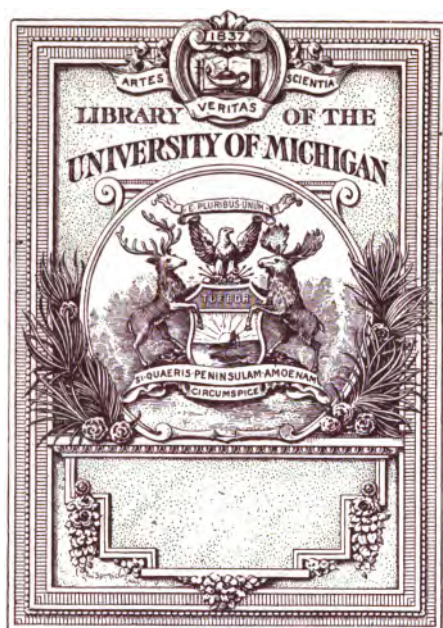
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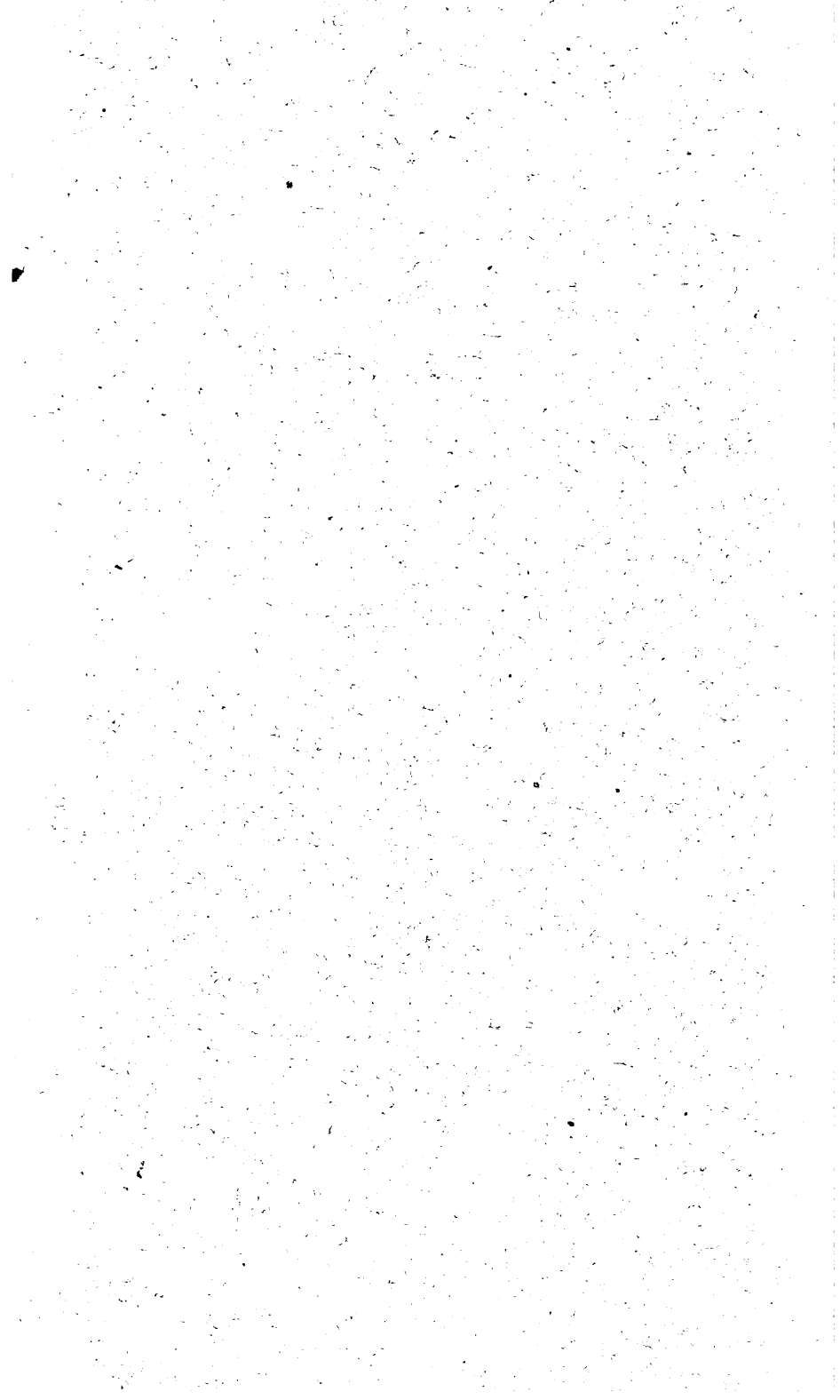
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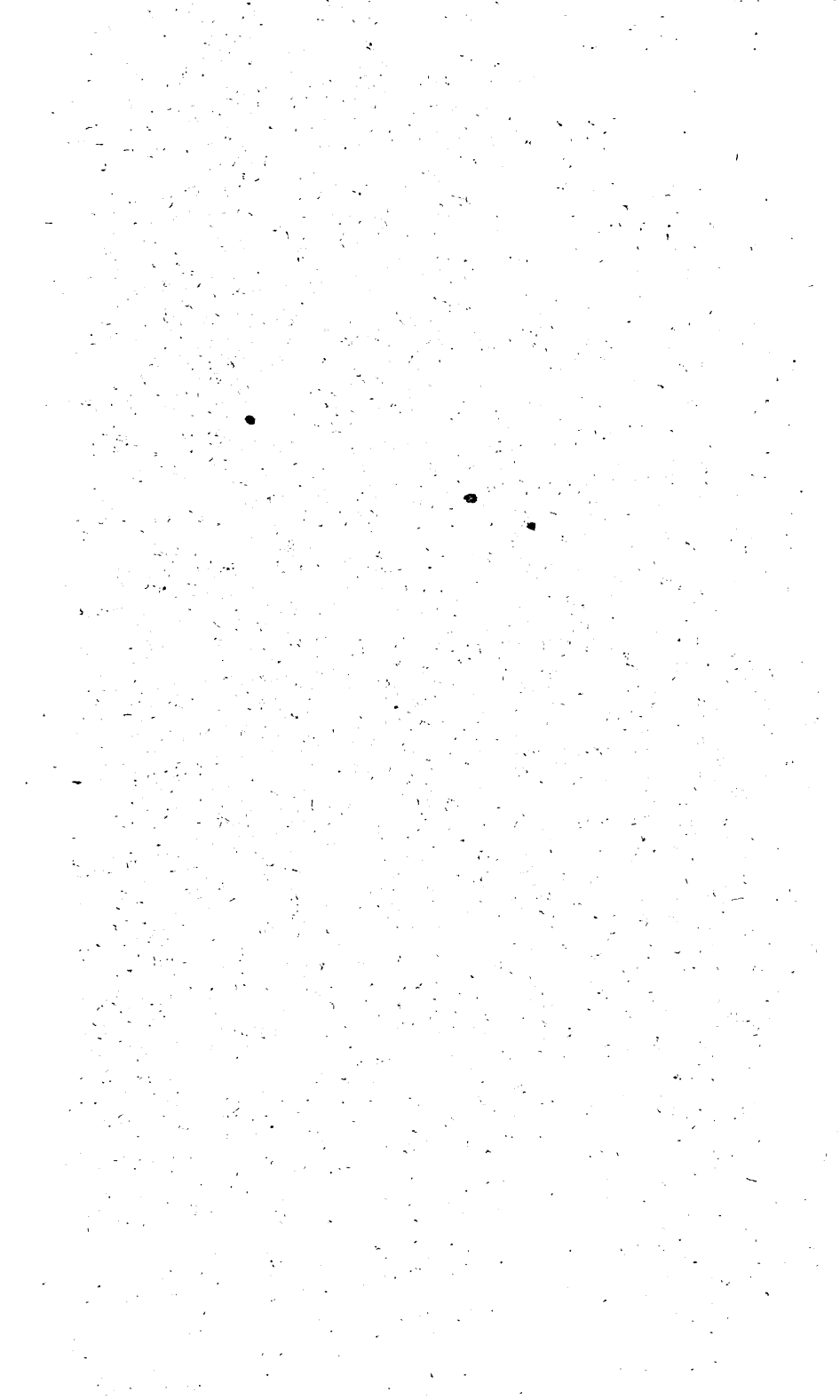
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James E. Beers.
April 20. 1859.

THE
45741
ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED

INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

By THE REV. JAMES MORRICE, A. M.

LATE STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
RECTOR OF BETSHANGER, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT,
AND VICAR OF FLOWER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

THIS TRANSLATION

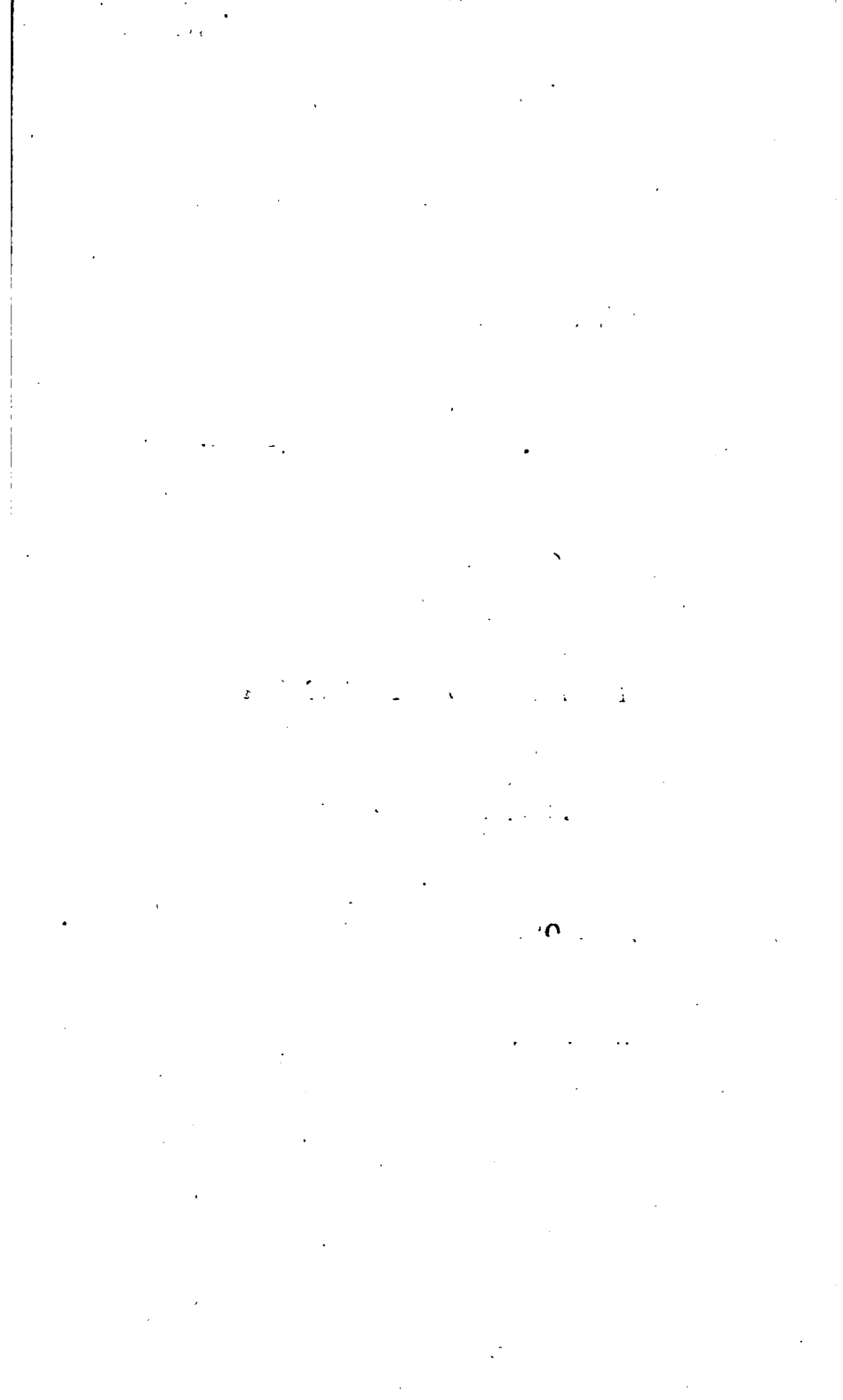
OF

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

IS BY PERMISSION

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AND MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.



TO THE READER.

IN offering a Translation of Homer's Iliad to the notice of the public, the author feels it incumbent upon him abundantly to apologize; premising that it was begun many years since, and continued occasionally during a life of retirement as an amusement rather than with any view to publication. By what motives he may have been induced to add one to the versions which have been given in the English language it is not material to relate; nor, if related, could it be presumed that others should see in them sufficient reason for obtruding it on the world, what influence soever they might have on his own mind. It may be necessary, however, to make mention of the several translations of Homer which have already appeared. They are in number five, by the following authors,—Chapman, Hobbes, Ogilby, Pope, and Cowper. It is by no means the intention, nor indeed could it well be expected, that the author of the present should give his opinion, or endeavour to point out their respective merits,—still

less to animadvert on their errors: they are before a discerning public, most of them, indeed, long since, and have assuredly been duly appreciated by those better qualified to deliver a more impartial judgement. It has been said that the business of a translator is to enter so fully by attention and study into the mind of his original, that he may, as it were, look on every thing with the same eyes, and feel with the same soul. The author of the following attempt to render into English blank verse the sublime work of the father of poetry, is indeed far, very far from presuming to think that he has seen with the same eyes, or felt with the same soul as his original. But he certainly has made it his endeavour to enter in some degree into the spirit of his author, to give his meaning, though he may have deviated in words; careful to the best of his ability to preserve that venerable cast of antiquity, that simplicity and dignity of character and manner peculiar to Homer. At the same time the translator cannot but be well aware that in the more difficult and obscure passages of an antient Greek poet, he may in various instances have either misconceived or misunderstood his author; and if he has inadvertently omitted any material part,

or indiscreetly added to the sentiments or expressions so as to do him discredit, he has to claim from the liberality and candour of the learned that indulgence which so laborious an undertaking and so difficult a work might naturally lead him to expect. If from this attempt others should be incited to look into and study the original with more minute attention, he shall not think his pains altogether thrown away, or his labour misapplied: and if any one more competent should from hence be induced to employ his superior acquirements in giving a more faithful and correct, and at the same time a truly poetical version of the *Iliad*, no inconsiderable advantage will thence accrue to English literature in general, and to poetry in particular; since from this immortal work of Homer, poetry, both the art and the spirit of it, is, by the concurring opinion and acknowledgement of mankind, almost wholly and solely to be derived.

The translator cannot close this address without noticing an omission of some lines in the description of the sacrifice in the Second Book, which from oversight were not inserted in the copy transcribed for the press; it should have been the same as that in the first book,

to which the reader is referred : in the original they are both the same. Indeed, in many instances speeches, descriptions, similies, &c. are repeated in Homer, for which repetition we may presume he had good reason, though it has not escaped censure. But in a translation such omission ought assuredly not to have been made ; at the same time, if it were permitted him to form a wish, it would be, that, in the mode and manner of killing, preparing, and dressing victims for sacrifice, no such minute repetition had occurred ; and that one detail of circumstances, neither very pleasing nor poetical, had been deemed by Homer himself fully sufficient for the information of future times in this religious ceremony, supposed to have been in use at the siege of Troy.

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THE
I L I A D.

BOOK I.

SING, Muse, the fatal wrath of Peleus' son,
Which to the Greeks unnumb'red evils brought,
And many heroes to the realms of night
Sent premature; and gave their limbs a prey
To dogs and birds: for such the will of Jove, 5
When fierce contention rose between the chiefs,
Achilles, and Atrides king of men.

Say first who caus'd this most pernicious feud.—
Latona's son; who, with the king enrag'd,
Sent pestilential sickness through the host, 10
Avenging the dishonour of his priest
Chryses, a suppliant at the Grecian fleet,
With ransom large his daughter to release:
The sceptre of Apollo in his hand
He bore; and to the Greeks address'd his pray'r; 15
To Atreus' sons, chief captains of the host.

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian chiefs,
“ May the gods favour your victorious arms,
“ And grant you safe return! Yet hear my pray’r:
“ Restore my daughter, and her ransom take; 20
“ And reverence Apollo, sprung from Jove.”

The Greeks with one consent their wish declar’d

The priest to honour and accept the gifts:
Not such the mind of Atreus’ warlike son,
Who with reproach dismiss’d, and threat severe. 25

“ Let me not find thee loitering at our ships;
“ Nor shall thy age, shouldst thou return again,
“ Nor sceptre of thy god, protect thee here;
“ I will not let her go, till worn with age,
“ In Argos, in our house, she ply the loom, 30
“ The partner of my bed: hence then, begone,
“ Nor wake my anger, wouldst thou safe depart.”

He spake; when Chryses trembled, and obey’d:
Silent, he hast’ned to the boisterous shore,
And thus to Phœbus, from Látone sprung 35
Bright-hair’d, preferr’d his pray’r: “ Thy servant

“ hear,
“ God of the silver bow; whom Cylla fair
“ And Tenedos obey: if, with pure hands,
“ To thee I’ve paid the grateful sacrifice;

“ And with just rites thy sacred altars crown’d,
“ Hear me, O hear! soon may the Grecian host
“ Deeply regret my unavailing tears!”

Thus Chryses; and Apollo heard his plaint,
And swift descended from Olympus’ height;
His bow and arrows rattled at his side: 45
Downward he bent his way; as night he mov’d
Baneful, and sent his fatal arrows forth:
Dire was the clangor of the silver bow.

First the contagion, to inferior beasts
Confin’d, the dogs and mules alone destroy’d; 50
Then men a prey to his relentless ire
Fell; and incessant burnt the funeral pile.
Nine days the fatal shafts with force increas’d
Were scatter’d through the host: when, on the
tenth,

Achilles summon’d all the Grecian chiefs, 55
Warn’d by the watchful care of heav’n’s high Queen;
Who saw and deeply sorrow’d at their fate:
To whom, assembled, thus Achilles spake:

“ Must we, then, measure back our wand’ring
“ course,
“ Atrides, if we thus may death escape; 60
“ Since pestilence and war united rage,
“ And thin our ranks? Let us forthwith consult

" Some prophet well instructed ; some wise seer,
 " Interpreter of dreams, oft sent from Jove;
 " Who may declare, why dread Apollo thus 65
 " Pours his displeasure on us; whether vows
 " Neglected, or imperfect sacrifice,
 " Give just offence : how we may best remove,
 " By service due, this dire calamity."

Thus spake Achilles. Calchas then uprose, 70
 Skill'd in mysterious knowledge of events
 Past, present, and to come : whose potent art,
 The gift of Phœbus, to the Trojan shores
 Conducted safe the numerous fleet of Greece :
 Who thus his speech address'd : "Favour'd of heav'n,
 " Achilles, you command me to declare 76
 " Why Phœbus, angry, thus afflicts our host.
 " Under the sanction, then, of such command,
 " I will the cause unfold ; yet, note it well,
 " I must thy aid, thy strong protection claim, 80
 " And that confirm'd by oath : for well I know
 " Displeasure waits me, and the wrath of him
 " Who bears with us supreme and sov'reign sway;
 " Who may dissemble for a while, and wait
 " Fit opportunity of time and place 85
 " To satiate his revenge : wilt thou protect me?"

To whom Achilles : " Speak, and boldly too,

“ What thou dost know : for by thy god I swear,
“ By Phœbus, none of all the Grecian host,
“ Whilst I am living to assert thy cause, 90
“ Shall do thee wrong. No ; not Atreides’ self,
“ Who boasts with us supreme and sov’reign pow’r.”

Encourag’d thus, the blameless prophet spake :

“ Not for neglected vows, nor sacrifice,
“ But that Atreides hath disgrac’d his priest, 95
“ Still holds his daughter in captivity,
“ Rejecting pray’rs and gifts, doth Phœbus pour
“ His wrath upon our host, and yet will pour.
“ Nor may the raging pestilence abate,
“ Till, to her father’s longing arms restor’d, 100
“ Unransom’d, unredeem’d, the beauteous maid
“ Have conduct safe ; and sacrifices due
“ In Chrysa’s isle appease the offended god.”

Thus Calchas, and retir’d : when from his seat

Atrides rose : stern anger knit his brow, 105

And from his eye-balls flash’d indignant fire ;

Calchas he thus address’d : “ O prophet vile,

“ Studious to utter what I disapprove ;

“ Words inauspicious ever to my views.

“ As if Apollo’s wrath for this were rous’d, 110

“ Because I captive hold the beauteous maid

“ Chryseis, and the proffer’d gifts refuse.

- “ Not Clytemnestra, partner of my bed,
“ With her may be compar’d, beyond her sex
“ Gifted with excellencies manifold, 115
“ In mind, as in her form, superior still :
“ Yet even her, if best, I will restore,
“ To save my people from calamity :
“ Shall I then unrewarded be, alone
“ Of all the Grecian chiefs ? That may not be ; 120
“ Nor is it right : prepare me then a gift,
“ And instantly, for this, you see, is gone.”
 To whom Achilles : “ O illustrious chief,
“ Of wealth insatiate ; from what latent store
“ May we provide an adequate reward ? 125
“ The spoils of captur’d cities are dispers’d :
“ Restore but this, and with unbounded gifts
“ We will reward thee, when great Jove shall give
“ The Trojan city to our conquering arms.”
 Atrides answer’d : “ Think not to deceive, 130
“ Great as thou art, Achilles, with vain words,
“ And empty promises of gifts to come ;
“ Shalt thou retain the spoil, whilst I alone,
“ At thy command too, yield my valued prize ?
“ If then another be prepar’d, in worth 135
“ Equal, ’t is well ; if not, I shall demand
“ Or Ajax’ prize, or thine, or the rich gift

- " Ulysses owns ; nor shall I heed his rage.
 " But this we will consider more at large :
 " At present, let a vessel be prepar'd, 140
 " Well furnish'd, well appointed ; and therein
 " Place we a hecatomb for sacrifice,
 " And give safe conduct to the captive maid :
 " And further, we appoint to this command
 " Ajax, Ulysses, or Idomeneus, 145
 " Or thee, Achilles, most renown'd of men ;
 " That with due rites and sacrifices meet
 " You may appease the anger of the god."
 Achilles, sternly looking, thus replied :
 " O fraught with insolence and crafty wiles ! 150
 " How can we, cheerfully, thy will obey,
 " Whether to form the secret ambuscade,
 " Or combat danger in the doubtful war ?
 " I came not here for any just offence,
 " Or cause of war ; nor do I Trojans blame ; 155
 " For never did they plunder and despoil
 " The Phthian cities and their fertile fields ;
 " Since tracts immense, and oceans dangerous,
 " Sever my kingdom from the realms of Troy.
 " For thee, and for thy fame, O shameless man, 160
 " We did embark in this unthankful cause :
 " Yet now thou wouldst deprive me of my gift,

- “ My well-earn’d gift, the Grecians have bestow’d :
“ I never share an equal part with thee,
“ From battle gain’d, or city overthrown ; 165
“ The shock of arms, the danger of the field,
“ These hands sustain ; but, when partition comes,
“ You reap the vantage ; whilst, dear bought, and
“ small,
“ I to the ships convey my humbler prize :
“ Know then, to Phthia I again return, 170
“ For so is best ; nor can it be that thou
“ Or wealth or profit reap from my disgrace.”
Atrides quick return’d : “ Fly hence, begone ;
“ I neither court thy aid, nor ask thy stay ;
“ Others will pay me honours requisite, 175
“ Princes and mighty chiefs ; but, above all,
“ Great Jove himself, in counsel excellent.
“ Know then, I hate thee ; for thou dost delight
“ In fierce contention and destructive war :
“ Though brave, thy courage is the gift of Heav’n.
“ Home with thy forces and thy ships return ; 181
“ In Phthia rule supreme ; I heed thee not ;
“ Thy anger I despise, and tell thee more,—
“ Since Phœbus fair Chryseis thus reclaims,
“ My ships, my friends, shall safe conduct her
“ hence ; 185

“ And from thy tent I will Briseis take,
 “ Thy gift ; that thou mayst know how much I
 “ boast

“ Superior sway ; and others hence may fear
 “ To equal, to compare themselves with me.”

He spake : when doubtful thoughts the mind en-
 gag'd 200

Of stern Achilles, overwhelm'd with grief,
 Or from his side to draw his fatal sword,
 And, rushing forward, pierce the monarch's breast;
 Or check his anger, and his rage subdue.

But, whilst he thus deliberating stood, 195

And grasp'd his mighty sword, Minerva swift
 Descended, sent by Juno's watchful care,

To all unseen, invisible, but him ;

Behind she stood, and seiz'd his yellow hair.

Achilles turn'd, astonish'd ; straight he knew 200

The dazzling splendour of her radiant eye ;

And thus in haste address'd the heav'nly power :

“ And art thou come, daughter of Jove supreme,

“ To view this insult ? Soon shall Atreus' son,

“ For such my fixed purpose, with his life 205

“ Pay the just forfeit of his haughty pride.”

To whom Minerva thus : “ From heav'n I come,

“ To check, if it may be, thy rage ; sent down

- " By Juno, who to both extends her care :
" Cease then from wrath, nor draw thy fatal sword:
" With words alone contend, and keen reproach :
" The time will come, nor is it distant far,
" When thou shalt amply be repaid for this :
" Only attend my voice, and curb thy rage."

Achilles answer'd : " To thy will I bend, 215

- " Goddess, though much incens'd: the heav'nly
" pow'rs

- " Attend his pray'r, who willingly obeys."

He spake ; and on the scabbard fix'd his hand,
And sheath'd his mighty sword ; nor disobey'd
Minerva's high behest ; who wing'd to heav'n 220
Her rapid flight, the seat of Jove supreme.
Nor ceas'd Achilles ; but with keen reproach
And bitter taunts Atrides thus pursued :

- " Intemperate, insolent, yet coward base ;
" Who never dar'st to arm thyself for war, 225
" Or doubtful ambuscade ; who dost prefer
" To plunder of his just reward that man
" Who shall presume to contravert thy will ;
" Oppressive monarch, of an abject race ;
" To this thy insult thou canst nothing add. 230
" I tell thee, then, and with an oath confirm,
" By this my sceptre, which nor leaves shall bear,

“ Nor branches, on the lofty mountain top
“ Cut from the parent stock ;—emblem of pow’r
“ Now made, and royalty, and chief command, 235
“ Amongst the Greeks,—oath of no mean import,—
“ If, as it surely must, necessity
“ Shall urge the Grecians to implore my aid,
“ When many fall by Hector’s slaught’ring hand ;
“ Severe remorse shall wring thy inmost soul, 240
“ Who hast disgrac’d the bravest of thy host.”

He spake, and on the ground his sceptre cast,
Studded with gold ; and to his seat return’d.
Enrag’d Atreides rose ; when with mild words
Sage Nestor interpos’d ; through Pylos fam’d 245
For soft, persuasive eloquence of speech ;
Sweeter than honey flow’d his liquid voice ;
Two generations now had pass’d away
Of men endued with speech articulate,
Since he the sceptre sway’d ; and o’er a third 250
In Pylos fam’d he reign’d : who thus address’d
The fierce contending chiefs : “ O gracious Heav’n !
“ What dire calamity o’er Greece impends !
“ How Priam will exult, and Priam’s sons,
“ When they shall hear of this unhappy feud ! 255
“ You who in council, who in war excel,
“ Listen the voice of reason, the result

- “ Of long experience, and maturer age ;
“ For I with men of still superior might
“ Have converse held, and they have heard my
 “ voice: 260
“ Nor shall these eyes behold such men again ;
“ Pyrithous, Euneus, Polyphemus huge,
“ Exadius, Druas, Theseus, mighty chiefs,
“ Theseus Ægides, like a god in arms.
“ These were the bravest men of mortal race ; 265
“ The mightiest these, who fought with fiercest
 “ beasts,
“ With rapid Centaurs from the mountain height
“ Rushing amain, and fearfully destroy’d.
“ With such I fought, far from my native land,
“ From Apia, call’d to aid the dang’rous war : 270
“ None might with such contend, of mortal race,
“ In these degenerate days : great as they were,
“ They heard my counsel, and obey’d my voice :
“ By their example led, hear, and attend ;
“ Neither do thou, great as thou art, deprive 275
“ Achilles of the prize the Grecians gave :
“ Nor thou, Achilles, with the king contend
“ Adverse ; for never king before obtain’d
“ From Jove supreme such honour and renown :
“ However brave, and from a goddess sprung, 280

- “ Yet Agamemnon bears the chief command.
“ And you, Atrides, cease your wrath, O cease :
“ Let my entreaties cause you to forget
“ Your anger with Achilles, and forgive ;
“ By fate decreed the bulwark of the war.” 285
To whom Atrides : “ Venerable chief,
“ Just are thy words, and what thou sayst is true :
“ But that this man would lord it over all ;—
“ All govern, all command, most absolute,
“ And uncontrol’d,—he shall not find it so : 290
“ Because endued with more than mortal strength,
“ Shall he reproachful and calumnious prove ?”

Achilles interrupted hastily :

- “ Indeed I might be deem’d of abject mind,
“ Should I to thee in every thing submit. 295
“ Issue thy mandates then, but not to me ;—
“ No longer I acknowledge thy command :
“ And further I declare, and note it well,
“ I will not, to retain this prize, contend
“ In arms with thee, opposing force by force : 300
“ But of my other gifts, deposited
“ Within my ships, shouldst thou touch one of them ;
“ Make but the attempt, all present here shall know,
“ This spear, and instantly, shall end thy life.”

Thus they contended ; when the council rose ;
Achilles, with Patroclus, to his tent 306
And ships retir'd : meantime Atrides bade
Prepare a vessel, mann'd, and well equipp'd,
And, for due sacrifice, a hecatomb
To Phœbus ; and with conduct safe embark'd 310
The fair Chryseis, to the prudent care
Consign'd of wise Ulysses, who forthwith
Through ocean's pathless waters steer'd his course.

To Phœbus now (lustration duly made
Throughout the host) they sacrifice prepar'd, 315
From herds and num'rous flocks ; whole hecatombs
In order meet : from the deep-sounding shore,
The fragrance, wrapt in smoke, ascends the sky.

Thus they were occupied. Nathless the king
Ceas'd not, determin'd still to execute 320
The fatal purpose of his angry mind :
But call'd 'Talthibius and Euribates,
His faithful heralds, whom he thus address'd :

“ Heralds, proceed you to Achilles' tent
“ Without delay ; and take Briseis thence : 325
“ If he should dare refuse, we will ourselves,
“ Duly attended, come ; inform him so.”

Sternly he spake. They by the winding shore

Went, with no willing minds ; and at his tent
Found him reclining, griev'd at their approach. 330
With reverential awe and fear they stood
Silent: not uninform'd, Achilles spake:

“ Hail, blameless messengers of gods and men,
“ Approach ; I Agamemnon blame, not you,
“ Who for my prize Briseis sent you here : 335
“ Lead her then forth, Patroclus, I entreat,
“ And to their care commend : I call you both
“ To witness, before heav'nly pow'rs, and men,
“ And this relentless king ; if to my aid, 340
“ In this dread war, you needs must have recourse,
“ Yet sure with blind pernicious rage he burns,
“ Improvident ; nor at his ships foresees
“ Impending ruin and disastrous war.”

He said : Patroclus from the inmost tent
Led forth, and to their prudent care consign'd 345
The fair Briseis : to the Grecian fleet,
Her, much unwilling, they conduct along,
And sorrowing much. But, from his friends retir'd,
Achilles sought the shore ; and o'er the main
Bending his view, thus with uplifted hands 350
Address'd his parent, goddess of the sea :
“ Parent immortal, hear thy short-liv'd son !
“ O had the Fates and mighty Jove ordain'd

“ A greater share of honour ! now disgrac’d
“ By Agamemnon, who my prize hath torn 355
“ Forcibly from me ; I implore thy aid.”

He spake deep-sighing. Him his mother heard,
Sitting with Nereus, in the depths profound :
Quick rising like a cloud, she touch’d his hand
Caressing, and with kindest words address’d : 360
“ My son, why weepest thou ? what newer grief
“ Afflicts thy mind, and that unknown to me ?
“ Conceal it not ; speak, that we both may know.”
Sighing he answer’d : “ Parent much belov’d,
“ Thou knowest all things ; why need I relate ? 365
“ We took Eetion’s sacred city Thebes,
“ And hither brought the spoil ; the assembled
“ Greeks.

“ To each respective chief his prize assign’d :
“ To Agamemnon first, Chryseis fair ;
“ Her father, priest of dread Apollo, came 370
“ A humble suppliant to the Grecian fleet,
“ With ransom large, his daughter to release.
“ The sceptre of Apollo in his hand
“ He bore, and to the Greeks address’d his pray’r ;
“ To Atreus’ sons, chief captains of the host. 375
“ The Greeks approv’d, in honour of the god ;
“ Not so their haughty chief : with threat severe,

- “ And keen reproach, the suppliant he dismiss’d :
“ Retir’d, displeas’d, he pray’d : Apollo heard ;
“ And, for he lov’d him, granted his request : 380
“ Then from his fatal bow the arrows flew
“ Nightly, and through the camp the people died :
“ Calchas, for divination fam’d and skill
“ In mysteries divine, the cause reveal’d :
“ I first commanded to appease the god ; 385
“ This mov’d Atrides’ wrath, who quickly rose,
“ Denouncing menaces now put in force :
“ Chryseis to her father he restor’d,
“ With conduct safe ; and added various gifts :
“ And from my tent the heralds now are gone, 390
“ With fair Briseis, my much-valued prize.
“ Assist me, O assist ! to heav’n ascend,
“ And prostrate at the throne of mighty Jove,
“ With supplication strong, his aid invoke ;
“ If ever thou hast render’d service due, 395
“ By word or deed, such as may claim return.
“ For oft, exulting, have I heard you say,
“ That you alone, of all th’ immortal gods,
“ Did aid Saturnian cloud-compelling Jove,
“ When Juno, Neptune, Pallas, all combin’d 400
“ To hold in chains the potent King of heav’n.
“ You then releas’d him, aided by the strength

- “ Of Briareus, whom men *Ægeon* call,
“ With all his hundred hands : he fast by Jove
“ In might exulting sat : with fear oppress’d, 405
“ The gods desisted, and Jove reign’d supreme.
“ Embrace his knees with supplication due ;
“ Recall your former service to his mind ;
“ Implore his aid ; that Troy he now assist,
“ And at their ships o’erwhelm the Grecian host ;
“ That these may feel a vain reliance plac’d 411
“ In Agamemnon ; he his error know,
“ Who hath disgrac’d the bravest of the Greeks.”
Thetis replied, shedding the frequent tear :
“ Alas, my son, ill-fated as thou art ! 415
“ Why at the ships thus overwhelm’d with grief,
“ Since short and fleeting are thy destin’d years?
“ Yet art thou most unhappy. O my son,
“ With omen inauspicious I thee bare
“ And adverse fate : now to the snow-clad top 420
“ Of high Olympus, to relate this tale
“ Of woe, and move the mighty Thunderer,
“ I hasten : you meantime, howe’er incens’d,
“ Here at the ships remain, and shun the war.
“ For Jupiter, beyond old Ocean’s reign, 425
“ Where dwelleth *Æthiopia’s* blameless race,
“ Is gone, with all the attendant deities :

“ On the twelfth morn he will to heav’n return ;
“ Then to the eternal palace I will go,
“ Embrace his knees, and urge my just request.”

Thus having said, she left him on the shore, 431
Still breathing vengeance for the beauteous maid,
His gift, unjustly by Atrides seiz’d.

Meanwhile to Chrysa’s isle Ulysses came,
Bringing due sacrifice ; the spacious port 435
Ent’ring, they strike the mast, and furl the sail ;
And, plying hard the cumbrous oar, arrive
The station to, and moor with anchor fast :
Then, disembarking, to the sacred fane
Chryseis and the victims safe conduct : 440
Ulysses to the father’s hand restor’d
The captive maid, and by the altar plac’d ;
And said, “ Hail, Chryses ! by Atrides sent,
“ I bring your daughter, with due sacrifice
“ To Phœbus ; that we may his wrath appease : 445
“ And from our host avert his just revenge.”

Chryses with joy receiv’d his much-lov’d child.
Now on the altar, rang’d in order meet,
The victims they prepar’d and sacred cates :
Then wash’d they : when, with pure uplifted hands,
To Phœbus, Chryses thus his pray’r address’d : 451
“ God of the silver bow, thy servant hear !

“ Thou, who protectest with thy powerful arm
“ Chrysa, and Tenedos, and Cylla fair :
“ Whilom thou heard'st me when I sought thy
“ aid ; 456

“ And, punishing the Greeks, didst honour me :
“ Once more, O hear ! and from the Grecian host
“ Thy heavy wrath and sore displeasure turn.”

Apollo heard, and granted his request.

Due supplication made, the cates they throw ; 460

Now some the victims slain with care divide ;

Others in pieces cut each several joint ;

These, wrapt in fat, for sacrifice prepar'd,

Chryses receiving on the altar plac'd,

And pour'd the rich libation : then with fire . 465

Roasting, th' attendant youths their task perform'd :

This labour finish'd, all partook the feast.

Hunger and thirst remov'd, with generous wine

They crown the goblets ; festive mirth prevails ;

And song, and grateful hymn to Phœbus' praise, 470

Protract the day ; with shouts the air resounds :

He, pleas'd, attentive listens to their song.

The sun now set, and darkness spread around,

Stretch'd at their ships, in sleep they pass'd the
night :

And, when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd, 475

Back to the Grecian camp they steer'd their course,
With favourable gales by Phœbus sent.

The swelling sail now fill'd, the brazen prow,
Resounding, white upturn'd the purple wave,
Foaming, as swiftly through the sea they pass'd. 480

Now at the wide-extended camp of Greece
Arriv'd, they haul the vessel on the strand
Secure; and to their tents and ships return.

Achilles, unrelenting, at his ships
Remain'd, nor to the war nor council came: 485
Although in war, in arms, 'bove mortal man,
His soul delighted, and in battle liv'd.

Now the twelfth morn arose, and all the gods
To high Olympus mov'd; Jove led the way:
When Thetis, mindful of her son's request; 490
Emerging from the sea, at early dawn
Ascended up to heav'n. Saturnian Jove
Apart, above the rest, in awful state
Enthron'd, she found on high Olympus' top:
Him she approach'd; her left embrac'd his knees,
Her right his chin; and suppliant thus she spake:

“ Paternal Jove! if, or by word or deed,
“ I have due service rend'red, grant my pray'r:
“ Honour my son, whose days, so Fates decree,
“ Are fewest amongst men; now much disgrac'd,

“ And by Atrides of his gift depriv’d :
“ Do thou, Olympian Jove, in wisdom great,
“ Heap deathless honour on my short-liv’d son :
“ Still crown with victory the Trojan arms,
“ Till, with due rev’rence and respect, the Greeks
“ Shall on him pour accumulated gifts.” 506

She spake : but silent cloud-compelling Jove
Long sat in thought profound. Embracing still
His knees, still suppliant, Thetis urg’d her pray’r :
“ Grant my request, and nod unfeign’d assent; 510
“ Or, for thou fearest none, refuse my boon :
“ That I may know how lightly I’m esteem’d,
“ Of all the gods, most wretched, most despis’d.”

When thus, in anger, mighty Jove replied :
“ Disgraceful works ! that you impel me thus 515
“ With Juno to contend ; whose keen reproach,
“ And bitter taunts, I frequently endure,
“ For that I aid the Trojan host in fight.
“ Retire in haste, lest Juno see you here :
“ What you request, I surely will perform, 520
“ And solemnly confirm with awful nod ;
“ Amongst immortal gods, undoubted sign
“ And confirmation of my will supreme :
“ To change not subject, not fallacious,
“ Not ineffectual, where I nod assent.” 525

He spake, and nodded with his awful brow;
From his immortal head th' ambrosial hair
Deep flowing wav'd; and from its lofty top
Olympus trembled to its utmost base.

The consult ended, from Olympus' height 530
Thetis descended to the wat'ry main:
To heav'n, his lofty habitation,
Great Jove proceeded: all the gods uprose,
With awe respectful, and due reverence,
Before their gen'ral father, from their thrones 535
To greet his glad return to highest heav'n:
Enthron'd in majesty supreme he sat.

Not unobserv'd by Juno's watchful eye
The silver-footed Thetis counsel held
With Jove; whom thus reproaching she address'd:
" Who of the gods, deceitful as thou art, 541
" Hath counsel held in secret, and alone?
" When I am absent thou delightest most
" Some sudden resolution to adopt;
" With me unwilling to communicate, 545
" Or tell the fix'd intention of thy mind."

Her answ'rd thus the sire of gods and men:
" Think not to know whatever I design,
" Dear as thou art, and wife to mighty Jove:
" What is expedient, none of all the gods, 550

“ Or men, shall know ere thou art well inform’d ;

“ But what in secret I have præ-ordain’d,

“ Seek not henceforth to know, or to inquire.”

Juno, of aspect venerable, thus

Replied : “ O too severe, Saturnian Jove ! 555

“ What hast thou said ? Henceforth I nor inquire,

“ Nor search, what thou in wisdom shalt conceal ;

“ Yet much I fear the silver-footed dame,

“ Daughter of Nereus, hath with art prevail’d :

“ Early she came, and, suppliant at thy throne, 560

“ Urg’d her request ; which you by nod confirm’d.

“ I dread lest you, in honour of her son,

“ Should heap destruction on the Grecian host.”

Jove answer’d : “ You my purposes divine,

“ And penetrate my views ; yet what avail ? 565

“ Rather, you urge me thoughts to entertain

“ Severe and harsh, thoughts hostile to thy peace :

“ Submissive then obey my just decrees :

“ If my displeasure you but once awake,

“ Not all the host of heav’n shall protect thee.” 570

He spake : but Juno, greatly fearing, sat
Silent, though ang’re’d, and repress’d her grief ;

Whilst indignation seiz’d the host of heav’n ;

When Vulcan, architect divine, address’d

Th’ offended gods, and sooth’d his mother’s mind :

“ O dire disgrace! nor well to be endur’d,
“ That you for man such fierce contention move,
“ And in immortal breasts such tumult raise!
“ Where then the pleasure of our festive board,
“ If evil thus prevail? Let me persuade 580
“ My mother, of herself intelligent,
“ That she due rev’rence to our father yield,
“ As meet; nor thus disturb our genial feast,
“ Contentious; lest the potent Thunderer
“ Heap undistinguish’d ruin on our heads: 585
“ With accents mild, with soft and soothing words
“ Disarm his wrath, and deprecate his ire.”

He spake, and rising, to his mother brought
The goblet crown’d with wine, and thus began:

“ O bear with patience, good my mother, bear,
“ Howe’er reluctant; lest I see you pain’d; 591
“ Unable to assist whom most I love:
“ For none can with almighty Jove contend.
“ Once hath he hurl’d me from the starry sky,
“ Madly contending, to the lowest earth: 595
“ From morn to eve I fell; the setting sun
“ Beheld me breathless on the Lemnian coast:
“ The Scynthians, by their care, my life restor’d.”

He spake; when Juno deign’d a gracious smile,
And from her son, well pleas’d, the cup receiv’d; 600

To all the gods, in order as they sat,
The goblet, fill'd with rich nectarian juice,
He gave: loud laughter shook the vaulted roof
Of heav'n, as Vulcan lamely limp'd along.
Thus they in feast convivial pass'd the day, 605
Till setting sun; meantime Apollo tun'd
His harp celestial to the Muses' song,—
Alternate song:—and now the radiant sun
Was set, and to his mansion each retir'd;
Blest mansion, fram'd by Vulcan's wondrous art. 610
The mighty Thund'rer to his glitt'ring throne
Repair'd, if sleep, perchance, his eyes might close;
And Juno slumb'red on her golden couch.

B O O K II.

Now sleep both mortal and immortal minds
In slumbers held ; all but the watchful care
Of Jove, intent to honour Peleus' son,
And on the Grecian host destruction pour.
Thus in his wisdom he at length resolv'd ; 5
To Agamemnon a pernicious dream
He sent ; and thus the airy form bespoke :

“ Go, fatal vision, to the Grecian ships,
“ And, where Atrides in his royal tent
“ Slumbers reclin'd, bear these my strict commands :
“ That he to battle summon all the Greeks ; 11
“ For now proud Troy to his superior force
“ Shall yield ; divided counsels now no more
“ In heav'n have place ; for Juno hath prevail'd ;
“ And certain fate the Trojan host impends.” 15

He spake : the vision downward bent his course
Obedient, hast'ning to the Grecian ships,
To Agamemnon : lock'd in the arms of sleep,
Within his royal tent, the king he found ;

In form and feature like the Pylian sage
He near approach'd, and thus his speech address'd :

“ Son of the warlike Atreus, dost thou sleep ?

“ Sleep ill becomes, indeed, that man whose mind

“ Alone sustains a mighty kingdom's weight :

“ Attend my words ; from Jove supreme I come,

“ Who, though in heav'n, to thee extends his care :

“ He bids thee arm forthwith the Grecian host,

“ And Troy to thy superior force shall yield :

“ Divided counsels with the gods no more

“ Have place in heav'n ; for Juno hath prevail'd, 30

“ And sure destruction 'waits the Trojan host

“ From Jove : attend my words ; nor, when soft

“ sleep

“ Shall leave thee, let oblivion seize thy mind.”

Thus having said, the vision disappear'd,

And left him meditating fruitless deeds, 35

The capture and the fall of lofty Troy.

Vain man ! unknowing the intent of Jove,

Who bitter griefs and agonizing woes

For Grecians and for Trojans then prepar'd,

From the dread shock of arms. The monarch starts

From sleep, still hears the voice divine, or seems 41

To hear ; and, quickly rising from his couch,

Around his limbs the purple mantle cast ;
His sandals on his feet he bound ; his sword,
Richly inlaid, he o'er his shoulders threw : 45
The regal sceptre in his hand he bore,
As to the Grecian ships he bent his way.
Now bright Aurora shed her genial ray
O'er high Olympus, and to Jove himself,
And all the heav'nly powers, her light dispens'd. 50
Atrides to the heralds gave command
To call a general council of the Greeks :
Thus summon'd, first the chiefs in haste repair'd,
And at the vessel of the Pylia sage,
Time-honour'd Nestor, in deep council sat ; 55
To them Atrides thus his mind unfolds :
“ Friends, hear my words : a heav'nly vision came
“ By night, most like, in feature and in form
“ And voice, to Nestor, and these words convey'd :
“ ‘ Son of the warlike Atreus, dost thou sleep ? 60
“ Sleep ill indeed becomes that man, whose mind
“ Alone sustains a mighty kingdom's weight :
“ Attend my voice ; from Jove supreme I come,
“ Who, though in heav'n, to thee extends his care ;
“ He bids thee arm forthwith the Grecian host, 65
“ And Troy to thy superior force shall yield :
“ Divided counsels with the gods no more

“ In heav’n have place, for Juno hath prevail’d,
“ And certain fate awaits the host of Troy
“ From Jove : remember, and attend.’ He spake,
“ And vanish’d into air : straight I awoke. 71
“ Let us then arm the sons of Greece to fight :
“ I first with words, if you approve, will try
“ Their mind, and bid prepare for instant flight ;
“ You then detain them with persuasive words.” 75

Thus having said, the king resum’d his seat :
When Nestor rose, of sandy Pylos king,
And thus the chiefs address’d : “ O warlike friends
“ And counsellors, but that Atrides’ self
“ Had seen this vision, I had deem’d it false, 80
“ Not worthy our attention and regard :
“ But arm we now the sons of Greece to war.”

He spake, and from the council led the way :
The sceptred chiefs, obedient to their king,
Uprose ; the people numberless mov’d on. 85

As the thick swarm from forth the hollow rock
Incessant pours, to taste each opening flower
Of balmy spring ; in clusters numberless
On every side they rush, and fill the plain :
So from the ships and tents the people throng’d 90
Tumultuous, and fill’d the sounding shore.
Fame, sent from heav’n, urging disgraceful flight,

Burnt in the midst ; earth groan'd beneath the
weight :

The vast assembly seated on the plain,
Nine loud proclaiming heralds scarce withheld, 95
Commanding silence, and attention due.

The wild uproar with difficulty quell'd,
Atrides first, majestic, from his seat
Uprose : the sceptre in his hand he bore ;
Paternal sceptre, form'd, by Vulcan's art, 100

For Jove Saturnian. Jove on Maia's son,
His winged messenger, the gift bestow'd ;
Hermes to Pelops ; who the valued gift
To Atreus, chief of men, in order next
Convey'd : he, dying, to Thyestes gave 105

The royal emblem : Agamemnon, then,
Receiv'd from rich Thyestes by descent,
And sway'd, the sceptre of his ancestors,
O'er numerous isles, and Argos, king supreme.
Leaning on this, his speech he thus address'd : 110

“ Friends, warlike sons of Greece, illustrious
“ chiefs,

“ With heavy loss, and undeserv'd disgrace,

“ Jove hath afflicted me, who safe return

“ Promis'd from captur'd Troy : but now I fear

“ Some dread calamity our host awaits,
“ Since he commands, after much treasure spent,
“ And many heroes slain, inglorious flight.
“ Thus Jove decrees, and who shall dare resist ?
“ Jove, who hath humbled cities to the dust,
“ And yet will humble ; such his sov’reign power !
“ Posterity with wonder will inquire 121
“ The cause of our disgrace, that such a host,
“ So well appointed, fruitless war should wage
“ With foes less num’rous, and repulse sustain.
“ Were we, in league and amity combin’d, 125
“ To number each our force ; in companies
“ Of ten the Greeks, the Trojans singly plac’d,
“ To crown the golden cup with generous wine,
“ Whole companies would want a cup-bearer ;
“ So much more numerous our host than they, 130
“ Inhabitants of Troy : but their allies,
“ From various cities, aid the doubtful war,
“ Impede our arms, and lofty Troy protect.
“ Nine years, nine tedious years already gone,
“ Our ships decay’d, our cordage perished ; 135
“ Our wives, our children, waiting our return
“ In anxious expectation ; whilst the work
“ For which we came unfinished remains :

“ With one consent prepare we then our ships,
“ And to our native land urge speedy flight; 140
“ Since Jove forbids the capture of proud Troy.”

He spake: when at their king's desponding
voice,

Strong agitation seiz'd each hearer's mind
Throughout the vast assembly. As the wave,
Uprais'd by adverse winds, impetuous rolls 145
In swelling surges to the Icarian shore;
And as the rip'ned corn now yields beneath
The incumbent zephyr, waving with the blast
From side to side the yellow harvest bends :
Thus was the assembly mov'd, and with loud
shouts 150

Encouraging each other, to the ships
They rush'd along: in clouds the dust uprose
From footsteps numberless. Now part prepare
The launch, part haul the vessels to the deep;
The jovial clamours rend the distant sky. 155

Now had the Greeks (though Fates forbad) re-
turn'd,

But to Minerva thus the Queen of heav'n
In haste exclaim'd: “ Daughter of mighty Jove!
“ Shall then the Grecians to their country fly,
“ Their much-lov'd country, o'er the wat'ry main;

“ And leave to Priam, and the Trojan foe,
 “ Helen the glorious prize, for whom alone
 “ Such numbers far from Greece have perished ?
 “ Go then, and with thy soft persuasive voice
 “ Detain each man ; nor suffer them to launch 165
 “ Their well-constructed vessels to the deep.”

She spake : Minerva from Olympus' height
 Descended rapid to the Grecian fleet :
 Laertes' son, deep skill'd in wisdom's lore,
 Apart she found, with grief and shame oppress'd :
 Whom thus the potent deity bespoke : 171

“ O fam'd for wisdom, great Laertes' son,
 “ Ulysses, dost thou to thy native land
 “ Urge speedy flight, and thy tall ships prepare ;
 “ Leaving to Priam, and the Trojan foe, 175
 “ Helen the glorious prize, for whom alone
 “ Such numbers far from Greece have perished ?
 “ Haste then, and with thy soft persuasive voice
 “ Detain each man ; nor suffer them to launch
 “ Thus eagerly their vessels to the deep.” 180

She spake : her voice divine he quickly knew,
 And to Atrides, in obedience, urg'd
 His speedy step : (Euribates attends,
 The faithful herald,) from the royal hand
 The sceptre, incorruptible, unstain'd, 185

Receiving, midst the flying host he rush'd;
And first each chief in accents mild address'd:

“ O stay thyself, and stop the giddy throng;
“ Fear ill becomes us at a time like this!
“ Scarce do we know what great Atrides means; 190
“ To try perhaps, and then to punish us:
“ For in the council few could hear his words.
“ Dire is the anger of a king incens'd,
“ Who honour boasts, and high descent from Jove.”

But if among the meaner sort he found 195
A noisy mover of sedition, soon
He check'd his clamours with severe rebuke.

“ Wretch that thou art, sit quiet, and attend
“ The voice of those who boast superior might
“ To thee, unknown in council as in war. 200
“ We cannot all assume the reins of state,
“ Nor sway the sceptre of authority:
“ The government of many is not good;
“ One governor, one king with chief command,
“ One ruler let us have, who may dispense 205
“ Justice and laws; *his* pow'r deriv'd from Jove.”

Thus he with due authority restrain'd
Their eager flight: to council from the ships
Again they rush'd with noise, as when the wave
High swelling breaks upon the sounding shore. 210

Assembled, due attention held them mute,
All but Thersites, clamorous and loud :
Skill'd to perplex debate, and, right or wrong,
To throw all blame and censure upon kings,
And hold their failings up to ridicule : 215

A man the basest in the Grecian host,
With eye distorted and contracted limb,
His back upheav'd, his shoulders forward bent,
On his sharp head forlorn and thin the hair ;
Or to Achilles, or Laertes' son 220

Determin'd foe : on Agamemnon now
Bitter reproach he heap'd : him all the Greeks
Enrag'd beheld, their minds with anger fir'd ;
Who, loudly bellowing, thus the king reproach'd :

“ Why these complaints ? What means Atrides
“ now ?

“ Thy tents with treasures and with captives stor'd,

“ Which with no sparing hand we have bestow'd :

“ What then ? The ransom dost thou still expect

“ Of some rich captive, whom these hands per-
“ chance

“ Have taken, or some other Grecian chief ; 230

“ Some captive female to adorn thy bed,

“ To thee appropriate ? Sure it ill becomes

“ A king to plunge his subjects in disgrace !

“ O shame! O cowards! Women, and not men.

“ Return we with our ships, and let him here 235

“ Treasure up gifts in Troy: he then may learn

“ Whether or not we have assisted him :

“ He hath disgrac’d Achilles, and even now

“ Withholds the prize of his superior far.

“ Achilles wanteth bile, is indolent, 240

“ Neglectful, or thou ne’er hadst injur’d more.”

Thus spake Thersites, with opprobrious words
Galling Atrides; whom with hasty step,
And angry looks, Ulysses near approach’d :

“ Thersites, rash of speech though eloquent, 245

“ Desist, nor singly thus with kings contend ;

“ For a more hateful mortal than thyself,

“ More odious, came not to the Trojan shore :

“ Talk then no more of kings, nor in debate

“ Heap undeserv’d reproach, nor urge return. 250

“ How this may be, or to return or not,

“ We know not, nor can safely ascertain.

“ Why dost thou censure Agamemnon thus ?

“ Because the Grecian chiefs with various gifts

“ Have honour’d him, therefore dost thou reproach ?

“ I tell thee then, and I will surely do 256

“ What now I say, should I hereafter find

“ Thee madly raging, as thou now hast done,

“ May I not live to bear the endearing name
“ Of father to much-lov’d Telemachus, 260
“ If I do not, with scourges and disgrace,
“ Stript of thy garments in unseemly guise,
“ Drive thee hence bellowing to the ships again.”

He spake, and with the sceptre, on his back
Smote him : he writh’d himself, and the big tear
Fell frequent, and a painful scar uprose 266
On his swoln back : trembling with fear he sat,
And from his haggard visage wip’d the tear.

The Greeks, though griev’d, yet laugh’d at his
distress,

And thus were heard to say : “ What mighty good
“ Hath not Ulysses wrought ; whether in fight 270
“ He lead the embattled host, or in debate
“ Suggest wise measures for the public weal !
“ Nor this the least, that he this sland’rer’s tongue
“ Hath sileno’d ; that his rage, thus check’d, may
“ cease ; 275
“ Nor with opprobrious language censure kings.”

Thus they were heard to say ; when from his seat,
The sceptre in his hand, Ulysses rose :
Pallas commanded silence, herald-like,
That all might hear and understand his words, 280
Who prudent thus the assembled Greeks address’d :

- " O king Atrides ! thee the Greeks disgrace
 " Beyond all others ; by strict promise bound,
 " When first from Argos they embark'd their force,
 " Not to return till Troy should be no more ! 285
 " Like children now, or widows, they lament
 " Their tedious absence, longing eagerly
 " For home. Yet to return after whole years
 " Of fruitless toil, were deep reproach indeed !
 " To be detain'd from all we hold most dear, 290
 " By adverse winds and seas tempestuous,
 " Though but one month, is subject of regret:
 " But we nine years, nine long and tedious years,
 " Have here remain'd : can I then justly blame
 " The Greeks, who bear indignant such delay ? 295
 " Yet to remain so long, and to return
 " Baffled at last, that were disgrace indeed !
 " Bear then, my friends, a little longer bear,
 " And prove those truths which Calchas hath de-
 " clar'd :
 " For well we know, and all are witnesses 300
 " Whom fate hath spar'd, that when at Aulis first
 " We join'd our forces, meditating war
 " On Priam and the Trojans ; at that time
 " When on our hallow'd altars we did place
 " Whole hecatombs ; then by the sacred spring, 305

- “ Which pour’d its limpid water from beneath
“ A spreading plane, this dread portent appear’d :
“ A serpent huge, of aspect terrible,
“ With spotted mail of gold, and purple hue,
“ Sent by great Jove himself, from underneath 310
“ The altar rush’d, swift gliding to the plane ;
“ On whose high top, and shelt’red by its leaves,
“ Within her nest a sparrow had conceal’d
“ Her callow young : eight, with remorseless tooth,
“ Utt’ring shrill cries, the monster quick devour’d :
“ The affright’ned mother hov’ring round her young,
“ With piteous moans expressive of her fears,
“ He seiz’d quick turning, and devour’d the ninth ;
“ When Jove Saturnian, wondrous to behold,
“ Into a stone the scaly monster turn’d. 320
“ Amaz’d we stood what this portent might mean,
“ Why this dread sign our sacrifice disturb’d ;
“ When Calchas thus the sacred truth reveal’d :
“ ‘ O Grecian chiefs, why stand ye thus amaz’d ?
“ To us this portent comes from mighty Jove, 325
“ To be fulfill’d hereafter ; whose renown,
“ Though late perform’d, through ages shall endure.
“ For as this serpent hath devour’d the young
“ In number eight, and then the parent bird
“ The ninth ; so long this warfare will endure: 330

“ On the tenth year we shall o’erthrow proud Troy.”

“ Thus counsell’d he ; which things now come to

“ pass :

“ Bear then, my friends, and let us here remain

“ Till yon proud tow’rs are levell’d to the ground.”

He spake ; and through the wide extended camp,

And hollow ships, bursts of applause were heard ;

When thus the venerable Nestor spoke :

“ Heavens! more like children than like men we

“ talk ;

“ Children, who nothing know of warlike deeds :

“ Where all our promises, our sacred oaths, 340

“ Our solemn compact, and our plighted hands,

“ That thus we vainly do contend with words?

“ Fix’d then and firm in resolution, lead

“ Thy host, Atrides, to the field of Mars.

“ Perish those few who separate counsels hold! 345

“ Their views shall prove abortive who propose

“ Return to Greece : then shall they learn indeed,

“ Whether those promises are false, or not,

“ Which Jove himself hath frequently declar’d :

“ I here affirm, that high Saturnian Jove 350

“ Himself, the very day we did embark

“ Bearing destruction to the Trojan foe,

“ Thund’red propitious, and our hopes confirm’d.

- “ Therefore no more of flight, till we have sack’d
“ And plund’red spacious Troy, in just revenge
“ For Helen’s wrongs, and deep-felt injuries. 356
“ But if there be who still desires return,
“ Let him with speed prepare his ship and fly,
“ And in his passage meet an early fate.
“ Then well advise, O king, nor with disdain 360
“ Reject the counsel of experienc’d years ;
“ Divide thy troops, nation and tribe apart,
“ Let each with their own leader take the field :
“ Then shalt thou know throughout thy num’rous
 “ host,
“ To mark the coward and reward the brave ; 365
“ Whether stern fate retard the fall of Troy,
“ Or want of skill, and cowardice in us.”
 To whom Atrides : “ Venerable chief,
“ In counsel first amongst the sons of Greece,
“ O might the gods but grant me this request, 370
“ Ten counsellors in wisdom like to thee ;
“ Soon should proud Troy stoop to her lowest base,
“ An easy prey to our victorious arms.
“ Yet weighty griefs hath Jove impos’d on me,
“ In quarrels and contentions harsh engag’d : 375
“ I and Achilles, for Briseis fair,
“ Each other have offended ; I began ;

“ Should we again in amity unite,
“ Rapid destruction shall o’erwhelm our foes.
“ Refresh we first our men, and then to arms ; 380
“ Each seize his spear, each grasp his orb^ed shield,
“ Each for the rapid car his steeds prepare,
“ That through the day we may in arms engage,
“ Nor for a moment cease the bloody fight,
“ Till darkness sever our contending hosts. 385
“ Each hero then beneath his pond’rous shield
“ Shall labour, and each arm that hurls the spear
“ Grow languid, whilst the coursers, o’er the plain
“ Dragging the chariots, sweat beneath the weight;
“ And whom I sculking at our ships shall find 390
“ This day, unwilling to engage the foe,
“ From dogs and rav’nous birds no pow’r shall
“ save.”

He spake : the Greeks with deaf’ning shouts ap-
prov’d,

Loud as the boist’rous wave with ceaseless roar
Dashing the base of some projecting rock, 395
The sport of ev’ry blast. From council now
They rose, and at their tents refreshment took,
And to the gods due sacrifice prepar’d ;
Seeking protection of the pow’rs above,
From dangers of the doubtful war, and death. 400

Atrides, king of men, to mighty Jove
 For sacrifice prepar'd the unblemish'd steer,
 Full grown, and fat : the venerable chiefs
 Attend upon Atrides. Nestor first,
 Idomeneus, and Ajax Telamon, 405
 Ajax, Oileus' son, and Diomed,
 And fam'd for counsel, great Laertes' son ;
 With them came Menelaus, though unbid,
 Knowing the labours of his brother's mind :
 Approaching near, and form'd in circle round 410
 The victim, they take up the salted cates,
 When Agamemnon thus address'd his prayer :
 " Great Jove, supreme in glory as in pow'r,
 " Dwelling in heav'n, from whence thy thunders
 " roll,
 " Grant me to burn and level with the dust 415
 " Yon lofty tow'rs, and, with this spear transfix'd,
 " To rend the corselet from proud Hector's breast;
 " Whilst all around, and wel't'ring in their gore,
 " The friends and partners of his fate expire."
 The king thus urg'd his pray'r ; but Jove averse,
 In empty air dispers'd the vain request, 420
 The rites accepted, but increas'd their woes.

Due supplication made, the cates they threw ; *

Then, on the sacred fire the victim plac'd,

* I.e. description of the sacrifice, which is literally the same as in B.1. line 460.-to 465, is here accidentally omitted. See Preface page 1X & X.

Each separate part in order meet dispos'd.
 This labour finish'd, they prepar'd the feast, 425
 And joyful of the festive board partook.
 Hunger suppress'd, and ended the repast,
 Nestor the assembled chieftains thus bespoke :

“ Illustrious Atrides, king of men, 430
 “ Delay we here no longer, nor defer
 “ The glorious task which Jove hath pointed out ;
 “ But let the heralds at the ships convene
 “ Our warlike troops, and, marshall'd in array
 “ Of battle, let us all our host review ; 435
 “ Then to the field of honour lead them on.”

He spake : nor did Atrides disapprove ;
 But to the heralds issued his commands
 To summon all the Grecians on the plain.
 Obedient they assembled, and the chiefs 440
 Form'd the deep file, or closed the level rank :
 Pallas aloft th' immortal ægis bore,
 Resplendent, studded, and emboss'd with gold ;
 And, traversing the ranks from file to file,
 Darts her experienc'd eye, in every heart 445
 Inspiring courage not to be subdued,
 And ardent spirit for the shock of arms,
 Preferring battle to their native land.
 As on the mountain top the rapid fire

Devours the forest, far the vivid light 450
Resplendent shines ; so glitt' red through the air
The dazzling splendour of their burnish'd arms.
In number as the wondrous flight of cranes
On Asia's marsh extensive ; or as swans
Milk-white, disporting from Cayister's stream, 455
In airy circles wheel their rapid flight ;
Far off the clangour of their num'rous wings
Is heard, and with the noise the marsh resounds,
As on the wat'ry margin they alight.

So from the ships and tents the num'rous host
Pour'd on Scamander's plain : the hollow earth 461
Re-echoed from the frequent foot of men,
From rattling cars, and hoofs of prancing steeds.

Rang'd on Scamander's level plain they stood
In numbers infinite, as the thick leaves,
Or various flow'rs which decorate the spring.

And as the flies which in the shepherd's fold
Numberless swarm in spring, what time the milk
Fresh drawn, bedews the homely vessel's side :
So thick the Grecians on the hostile plain 470
Assembled, eager to engage the foe.

As when the shepherd separates his flocks
Mix'd in extensive pastures ; so with ease
Each several chief his scatt' red force collects,

And, rang'd in order, marshals to the fight.
 With them Atrides stood, pre-eminent
 In stature, and in countenance like Jove
 Grasping his thunder, in his port like Mars
 Determin'd, and like Neptune great in strength.

As the vast bull, which o'er the num'rous herd
 Tow'ring, in beauty and in strength excels; 481
 So mighty Jove, with dignity and grace
 Superior, on that day Atrides crown'd.

Say, heav'nly Muses, you alone can tell
 (Immortal as ye are, and all things know, 485
 We from report uncertain knowledge gain),
 The valiant leaders of the Grecian host,
 Their various countries and their names relate;
 Had I ten tongues, ten mouths, an iron voice,
 The mixed multitude I could not name. 490

Say then, ye sacred daughters of high Jove,
 The chiefs, their forces, and the ships of Greece.

Peneleus the Bæotians led to war,
 With Prothoenor and Archesilaus,
 Clonius and Leitus, renown'd in arms: 495
 From Hyrie, and from Aulis' rocky shore;
 From Schœnos, Scolos, and from Eteon's hills;
 Thespia, Graia, and th' extensive plains
 Of Mycalessos, Harma, Elesios,

Erythræ, Eleon, Hyle, Peteon,
Æcalia, Medion, city of renown ;
Copæ, Eutrisis, Thisbe fam'd for doves ;
Coroneus, Haliartus, verdant meads,
Plataæ, Glissæ, and the well-built Thebes ;
Orchestus, fam'd for Neptune's sacred grove, 505
Arne's rich vines, Mydia, Nyssa fair,
Anthedon's utmost bounds. In fifty ships
They came : six thousand valiant men in arms.

Next from Aspledon and Orchomene,
Ascalaphus, Ialmon, sons of Mars, 510
Their forces led: them fair Astioche,
In Actor's palace, to the god of war
Submitting, bore. These came in thirty ships.

The Phocians, Schedius and Epistrophus
Sons of Iphitus, led ; inhabiting 515
Python's high crags, and Cyparissus' woods,
Chrysa divine, Daulis, and Panope,
Anemoria and Hyompolis ;
And those who by Cephissus' sacred stream
Dwell, and Lilæa near Cephissus' source. 520
These forty ships convey'd ; Bœotia's troops
They flank'd, all arm'd, and eager for the fight.

Ajax Oileus arm'd the Locrians,
Surnam'd the Less, in size inferior far

To Ajax Telamon: to hurl the spear . . . 525

Unerring, he all other Greeks excell'd.

From Cynos, Opoens, and Calliaros ;

From Bessa, Scarphe, and Augeia fam'd ;

'Tarphe and Thronios, near Boagrius' stream ;

And from beyond Eubœa, sacred isle. 530

These Ajax Oileus brought in forty ships.

The Abantes next, a brave and hardy race,

Eubœa, Chalcis, and Eretria sent ;

Histœa rich in vines, and near the sea

Cerinthus, Dios, Styra, Caristus ; 535

Them brave Elphenor to the combat arm'd,

Eubœa's warlike sons, well skill'd to tear

The riven corselet from the foeman's breast,

To Trojan shores in forty ships convey'd.

Next Attica her polish'd legions sent 540

From far-fam'd Athens, where Erechtheus reign'd,

Nurtur'd of Pallas, daughter of high Jove ;

(Him parent Earth produc'd,) and in her fane,

In Athens, by her sacred altar plac'd :

To her the Athenian youth their annual vows 545

Perform'd, and offer'd sacrifices meet.

These Mnestheus arm'd, Peteus' warlike son,

Skill'd above men to form the embattled line,

Wheel the thick squadron, or extend the wings :

Nestor's experienc'd age with him alone
Might vie. In fifty ships these plough'd the main.

Near the Athenians, in due order rang'd,
Great Ajax led the Salaminian bands.

From Argos and Tiryntha's lofty walls,
Hermione and Asinen embay'd; 555
And from Trœzene, and from Eionæ,
From Epidaurus fertile in rich wines,
Maseta and Ægina; valiant men,
Whom Diomed's undaunted courage arm'd;
And Sthenelus the son of Capaneus,
And brave Euryalus, Mechisteus' son.
These eighty ships convey'd; the chief command,
As first in arms, Tydides justly bore.

Next from Mycenæ, city of renown,
From wealthy Corinth, from Cleonæ strong, 565
Ornia, Aræthyrea, Sicyon,
Where erst Adrastus held supreme command;
From Hyperesia, Gonoessa high,
Pellene, Ægeon, and the sea-girt shores
Of that extensive coast, and Helice. 570
These Agamemnon, in a hundred ships,
Led to the war, in numbers and in strength
Excelling all: in armour bright array'd
He march'd exulting, o'er the chiefs and kings

Vested with sov'reign power, of Greece supreme.

From Lacedæmon circled round with hills,

Pharos and Sparta, Messe fam'd for doves ;

Brysia, and Augia favour'd town ;

Amyclæ, Elos seated on the coast ;

Laas and Cetylus. In sixty ships 580

These Menelaus led, all arm'd for war :

Foremost himself, and eager to revenge

Helen's great wrongs, and deep-felt injuries,

The hero march'd, and for the combat burn'd.

From sandy Pylos and Arene fair, 585

Thryon by Alpheus' ford, Aipu well built ;

Amphigenia, Cyparisseens,

From Pteleos, Helos, Dorion, where the nine

Celestial Muses seiz'd the Thracian bard,

Silenc'd the tuneful song of Thamyris 590

Returning from Cæchalia by the banks

Of Eurytus, who boasted to excel

The sacred Nine in harmony and song,

And to the contest challeng'd : they, incens'd,

Depriv'd him of his sight, and from his hand, 595

Unstrung and broken, dash'd the harmonious lyre.

These aged Nestor to the battle arm'd,

Passing in ninety ships the boist'rous main.

Next from Arcadia, and the lofty walls

Of high Cyllene, by the sacred tomb 600
Of Æpytus, for closer combat fam'd ;
From Pheneon, and the Orchomenian plains,
Cov'ed with herds ; from Ripe, Stratie,
Enispe high, to every blast expos'd ;
And Tegea, and belov'd Mantinea, 605
Stymphelion, and Parrhasia. To the war
These Agapenor led, Ancaeus' son,
In sixty ships fill'd with Arcadian troops
Well skill'd in fight. Atrides furnish'd ships
To bear the Arcadians to the Trojan shore, 610
Themselves unus'd to maritime affairs.

Next from Buprasium, Elis, and thy bounds
Hyrmine, Myrsinus, the Olenian rocks,
And thy fair spring, Alisium : these four chiefs
To battle led, and each ten ships prepar'd 615
The Epeians to convey : Amphimachus,
The son of Cteatus, and Thalpius, son
Of Eurytus, from mighty Actor sprung ;
And brave Diores, son of Amarynx ;
And Polyxenus, like a god in arms, 620
Son of Agasthenes, Augeia's king.

From fam'd Dulichium, and the sacred isles
Echinades sea-girt, and opposite
Elis divine ; these Meges, like to Mars

In battle, son of warlike Phyleus, led ;
(Who to Dulichium, with his sire incens'd,
Fled,) and to Troy in forty ships convey'd.

The Cephalenians next Ulysses arm'd,
From Ithaca, well-wooded Nerytus ;
From Croculus, Aigilipa's high rocks, 630
Verdant Zacynthus, Samos, and thy coast
Far-fam'd Epirus, and the adjacent isles :
Twelve ships with purple prows Ulysses own'd.

Thoas the Ætolians led, Andræmon's son,
From Pleuron, from Pylene, Olenos, 635
From sea-girt Chalcis, rocky Calydon :
For now the race of Æneus was no more,
Himself, his sons, and Meleager dead.
The chief command on Thoas then devolv'd, A
Who brought in forty ships his valiant troops. 640

Idomeneus, well skill'd to hurl the spear,
The Cretans from Gortina Cnossus led ;
Lyctus, Miletus, and Leucastos white ;
Phæstus and Rhytios, cities worthy note ;
And those who from her hundred cities Crete. 645
To battle sent : Idomeneus, in arms
Renown'd, commanded ; with Meriones,
Like Mars in fight : whom eighty ships convey'd.

Tlepolemus the son of Hercules,

In stature vast, and size, the Rhodians led :
In nine tall ships, from Rhodes, and Lindos town ;
From Ialyssos, and Camiron white :
These brave Tlepolemus commanded : him
Astyoehia bare to Hercules,
Whom he from Ephyra, and Selle's stream, 655
Destroying many cities, captive brought.
Tlepolemus, to years mature advanc'd,
Slew old Licymnius, uncle to his sire ;
And ships prepar'd for flight, and o'er the sea
The brave companions of his fate convey'd, 660
To shun the rage of dread Alcides' sons,
Breathing revenge for old Licymnius' death :
After great dangers he at Rhodes arriv'd,
And, disembarking there his faithful bands,
His peaceful reign establish'd ; by the arm 665
Of mighty Jove protected ; who o'er all
In earth and heav'n with pow'r supreme commands,
Who with unnumb'red riches blest their toils.

Nireus three ships from Sumæ led to Troy,
Whom fair Aglaia to Charopus bore ; 670
Nireus, in beauty first of all the host
After Achilles : few indeed his troops,
Small his experience and his strength in war.
Next from Nisuros, Casus, Crapathus,

From Cos the city of Eurypylos,
And from Calydnæ's isles, Phidippus arm'd;
And Antiphus, from great Alcides sprung
By Thessalus; their bands in thirty ships.

Say now Pelasgic Argos' martial bands,
Whom Alos, Alope, Trechnia, sent; 680

Phthia and Hellas, much for beauty fam'd;
By various names, Hellenians, Myrmidons,
Achaïans known; these swift Achilles brought
From Thessaly, in fifty ships, to Troy.

But they no more prepar'd them to the war; 685

No leader marshall'd them to deeds of arms:

Inglorious at his ships Achilles lay,

Much griev'd for fair Briseis, captive maid,

His valued prize from cities overthrown,

Lyrnessus and the spacious walls of Thebes, 690

Where fell Muneta and Epistrophus,

Euenus' sons, of high renown in arms:

For her he shunn'd the war, full soon to rise again.

From Phylace and verdant Pyrrhasus,

Sacred to Ceres; from Itona fam'd 695

For num'rous flocks; Antrona, by the sea;

And Pteleon for its verdure far renown'd,

His troops Protesilaus led to Troy;

Soon by the cruel Fates of life depriv'd;

Whilst his much-grieved wife in Phylace,
And scarce-establish'd house, lament his death,
Slain by some Trojan chief as from his ship
Foremost he leap'd upon the Trojan shore.
Yet were they not without a chief to lead
Their martial bands, though him they greatly
mourn'd: 705

Podarces, of Iphiclus warlike son,
Protesilaus' brother, to the war
Albeit inferior far in deeds of arms,
His forces marshall'd on Scamander's plains :
To Trojan shores in forty ships convey'd. 710

Eumelus next, from Pheræ by the lake
Of Bœbe, Ialocus, Glaphyræ,
His forces arm'd ; (Admetus' warlike son,
By fair Alceste, pride of Pelia's race ;)
And in eleven vessels pass'd the main. 715

Next from Methone and Thaumacia,
From Melibœa, from Olizon's rocks,
Skill'd to direct th' unerring shaft aright
With matchless art, brave Philoctetès led
In seven ships his troops, expert to ply 720
The cumbrous oar, or aim the fatal shaft.
Yet he in Lemnos' isle, with grief and pain
Tormented, from a pois'nous hydra's bite,

Afflicted lay ; whom there the Grecians left,
Incapable of war though great in arms. 725

Him soon the Greeks, howe'er forgetful now,
Will anxious seek to aid the fall of Troy :
Nor wanted they a leader ; them the son
Of Ajax Oileus to the battle led,
Medon the brave, whom beauteous Rhena bore. 730

From Tricca, from Ithome's lofty crag,
Æchalia, city erst of Eurytus,
The warlike sons of Æsculapius,
Machaon, Podalirius, brave in arms,
And in the art of healing deeply skill'd ; 735
In thirty ships their valiant forces brought.

From Ormenos, and Hyperia's stream,
Asterion, and the cliffs of Titanus,
His troops Eurypylus, Euæmon's son,
Brought to the Trojan shores in forty ships. 740
Argissa and Gyrtona next supplied
Their martial bands from Oloossa white ;
Orthe, Helone ; them Pirithous' son,
Brave Polypoetes, marshall'd to the fight ;
Pirithous boasting high descent from Jove. 745
Hippodamia to Pirithous bore
Great Polypoetes on the day he slew
The shaggy Centaurs, driving them amain

From Pelion to the bounds of Thessaly.
An equal share of pow'r Leonteus claim'd, 750
Coroneus' warlike son. In forty ships
They led their forces to the Trojan shores.

Goneus, from Cyphas, two-and-twenty ships
Led through the foaming main: in these embark'd
The Eneans, and Peræbi brave in fight, 755
Who by Dodona dwelt, in ruthless storms
Where winter reigns severe; and they who fill
Their lands by pleasant Titaresion,
To Peneus sending his transparent stream,
Nor deigns to mix his clear pellucid wave, 760
But light as oil upon the surface floats,
Deriv'd from Styx, the sacred oath of gods.

Prothous the brave Magnetes arm'd to war,
Tenthredon's son, from Peneus, and the groves
Of Pelion; in forty ships convey'd. 765
The leaders these, and mighty chiefs of Greece.
Now, Muse, relate who most in arms excell'd
Of all the host; who rein'd the noblest steeds.

First in the race, and of Pheretian breed,
Eumelus' coursers whirl'd the rapid car, 770
Swift as the eagle's wing, in colour match'd,
And size: Apollo in Pieria's plains
Nourish'd them, matchless in the rapid course,

Or to spread terror through the ranks of war.
 Of men the bravest, Ajax Telamon, 775
 Whilst swift Achilles, at his tent retir'd,
 Cherish'd dire rage; for he excell'd in might,
 And his of generous steeds the fleetest far.
 Incens'd with him who bore supreme command,
 With Agamemnon, at his ships he lay 780
 Inactive; whilst his forces on the strand,
 In sports contending, to the distant goal
 Speed the swift arrow, throw the pond'rous quoit,
 Or hurl the spear: their horses at the car
 The chieftains rein'd, still eager for the fight: 785
 Albeit, obedient to their leader's will,
 Unarm'd, inactive, through the camp they stray'd.

Thus mov'd the Greeks, as when devouring flames
 O'erspread the plain; as erst, when angry Jove,
 Indignant, hurl'd terrific thunder down, 790
 And whelm'd Typhœus huge in Arime,
 Beneath incumbent mountains: so beneath
 Their numerous feet earth groan'd as on they mov'd
 Eager to fight, and rapid march'd along.

Now Iris, sent from ægis-bearing Jove, 795
 The unwelcome tidings to the Trojans brought:
 They at their monarch's palace council held,
 Old men and young; whom Iris, in the form

Of Priam's son, Polites, near approach'd.
(Polites swift of foot, who at the tomb 800
Of old Æsetes watch'd the Grecian host,
To note when from their ships they bent their
march,)

In form like him, Iris the king address'd:

- " O venerable sire, as though in time
" Of peace, vain useless converse here you hold;
" Yet war, portentous war, the state impends: 805
" Though present often in the conflict dire,
" A host in numbers and in pow'r so great:
" As now approacheth, I have ne'er beheld;
" Like leaves, or as the sea sand, numberless 810
" They pour along the plain, and this way tend.
" Hector, to thee, chief captain of our host,
" I counsel thus: Since men of various tongues
" Have join'd their forces to our Trojan arms,
" Let then each several leader bear command, 815
" And marshal to the fight his native troops."

She spake: when Hector knew the voice divine,
And straight dismiss'd the council; and to arms,
Through the wide-opening gates, both horse and foot,
Rush'd forth impetuous: dreadful was the noise.

A lofty mount, retir'd, yet near to Troy, 821
Rises above the plain, by mortals call'd

Bateia, by the gods Myrrine's tomb :
There Trojans and allies their numerous troops
Assembled. Hector, by his varied crest 825
Distinguish'd, led the warlike Trojans on,
In numbers and in might superior far.

Æneas to the war the Dardans arm'd,
Of Venus and Anchises' mighty son
In Ida born, of more than mortal race ; 830
With him Antenor's warlike sons advanc'd,
Archilochus and valiant Acamas,
They who inhabit Ida's utmost bounds,
And fair Zelia by Æsepus' stream ;
Them Pandarus, Lycaon's son, well taught 835
By Phœbus to direct th' unerring shaft,
To battle arm'd. Adrastus' city next,
Apæsus, Pityia, and the crag
Of high Teria, sent their martial bands :
Adrastus these, and Amphius, led on, 840
Sons of Percosian Merops, deeply skill'd
In prophecy, nor would permit his sons
To join the doubtful war: they list'ned not
His voice, by Fate's resistless hand impell'd.

Percote next, and Practius' martial bands ; 845
Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe fair,
The warlike son of Hirtacus led on

In order due : Aresbian coursers, bred
By Selle's stream, the valiant Asius bore.

Hippothous arm'd the brave Pelasgians, 850
From rich Larissa, with Pylæus join'd,
His brother, of Pelasgian Lethus' sons.

Pirus and Acamas their Thracian troops
Brought from the stormy coast of Hellespont.

Euphemus led the brave Ciconians, 855
Son of Trœzenus, Cea's royal race.

Arm'd with the bow and shaft, Pyræchmes led
The stout Pæonians, far from Amudon ;
From Axius' stream, of rivers purest far.

Pylæmenes the Paphlagonians brought 860
From Enetæ, and from Parthenius' stream ;
And from Cytorus, and from Sesamus,
Cromna, Ægialus, and Erythini.

The Halizonians, Epistróphus
And Hodius led, from distant Alybe ; 865
From Alybe, for purest silver fam'd.

Chromis the Mysians, and Ennomus
Well skill'd in augury, to battle arm'd :
Yet vain that skill, when stern Achilles' rage
With slaughter'd heaps impeded Xanthus' course.

Phorcys the Phrygians, and Ascanius, 871
Far from Ascania led, eager for war.

Pylæmen's sons, Mesthles and Antiphus,
From Tmolus led the brave Mæonians.

Nastes the Carians led, of barbarous tongue, 875
Who by Miletus dwell, and Phthiron's woods,
Mæander's stream, and Mycale's high crag:

These Nastes and Amphemachus led on;
Amphemachus and Nastes, Nomion's sons,
In gold attir'd, who rashly dar'd the war, 880
At Xanthus' stream by great Achilles slain.

Sarpedon last, and Glaucus, led their troops
From Lycia's realm and rapid Xanthus' source.

BOOK III.

EACH host in order by their chiefs array'd,
With shouts the Trojans mov'd along the plain
Tumultuous; as when unnumb'red cranes,
From wintry storms and more inclement skies,
O'er wide extended seas their flight pursue, 5
And through the air to the pygmæan race
Destruction bring, and death. The Greeks mean-
time

With silent rage mov'd onward, firmly bent
By mutual aid each other to assist.

As the south wind upon the mountain top 10
Spreads the thick mist, for deeds of darkness meet,
Unfriendly to the shepherd, who in vain
With bounded view o'erlooks his scatt'ed flocks;
So from unnumb'red feet the dust in clouds
Uprose, as on they urg'd their rapid march. 15

Now front to front array'd each army stood,
When Paris forth advanc'd in glitt'ring arms,
His shoulders covered with a panther's hide;

Two spears he brandish'd, and to single fight
Challeng'd the bravest of the Grecian host. 20

Him Menelaus, eager for the war,
With haughty strides advancing, soon perceiv'd.
As when the lion on some larger beast,
Or stag with branching horns, or shaggy goat,
By hunger press'd, alights: though dogs and men 25
Fearless attack, unmov'd he still devours.
So Menelaus at the sight rejoic'd ;
And eager to revenge his mighty griefs,
All-arm'd, from forth his lofty chariot sprung.

Him thus advancing Paris first beheld, 30
And quick retreated, stung with conscious shame
And guilt, and to the ranks in haste retir'd.
As from the brake retreats with hasty step
The fright'ned traveller, when unawares .
He sees the crested snake ; fear shakes his limbs,
And o'er his face a sudden paleness casts : 36
So Paris started, trembled, and retir'd
Within the ranks, and shunn'd his mighty foe.

Him Hector thus with sharp rebuke address'd :
“ Unhappy Paris, of thy beauty vain ; 40
“ Deceiver false ! O hadst thou ne'er been born,
“ Or perish'd ere perform'd the nuptial tie ;
“ Rather than thus thy country to disgrace,

- “ The scorn and just contempt of all the Greeks,
“ Who, judging from thy form, might deem thee
 “ brave! 45
“ But thou art weak of mind, and cowardly;
“ And being such, how couldst thou dare, in ships
“ Passing the seas, from Apia basely steal
“ The wife of a far braver man than thou?
“ Grief inexpressible to all thy race, 50
“ Thy father, and thy country, and thyself:
“ But to our foes matter of greatest joy.
“ What! fear’st thou Menelaus to engage?
“ Soon shouldst thou know from whom thou dost
 “ withhold
“ The partner of his bed; nor may thy harp, 55
“ Nor Cytherea’s gifts, nor form, nor grace,
“ Avail, when vanquish’d thou shalt bite the dust.
“ Trojans want courage, or with stones o’erwhelm’d
“ Long since thou’dst paid the forfeit of thy
 “ crimes.”

Paris replied: “ True, Hector, are thy words; 60

- “ And I have justly merited reproach.
“ Thy mind unwearied,—as the sharp’ned axe
“ Strength addeth to the cunning workman’s hand,
“ Who shapes the timber for some lofty bark,—
“ Thy mighty mind, with fear no converse holds.

" Reproach me not with Cytherea's gifts ;
 " The gifts of heav'n are not to be contemn'd
 " When freely given, yet above control
 " Of human pow'r. If, Hector, such thy wish,
 " That I, and singly too, this contest try ; 70
 " Cause each contending host to rest their arms,
 " Whilst I and Menelaus, in the midst,
 " For beauteous Helen and the spoils engage :
 " Let him whom heaven with success shall crown,
 " The spoils and glorious prize in triumph bear ; 75
 " Whilst Greeks and Trojans, in firm league com-
 " bin'd

" And amity, these dwell in fertile Troy,
 " To Argos those return, for beauty fam'd."

He spake : with joy Hector his words receiv'd,
 And hast'ning in the midst, with levell'd spear 80
 Restrain'd his troops obedient : him the Greeks
 With missive arms on every side assail'd.

When Agamemnon thus the Greeks address'd :

" Forbear, ye Greeks, forbear : great Hector comes
 " With proposition of no mean import." 85

In silence they obey'd ; when Hector thus :

" Trojans and Greeks, the words of Paris hear ;
 " Paris, the cause of this disastrous war :
 " He orders all to ground their hostile arms,

- “ That he and Menelaus, singly, may
“ For, beauteous Helen and the spoils engage ;
“ That he whom heaven with success shall crown,
“ The spoils and glorious prize in triumph bear,
“ And we in league and amity combine.”

He spake ; still silence reign'd throughout the
camp ;

95

When Menelaus thus the chiefs address'd :

- “ Hear also me, whose mighty griefs exceed
“ All common bounds ; yet I with joy perceive
“ Some termination to the toils of war,
“ Since Greeks and Trojans both have much en-
“ dur'd

100

- “ For me, and Paris cause of all our woes :
“ Then let him perish whom the Fates decree,
“ And you in peace and lasting friendship live.
“ Bring then two lambs, ye Trojans, to the Earth
“ And Phœbus sacred, as your rites demand. 105
“ A third we Grecians consecrate to Jove.
“ Let Priam's self this solemn truce attend :
“ His sons, unsteady, no dependence claim,
“ Though by an oath confirm'd ; such heedless
“ youth,
“ To changes ever prone ; more prudent age 110
“ Examines, and approves what still is best.”

He spake : with joy each host anticipates
A speedy end to desolating war.
Alighting from their cars, in order due
They rein'd the prancing steeds, and on the ground,
Small space between, their glitt'ring arms reclin'd.

But Hector to the Trojan city sent
Two heralds to invite the rev'rend king,
Of age experienc'd, to attend the rites :
The Grecians from their ships, to mighty Jove 120
Sacred, th' unblemish'd lamb, as order'd, sent.

Meantime the varied Iris, messenger
Of gods, from heav'n to beauteous Helen came ;
The form of fair Læodice she took ;
Læodice, of Priam's royal race, 125
Fairest in form and feature : her she found
Plying the loom, whose magic art pourtray'd
The various conflicts of contending hosts,
Herself the prize ; whom Iris thus address'd :

“ Fair bride, approach, and with thy wond'ring

“ eyes 130

“ The assembled hosts of Trojans and of Greeks

“ Behold, who erst, on yon blood-stained field

“ Contending, fought with more than mortal rage.

“ No more the din of battle and the shock

“ Of arms is heard ; still silence reigns throughout ;

“ Whilst on his pond’rous shield, or fixed spear,
“ Each chieftain stands reclin’d; and in the midst
“ Paris and Menelaus now prepare
“ Fierce combat, thou thyself the conqu’ror’s meed.”

Thus spake the goddess; and her mind inspir’d
With all her former love and anxious care, 141
For parents, country, husband, left behind.
Her radiant face she veil’d, and from the loom
In haste arose, shedding the frequent tear
Of fond affection, as her steps she bent, 145
Not unattended, to the Scæan gate.
There the chief counsellors around their king
Debating sat; Thymcetes, Panthous,
And Hicetaon, Lampus, Clytius,
Antenor, and Ucalegon, far fam’d 150
For wisdom, at the Scæan gate conven’d:
Chiefs whose declining years might well excuse
The toils of war, but on whose rev’rend brows
Deliberation sat; like grasshoppers,
Whose shrill voice echoes through the sacred grove.
Thus on th’ embattled tower assembled sat 156
These venerable chiefs: when Helen came,
Much they admir’d, and thus were heard to say:

“ We cannot Trojans blame, or Grecian chiefs,
“ That such transcendent beauty should engage 160

" Contending nations in a tedious war ;
 " Some goddess, scarce disguis'd in mortal frame :
 " Yet her return we most devoutly wish,
 " All-heav'nly as she is ; her presence brings
 " Inevitable fate to all our race." 165

Thus spake the chiefs ; when Priam's friendly voice
 In mildest accents Helen thus bespoke :

" Approach, my child, and take thy seat by me,
 " And view thy former husband, and thy friends :
 " Nay, child, I blame not you ; the heav'nly
 " pow'rs, 170
 " To Troy unfriendly, have uprais'd this war.
 " Tell me what name he bears, whose portly mien,
 " And form majestic, chief respect commands :
 " Others in stature and in size excel,
 " But one more venerably beautiful 175
 " These eyes have ne'er beheld : some king, I
 " deem."

Helen replied : " O much-esteemed sire,
 " Most fear'd, yet most belov'd ! O had I died
 " Ere with thy son I rashly did forsake
 " My husband, child, and friends ! Yet these things
 " are : 180

" And that they are, I do lament me much.

“ What you inquire, I will with truth relate.

• “ Atrides, king of all the Grecian host,

“ You there behold ; in council and in war

“ Pre-eminent : my brother once so dear, 185

“ My husband's brother : would he were so now !”

• Him Priam long with wond'ring eyes survey'd,

And said : “ O king, with happy omens born ;

“ In empire and in arms, in people blest ;

“ For all the Grecians own thy sov'reign sway. 190

“ In Phrygia once great Otreus' host I view'd,

• “ With Mygdon's, on the banks of Sangar's stream,

“ Array'd against the warlike Amazons :

“ I join'd their forces ; yet inferior those

“ To the brave warriors of the Grecian host.” 195

A second question Priam then address'd,

When he Ulysses saw : “ Tell me, my child,

“ Who's that, in stature less, but broader far

“ His ample chest ; his armour on the ground

“ Dispos'd, himself the ranks with care surveys 200

“ Attentive ; as the ram with shaggy fleece

“ On every side the num'rous flock regards.”

Him Helen, sprung from Jove, thus answ'ered
mild :

“ Laertes' son, Ulysses, brave and wise,

- “ Thine eyes behold : yet he to Ithaca,
“ A barren island, owes his birth ; but far
“ His fame extends, deep-read in wisdom’s lore.”
When thus Antenor prudent : “ True, indeed,
“ Thy words, O Helen ! I remember well,
“ Ulysses once in embassy to Troy, 210
“ With Menelaus came, on thy account :
“ Those noble guests I then beneath my roof
“ Did entertain with hospitality.
“ Their persons and their different pow’rs I know.
“ When with the Trojans they assembled stood,
“ Atrides’ form our first attention drew : 216
“ Ulysses, seated, claim’d superior awe
“ And reverence ; but when debate arose,
“ And each his sentiments in words declar’d ;
“ In language plain, in strong and nervous terms
“ Concise, Atrides to the purpose spoke :
“ But when, in thought profound, Ulysses rose,
“ With steadfast look his eyes upon the ground
“ He fix’d, nor wav’d his sceptre-bearing hand ;
“ Unmov’d he stood, and motionless, as one 225
“ Unskill’d and in experienc’d in debate :
“ But when he spoke, with firm and manly tone,
“ In copious language, like the winter’s snow

" Descending thick, with wonder we admir'd
" His easy flow of matchless eloquence." 230

Again, when Ajax to his view appear'd,
Thus question'd Priam: " Who, of stature vast,
" And bulk immense, is that, above the rest?"

When Helen, fairest of her sex, replied :
" The mighty Ajax, bulwark of the war: 235

" Near him, encircled by the Cretan hands,

" Idomeneus, with other mighty chiefs

" Assembled, stands; for often, as a guest,

" To Menelaus' hospitable roof

" The brave Idomeneus to Sparta came. 240

" Each Grecian chief I see, and can relate

" Their names and rank: for two I look in vain;

" Castor, well skill'd to rein the foaming steeds,

" And Pollux, victor in the Pythian games,

" My brothers: Sparta yet perhaps detains 245

" Them distant far; or, if to Troy they came,

" They shun the conflict, and the glorious toils

" Of war, o'erwhelm'd with grief and shame for me."

Thus Helen spake: but long the silent tomb
In Sparta, in their native land, embrac'd 250

Their sad remains, though sprung from mighty
Jove.

And now the heralds through the city brought,
For sacrifices meet, two faultless lambs,
And gen'rous wine. Idæus first advanc'd,
Bearing the glitt'ring bowl, and golden cups, 255
And thus the venerable king address'd :

“ Arise, O son of great Laomedon !

“ The Trojans and the Greeks thy presence wait

“ On yonder plain to consecrate the rites,

“ When Paris and the warlike Atreus' son 260

“ In fiercest conflict shall the prize dispute ;

“ Helen, and all the spoils, the victor's meed :

“ And we, in league and amity combin'd,

“ Inhabit fertile Troy, and in their ships

“ The Grecians to their native land return.” 265

The herald spake : with sorrow Priam heard
The unwelcome news ; yet bade the chiefs prepare
His royal chariot : to the destin'd plain
Antenor, wise, conducts the aged king.

When now amidst the Grecian chiefs arriv'd, 270
And Trojan, they alighted from their car.

First Agamemnon and Ulysses rose

To greet the Trojan king. Heralds meantime

The sacred rites prepar'd, and mix'd the wine,

And pour'd libations on each monarch's hand. 275

Atrides from his side unsheath'd the knife,

Which ready hung, and from the victim's head
Sever'd the destin'd hair, which to each chief,
In order due, the faithful heralds gave ;
When Agamemnon thus preferr'd his pray'r: 280

“ Great Jove, of Ida sov'reign, first and best ;
“ And thou, O Sun ! whose searching eye per-
“ vades

“ Earth's utmost bounds; Rivers and Earth, attend;
“ And all ye pow'rs beneath, whose vengeful ire
“ Doth punish those who dare to violate 285

“ Their sacred oaths, be witness to our rites !

“ If Menelaus fall, let Paris take

“ Helen the glorious prize, and the rich spoils ;

“ We in our ships will back to Greece return :

“ But if by Menelaus' warlike hand 290

“ Paris o'ercome shall fall, the Trojan chiefs

“ Shall duly Helen and the spoils restore,

“ And strictly pay the stipulated fine ;

“ A fine which shall this solemn act record

“ To future times : should Troy refuse to pay, 295

“ I will continue this disastrous war,

“ Nor home return till just revenge I find.”

Thus spake the monarch, and the victims slew,
Which on the ground he plac'd, of life depriv'd,
Yet quiv'ring in the dust : then from the cup 300

Pouring rich wine, they to th' immortal gods,
Both Greeks and Trojans, thus address'd the pray'r :

“ O mighty Jove, and all ye pow'rs above !

“ May they who first this solemn league dissolve,

“ Pour forth, as we this wine, their vital stream, 305

“ Their wives led captive to some foreign land !”

Jove list'ned not the vengeful pray'r of man.

Priam now rose, and thus the chiefs address'd :

“ Ye Greeks and Trojans, spare a father's tears,

“ Nor let my aged eyes the combat see, 310

“ Which may deprive me of a much-lov'd son ;

“ Permit that I again to Troy return :

“ The dread event is known to heav'n alone.”

Thus Priam spake, and then within the car

The victims plac'd : Antenor, by his side 315

Seated, conducts him to the walls of Troy.

Now Hector and Ulysses mark'd the ground,

And in the brazen helmet cast the lots,

Who first the spear should hurl against the foe.

Each host their secret wishes thus express'd : 320

“ Great Jove, of Ida sov'reign, first and best ;

“ Let him the dreary shades of Pluto's realm

“ First enter, who this hateful war began :

“ Whilst we in peace and amity unite.”

Thus spake they. Hector shook the brazen
casque, 325

With eyes averted ; when his brother's lot,
The lot of Paris, first to hurl the spear,
Leap'd forth : in order round each army sat,
Their glitt'ring armour and their chariots near.

First Paris arm'd him for the deadly fight: 330
The silver-studded greaves his legs embrac'd ;
Lycaon's breastplate arm'd his manly chest ;
His glitt'ring faulchion o'er his shoulders hung :
Then high he rais'd his pond'rous massy shield,
And o'er his brow the nodding helmet plac'd, 335
And grasp'd his mighty spear. Atreides now
In armour clad appear'd ; and in the midst
Of either host, with lofty strides advanc'd,
And aspect stern, all eager to engage :
Astonishment and fear each breast assail'd. 340

And now within the measur'd space they stood,
Shaking their hostile spears in anger fierce.

Paris first hurl'd his lance, and smote the shield
Of Menelaus ; but the treach'rous point
Fell blunted, nor might pierce the sev'n-fold orb.
Then rose the might of Atreus' warlike son, 346
Who thus to mighty Jove address'd his pray'r :

" O Jove supreme, now grant me just revenge
 " On faithless Paris; let this arm subdue
 " The man who dared to violate the rites 350
 " Of sacred friendship; that mankind may learn
 " To shun, from his example, base deceit."

He spake; and brandishing aloft his spear,
 Hurl'd it with force impetuous: through the shield
 And corselet quick it pierc'd: bending, he shunn'd
 The fatal point, and scarce escap'd from death. 356

Atrides drew his sword, and rushing on
 With rapid step, his helmet struck amain:
 The faithless sword fell, shiv'ed, to the ground.
 Atrides, grieving from his inmost soul, 360
 With eyes to heav'n uprais'd, thus loud exclaim'd:

" O mighty Jove! unjust at least in this,
 " Above the gods! vainly I thought indeed
 " To have reveng'd my wrongs: my broken sword,
 " And erring spear, bespeak neglected right." 365

He spake; and rushing forward, seiz'd the plume
 Which nodded o'er his helmet, and with force
 The vanquish'd Trojan to the Grecian host
 Dragg'd headlong, struggling: him th' embroid' red
 thong

Beneath his tender chin, with pain severe 370
 Encumb' red. Then the victor had obtain'd

Immortal honour. But the watchful pow'r
Of Venus interpos'd: she broke the thong;
And in his hand an empty helmet left;
Which towards the Greeks the indignant victor
hurl'd 375

With vehemence: his friends the spoil receiv'd.
Again he rush'd with vengeance on his foe;
But Venus in a cloud convey'd him thence
Unseen, and in the bridal chamber plac'd;
There sweet perfumes his dying sense reviv'd. 380

The goddess then sought Helen: her she found
By her attendants, at the lofty tow'r,
Encircled; when her robe, with gentle touch
Attractive, pulling, like the feeble age
Of old Eurocomus, of Spartan race, 385
The friend and partner of fair Helen's woes;
In form like her, thus Venus smiling said:
" Hither away; thy Paris calls thee home,
" On lofty couch reclin'd in sweet repose, 389
" With odours dropping; thither bend thy steps:
" Not like some warrior from the ensanguin'd plain,
" But from the festive dance, in jocund trim,
" Return'd, or thither going." Thus she spake,
And her attention rais'd: but when perceiv'd
Her beauteous neck with form superior turn'd, 395

And eyes with heav'nly lustre sparkling bright,
Astonish'd, thus the goddess she address'd :

“ Why dost thou spread again the fatal snare ?

“ To what far distant city wouldst thou lead

“ Thy wretched captive, to some favour'd man ? 400

“ Paris thus conquer'd, Atreus' warlike son

“ Would take me back to my dear native land ;

“ Therefore thou com'st with deepest mischief

“ fraught.

“ Return again to Paris ; quit the paths

“ Of heav'n, nor to Olympus bend thy steps ; 405

“ But dwell with him, and be his constant guard,

“ Till he shall make thee or his wife or slave.

“ I will not go, nor do so base an act,

“ To wait his pleasure ; scorn'd by Trojan dames,

“ Oppress'd already with unnumb'ed woes.” 410

When her displeasure Venus thus express'd :

“ Awaken not, all wretched as thou art,

“ My anger ; lest, enrag'd, I do forsake,

“ And hate thee as I once did love thee much ;

“ And sow between the two contending hosts 415

“ Such bitter enmity, such dire revenge,

“ That nothing but thy death can satisfy.”

She spake, and Helen fear'd to disobey ;

But silent, unobserv'd, in veil obscur'd,

Reluctant, follow'd where the goddess led,
To the fair palace: there their several works
Her maids obedient plied. Venus meantime
Conducted Helen to the lofty room
Where Paris sat reclin'd, and by his side
Plac'd her, unwilling: with averted eyes, 425
Indignant, thus her husband she reproach'd:

“ And art thou from the combat safe return'd?

“ Would thou hadst perish'd by a braver hand,
“ The hand of my dread lord! Where now thy
“ boast

“ Of strength, and might superior? Dar'st thou
“ then 430

“ A second combat try, and face thy foe?

“ Ah! venture not again the warlike son

“ Of Atreus to engage; nor rashly prove

“ An easy conquest to the victor's arms.”

To her the vanquish'd Paris thus replied: 435

“ Cease thy reproach, O fairest of thy sex!

“ Aided by Pallas, Menelaus boasts

“ The palm of vict'ry now; I, in my turn,

“ With heav'n's assistance, may reclaim the prize

“ Hereafter: but far other thoughts demand 440

“ Our care; for never did thy charms so touch

“ My ravish'd sense; not when I first convey'd

“ Thee, not unwilling, in my hollow ships
“ To Cranae’s isle, from Sparta much below’d,
“ As now I love thee, Helen.” Thus he spake, 445
And led the way ; she follow’d, nothing loth.

Atrides now, like some fierce lioness
Robb’d of her whelps, enrag’d, with hasty step
Advancing through the ranks, his foe requir’d,
With fruitless search : not one could point him out
Of all the num’rous host : yet not for love,
Or for regard, would any have conceal’d
The author and the cause of all their woes ;
Just object of their most determin’d hate :
When Agamemnon thus address’d the chiefs : 455

“ Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, attend :
“ To Menelaus victory belongs.
“ Bring then the spoils, and Helen safe restore,
“ And pay the fine I justly shall impose ;
“ A fine which may this solemn act record
“ To distant times, and ages yet unborn.”

He spake ; and loud applauses rent the skies.

BOOK IV.

AND now, on golden thrones, with Jove supreme,
Assembled, sat the high immortal pow'rs ;
Hebe with wine the golden goblet crown'd,
Nectarean, whilst beneath them they survey'd
The Trojan city, and suspended war ; 5
When thus with feign'd rebuke, and tacit blame,
Great Jove address'd the sov'reign Queen of heav'n :

“ Two goddesses with aid divine assist
“ Atrides' son ; Minerva's warlike power,
“ And Argive Juno ; yet, all unconcern'd, 10
“ Apart they sit : but with more constant care
“ Venus her favour'd warrior still protects,
“ And now hath sav'd him from impending fate :
“ To Menelaus victory belongs.
“ Consult we then to what these measures tend : 15
“ Shall we again renew the dreadful war ;
“ Or both unite in amity and peace ?
“ If all approve, Troy shall again uprear
“ Her head triumphant ; and the pride of Greece,
“ Helen, return with Menelaus home.” 20

Pallas indignant, and Saturnia heard,
And disapprov'd; the goddess of the war
Suppress'd, though deeply griev'd, her mighty mind;
But her displeasure thus Saturnia spoke :

“ O pow'r supreme, what hast thou now decreed?
“ And wilt thou render all my labours vain? 26
“ Labours immense, and troubles infinite,
“ Which in this conflict I have undergone,
“ Wearying immortal coursers to destroy
“ The Trojan name. What you decree, must stand.
“ Fix'd; yet we cannot, do not all approve.”

In anger Jove replied: “ Unfortunate!

“ What can or Priam or his sons have done,
“ That thou shouldst hate them so, and ceaseless
“ strive

“ To overthrow the well-built city Troy? 35.
“ What! thou wouldst enter through her lofty
“ gates,

“ And Priam and his sons, within the walls,
“ Alive devour, to satiate thy revenge!
“ Be it so then; nor Troy, as heretofore,
“ In highest heav'n be cause of fierce debate. 40.
“ But this I tell thee, and remark it well,—
“ When I decree some lofty city's fall,
“ Though patroniz'd by thee, think not to stay

“ My anger, or arrest my lifted arm :
“ I gave thee Troy, but with no willing mind ; 45
“ For of all cities which the sun surveys
“ Beneath the starried canopy of heav’n,
“ By mortal men inhabited, I lov’d
“ That city, Priam, and his warlike race ;
“ For never did his altars cease to burn 50
“ With sacrifices due to heav’n’s high King.”

When Juno, venerable, thus replied :

“ I have, indeed, three cities much belov’d,
“ Argos and Sparta, and the spacious walls
“ Of large Mycenæ: these thou mayst destroy 55
“ When they incur thy hatred ; I nor care,
“ Nor will oppose ; and though I should oppose,
“ It would avail me nothing, for thy strength
“ And pow’r supreme can never know restraint.
“ Yet why should I, Goddess and Queen of
“ heav’n,
“ Daughter of Saturn, and the wife of Jove,
“ In vain contend ? Let us by turns control
“ The wayward fate of man ; th’ immortal pow’rs
“ Will gladly follow where we lead the way.
“ Let then Minerva, mov’d by your command, 65
“ Descend where Greeks and Trojans cease from
“ fight,

“ Dissolve the truce, and let the flames of war,

“ Through Trojan perfidy rekindled, blaze.”

She spake; the Sire of gods and men approv'd,
And Pallas thus bespoke: “ Haste to the field, 70

“ Dissolve the truce, and let the flames of war

“ Rekindled blaze.” He spake; when from above
Descending, from Olympus' lofty top,

The martial goddess urg'd her rapid flight:

Like to some meteor which Saturnian Jove 75

Portentous sends: amaz'd the sailor views

The dreadful omen, and th' embattled host

Shrinks panic-struck; whilst, in long train behind,

The glitt'ring sparks shoot forth with vivid light:

So rash'd Minerva to the plains of Troy, 80

And mingled with the host: fear seiz'd each mind,

And Greeks and Trojans thus were heard to say:

“ War, dreadful war, or peace doth Jove portend,

“ From whom alone both peace and war derive.”

Thus they: but Pallas, like Antenor's son, 85

Ent'red the Trojan host, if she might find

Lycaon's son, the godlike Pandarus.

Him, brave and blameless, in the thickest ranks

Of warriors from Æsepus' banks she found,

And near approaching, thus address'd the chief: 90

“ Hast thou, then, courage to perform my wish,

“ O son of brave Lycaon, and direct
“ At Menelaus thy unerring shaft ?
“ The Trojans will, with grateful thanks, repay
“ The deed ; but chiefly Paris, who with gifts 95
“ Splendid and rich thy merit will reward,
“ If, haply, by thy skill great Atreus’ son,
“ Conqu’red and slain, ascend the fun’ral pyle.
“ Haste, then, direct thy shaft ; but first by pray’r
“ Invoke Apollo’s aid, of Lycia king, 100
“ Far fam’d for matchless skill in archery :
“ To him devote a hecatomb of lambs
“ Unblemish’d, firstlings of thy num’rous flocks,
“ When to Zelia’s sacred walls return’d.”

Minerva spake : exulting he approv’d, 105
Improvident ; then took his polish’d bow,
Spoil of the mountain goat, slain by his hand
With well-directed shaft as from the rock
Forth rushing he surpris’d it ; and the wound
Deep in its heart infix’d : headlong it fell 110
Lifeless ; full sixteen palms extended then
The branching honours of its shaggy brow.
The cunning workman shap’d the polish’d horn,
And tipp’d the points with gold. His bow, unseen,
He took, and bending to the ground inclin’d, 115
Shelt’red by num’rous and surrounding friends,

Who with their orbid shields his purpose screen'd,
Lest seen, the warlike Greeks should to the fight
Impetuous rush ere Menelaus fall.

The quiver then he took, and from within 120

Drew forth the winged shaft, yet unessay'd—

Sad cause of bitter woes—and to the string

Applied the fatal arrow, and address'd.

His pray'r to dread Apollo, Lycia's king,

Far fam'd for matchless skill in archery; 125

To him devoting hecatombs of lambs

When to Zelia's sacred walls return'd.

The string and arrow then with force he drew;

That to his chest, and to the polish'd bow

The pointed steel: the circled bow resounds; 130

Shrill sounds the quiv'ring string, and to the mark

Leaps forth, and rapid flies the pointed shaft.

Nor were the gods unmindful of thy fate,

Atrides; chiefly Pallas, who the wound

Check'd, interposing, and repress'd its force. 135

As the fond mother from her sleeping child

The biting insect drives; she in the belt,

Where double folds and clasps of gold protect,

Infix'd the shaft, directed by her hand:

Through the wrought belt and golden clasps it
pierc'd 140

Impetuous, nor might the thickest folds
Its course impede, such aid Apollo lent,
Till in his body fix'd it pierc'd the skin
Lightly, and drew the stream of purple gore.

As when pure ivory with Tyrian dye 145
Distain'd by female skill of Mæonis
Or Caria shows, when for the warrior horse
Rich trappings she designs, the costly gift
With envy view'd, the pride of chivalry,
Adorns the lofty chamber, form'd to deck 150
The gorgeous frontlet of a monarch's steed :

So show'd thy limbs, Atrides, stain'd with gore,
As to the ground the purple current flow'd.

With horror seiz'd, the Grecian king beheld
The blood still flowing from his brother's wound.

Then first did fear thy mighty mind appall, 156
O Menelaus ! but when seen the barb
Not ent'red, then the spirit back return'd.

Pressing his brother's hand, with falt'ring voice
Thus Agamemnon spake ; surrounding chiefs 160
Meantime in silence wept : " Brother belov'd,
" This truce, this fatal truce, hath seal'd thy doom,
" Whom I to single combat have expos'd :
" By this thy wound the Trojans have dissolv'd
" This solemn league : yet surely not in vain 165

- " Our sacred oaths, our sacrifices meet,
 " Our plighted hands, and vows of amity :
 " Though Jove his vengeance stay, yet will his
 " wrath
 " With tenfold fury burst upon their heads,
 " And on their wives and children, for this deed.
 " For well I know the time will surely come, 171
 " When Troy's proud city level with the dust
 " Shall lie, and Priam and his people fall
 " In undistinguish'd ruin : mighty Jove
 " Saturnian, dwelling in the highest heav'n, 175
 " Himself shall shake his ægis o'er their heads
 " Portentous, for this folly most enrag'd :
 " Nor cease till all things be accomplished.
 " But deep affliction for thy sake I feel,
 " Brother, and tremble lest this treach'rous wound
 " Prove mortal : how oppress'd with shame and grief
 " Shall I return to Argos, much-belov'd !
 " The Greeks with haste will quit these hostile
 " plains,
 " To Priam and the Trojans Helen leave,
 " Their boasted prize ; whilst on th' ensanguin'd
 " plain 185
 " Thy scatt'ed bones lie bleaching to the winds,
 " Thy labours lost, thy works unfinished :

" When o'er thy dust insulting, thus shall say
 " The haughty Trojan,—' So may Grecia's king
 " With fruitless rage his enemies pursue, 190
 " And lead his baffled forces back to Greece,
 " His ships all scatt' red, and his brother slain !"
 " Ere this I hear, may death my being end !"

Him Menelaus thus encouraging

Answ' red : " Nor fear yourself, nor cause our men
 " To fear ; the shaft is in no mortal place ; 196
 " Stopp'd by the well-wrought belt, and golden
 " clasps."

When Agamemnon thus : " Be it so, then ;
 " Yet let the skilful hand medicinal
 " Its aid apply, and all thy pains remove. 200
 " Haste, then, Talthybius ; Æsculapius' son
 " Machaon hither speed ; that he may see
 " My warlike brother, whom some Trojan chief,
 " Or Lycian, hath with well-directed shaft
 " Wounded ; their boast, but our most bitter grief."

He spake ; when hast'ning through the Grecian
 host, 206

Talthybius Æsculapius' skilful son
 Machaon sought ; him, circled by his friends,
 From Tricca, and Ithome's tow'rs, he found,
 And thus approaching spake : " Hither away, 210

“ Machaon, Agamemnon bids thee come
“ And heal his brother, whom some Trojan chief,
“ Or Lycian, hath with well-directed shaft
“ Wounded; their boast, but our most bitter grief.”

He spake; when quickly through the Grecian

host

215

Machaon to the wounded chief repair'd:
Around him stood, with anxious care oppress'd,
Atrides and the chiefs: first, from his belt
He drew the shaft; the barbed point again
Resisting, bent: the well-wrought belt remov'd, 220
And girdle underneath, with gentle hand
The clotted gore he press'd, and wip'd away;
Then cleans'd the wound with ointment, and applied
The potent juice of herbs medicinal,
Whose secret virtues and rare qualities 225
Sage Chiron to his father erst disclos'd.
Whilst thus employ'd the Trojans clos'd their ranks,
Resum'd their arms, and for the fight prepar'd.

Then, nor with fear assail'd, confus'd, inert,
Mightst thou behold great Atreus' warlike son; 230
His noble mind for martial glory burn'd,
Impatient for the fight. Quitting forthwith
His rapid car, (which Ptolemæus' son,
Eurymedon, apart prepared, held,

Lest as th' extensive army he review'd
Fatigue his limbs invade,) on foot he mov'd
Through the thick ranks, and with persuasive words
Their courage rous'd, and all their valour arm'd.

“ Grecians, your wonted bravery renew ;
“ Know, Jove assists not those who violate 240
“ Their sacred oaths ; them shall the rav'nous birds
“ Of air devour who deal in perjury,
“ Whilst we (their city levell'd to the dust)
“ Their wives and children bear triumphant home.”

But whom averse or negligent to arm 245
The monarch saw, severe he thus reprov'd :

“ O shame, O scandal to the name ye bear !
“ Why stand ye trembling, like the panting hinds
“ Which bounding o'er the plain, by sudden fear
“ Oppress'd, stand motionless, an easy prey ? 250
“ So you stand trembling, nor prepare for fight.
“ What ! do you wait the Trojans' near approach,
“ Till on the strond your very ships they seize,
“ Unless to guard them Jove himself descend ?”

Thus Agamemnon through the num'rous host
In order pass'd. The Cretans arm'd he found ; 256
Idomeneus, their chief, like the fierce boar,
Lord of the spacious forest : in the rear
Meriones appear'd. The king rejoic'd,

And thus exulting spake : " Idomeneus,
" I do esteem thee much, and honour thee
" Above the Grecian chiefs ; whether in war
" Or council you assist, or festive board ;
" When we the golden goblets crown with wine,
" Thine, like thy sov'reign's cup, is ever full, 265
" Unmeasur'd uncontroll'd : rouse then, to arms,
" And with thy wonted courage dare the fight."

Idomeneus replied : " Know, mighty king,
" I bear a grateful mind, nor will disgrace
" My promis'd friendship and firm amity : 270
" Lead on thy forces to the glorious field,
" All eager to engage the treach'rous foe ;
" Whom vengeance shall o'ertake, and sudden fate,
" The just reward of perjury and wrong."

He spake : Atrides pass'd, exulting, by, 275
To where the troops of either Ajax stood,
All arm'd, a mighty host. As from the top
Of some high rock, far off the shepherd sees
The gathering storm uprise, by southern blast
Wafted, the bosom of the deep along, 280
Yet distant, black'ning all th' horizon round,
Portending danger ;—to some distant cave,
Fearful, in haste, he drives his fleecy care :
So the thick ranks embattled mov'd along

Round either Ajax, eager for the war,
And darken'd all the plain. Atrides glad
Survey'd the martial bands, and thus exclaim'd :

“ Brave warriors, leaders of the Argive bands,
“ Whose daring souls no exhortation need
“ To deeds of high renown: O had we all 290
“ That active courage, that intrepid mind,
“ Soon should proud Troy stoop to her lowest base,
“ An easy prey to our victorious arms !”

He spake, and onward bent his eager step.
Nestor he found, the venerable chief 295
Of Pylos, arming his well-ord'red troops,
And urging to the fight: him Pelagus,
Alastor, Chromius, and Hæmon's strength,
And Bias, mighty chiefs, attentive wait.
In front the horse and chariots, duly rang'd, 300
He plac'd; the num'rous infantry behind
Clos'd their firm ranks, the bulwark of the war;
Troops of suspected valour in the midst
(All hopes of flight cut off, and forc'd to fight,)
The experienc'd leader plac'd: then gave command
That each his fiery courser duly curb, 305
Nor break the ranks; nor, eager to engage,
Advance before the rest, nor yet retreat;
And, through the chance and fortune of the fight,

Should any chieftain quit his rapid car,
 Let him with spear engage, nor dare attempt
 To guide another's fiery foaming steeds,
 Unknowing of his voice: in days of yore
 Victorious thus our great forefathers fought.

Thus Nestor gave in charge, long time in war 315

Experienc'd: him with joy Atrides heard,

And thus address'd: "O did thy years but suit

"Thy energy of mind! thou bear'st a soul

"Superior; would thy age another had,

"And thou the vigour and the strength of youth!"

Him Nestor answer'd: "Such indeed my wish,

"Atrides, could a wish my strength renew

"As when I slew great Ereuthalion.

"But heaven to man dispenses various gifts:

"Then inexperience'd, young; now bow'd with age.

"Still in my chariot borne I tempt the field, 326

"And with advice assist, and counsel wise,

"The privilege of years; the toils of war,

"The dangerous shock of arms, let youth sustain."

He spake: Atrides pass'd exulting on 330

To Peteus' son, well skill'd the fiery steed

To rein, brave leader of the Athenian bands:

Him near, in counsel wise, Ulysses stood,

With Cephallenian forces, great in arms:

For yet they had not heard the din of war,
And preparation to the conflict dire
Of Trojans and of Greeks ; but waited firm
Their chief's command, nor to the onset mov'd.

Them with reproachful words and taunt severe
Atrides thus address'd : " O Peteus' son ! 340
" And thou with craft and wary counsel stor'd,
" Why do you thus aloof and trembling stand,
" You who should first advance, and dare the fight :
" When we some feast to celebrate prepare
" For honourable age, you then in haste 345
" Assemble, and partake the festive board ;
" Now, you all unconcern'd, inactive stand,
" Though long prepar'd our host, and eager to en-
" gage."

Ulysses stern replied : " What hast thou said,
" Atrides ? Why this censure, this rebuke ; 350
" As if we shunn'd the dangers of the field,
" Nor dar'd, like Grecians, to contend in arms ?
" Lead on, and thou shalt see, if such thy will,
" And deeds of valour can delight thy soul,
" The father of Telemachus advance 355
" First in the war, and nobly dare the foe :
" Know then unjust thy censure, undeserv'd."
Atrides, when perceiv'd his anger rous'd,

And conscious worth offended, with a smile
And courteous words address'd him: "Well I know,
" Ulysses, all-experienc'd as thou art 361
" In counsel, that thou needest not reproof,
" Kind and benignant ever; for the same
" Thy sentiments with mine. If aught in haste
" Offensive hath been said, which heav'n avert, 365
" We shall hereafter your forgiveness claim."

He spake; and left them, hast'ning through the
field

To 'Tydeus' son, the warlike Diomed:
His chariot and his foaming coursers near,
The warrior stood; and with him Sthenelus, 370
The son of Capaneus: again, in terms
Severe, the monarch rous'd them to the war:
" Ah! why doth Tydeus' son thus fearful stand,
" With careless eye surveying the deep files
" As for the bloody contest they prepare? 375
" Never did Tydeus' self thus trembling gaze
" Aloof, but foremost to the battle rush'd:
" Thus saith report, from those whose wond'ring
" eyes
" Beheld his dread exploits. A peaceful guest
" Once to Mycenæ's lofty tow'rs he came, 380
" With Polynices, like a god in arms,

- “ To ask assistance in the Theban war,
“ Nor urg’d his plea in vain ; Mycenæ’s chiefs
“ With zeal his banners join’d : but fate forbade,
“ And Jove with dire portents their counsels
 “ chang’d. 385
- “ When now returning, on Asopus’ banks,
“ Asopus, who pursues his winding course,
“ With rushes crown’d, through wide-extended
 “ meads,
“ The Grecian chiefs in embassy to Thebes
“ Great Tydeus sent ; undaunted he approach’d
“ The hostile walls, a stranger, and alone : 391
“ The fierce Cadmeans with their warlike chiefs
“ In feast assembled at the royal board
“ Of Eteocles ; fearless he advanc’d,
“ His high commission urg’d, and to the fight 395
“ Challeng’d the bravest of his enemies,
“ And vanquish’d all ; such aid Minerva gave.
“ The enrag’d Cadmeans form’d the dang’rous plan,
“ In ambuscade conceal’d (full fifty youths,
“ Mæon and Lycophon their chiefs), to slay 400
“ Tydeus returning home : abortive prov’d
“ Their treacherous intent ; by Tydeus slain,
“ None might escape the fury of his arm,
“ Save Mæon, Hæmon’s son : so Jove decreed.

"Such Tydeus was; but his degenerate son,

"In council only mighty, shuns the war."

Tydeus respectful heard, and silence kept;

When thus the warlike Sthenelus replied:

"O speak not false, Atrides; well thou know'st

"We claim superior honour: Thebes, proud

"Thebes, 410

"Stoop'd to our conquering arms; though fewer far

"Our host, yet trusted we in signs from heaven

"Propitious, and the aid of mighty Jove:

"Not to our fathers, but to us the praise."

Him Diomed with firmness thus bespoke. 415

"Such answer ill becomes us, Sthenelus;

"With silence bear; I not Atrides blame,

"First in command, encouraging his host:

"If victory shall crown the Grecian arms,

"His be the glory, and the honour his; 420

"But tenfold loss and ruin should we fail;

"Then arm we to the field and dare the foe."

He spake; and from his chariot leap'd, all arm'd,
With fearful sound, the bravest to appal.

As on the lofty shore the swelling surge 425

In quick succession, rais'd by southern blast,

Impetuous from the main comes rolling on,

And breaks with deaf'ning clamour on the strond,

O'er each projecting point, each jutt'd rock
Impell'd, resistless pours the foaming tide. 430
Successive thus mov'd on the Grecian host
Unceasing to the fight: each chief commands,
Encourages his troops: in silence dread
They mov'd respectful; from their burnisht arms
Shone light resplendent as they march'd along, 435

Far otherwise the host of Troy mov'd on;
Like to the num'rous flocks at eventide
Pent in the fold; incessant bleating fills
The circuit wide: so from the Trojan host
Unceasing clamours rent the vaulted sky, 440
From various tongues and languages uncouth.

These Mars encourag'd, those Minerva rous'd
To valorous deeds. Terror and Flight were there,
And Discord fell, sister of bloody Mars;
Discord, who, small at first, her monstrous head 445
Soon lifts to heaven as o'er the earth she stalks;
Contention dire she scatt'rd through each host
As on she mov'd, and doubled every groan.

And now each army to the battle rush'd
In dread array: dire was the clash of arms 450
Conflicting; spear with spear, and man with man,
And shield with brazen shield; the wild uproar
And din of battle echoed to the skies;

And dying groans and exultation loud
Were heard around, and rivers roll'd in blood. 455

So wintry torrents from the mountain heights,
By storms increas'd, pursue their rapid course
Precipitous, the deep'n'd gulph below
Receives the foaming tide with dashing roar,
And distant shepherds tremble at the noise, 460
Such was the tumult of contending hosts.

And first, Antilochus a Trojan chief
Advancing slew; Thalysia's warlike son
Brave Echepolus; on his crested helm
The spear descended, through his forehead pass'd
The brazen point, and darkness clos'd his eyes. 465
Like to some tow'r he fell; Chalcodon's son,
Elphenor, dragg'd him from the battle's rage,
On spoil intent: yet momentary prov'd
The attempt; not unobserv'd, Agenor's lance 470
Pierc'd his unguarded side beneath his shield,
And stretch'd him breathless on the Trojan plain.

Again with increas'd rage the combat burns;
Man slaughters man, contending fierce as wolves.

Great Ajax slew Anthemion's blooming son, 475
The youthful Simoisius: on the banks
Of Simois, returning with the flocks
From Ida's mount, the mother first embrac'd

Her lovely babe, and Simoisius call'd.

But few his years, and short a mother's joy 480

For all her cares; by mighty Ajax slain:

First in his breast he fix'd the well aim'd spear,

Right through his shoulder pass'd the brazen point,

And in the dust he fell. As, in the marsh

Extensive, the fair poplar straight and tall 485

Erects its head, soon by the sharp'ned axe,

Meet for the cunning workman's hand, it falls,

To form the circled wheel or rapid car,

When duly season'd on the river's banks:

So fell the youthful Simoisius, 490

By Ajax slain. Him Antiphus observ'd,

Brave son of Priam, and his vengeful spear

Hurl'd through the crowd, but miss'd the mighty

foe:

Yet not in vain it flew; Leucus receiv'd

Its fatal point: breathless he fell, and dropp'd 495

The glittering spoils from his unnerv'd hands,

Ulysses fir'd with rage when slain his friend:

Forth with uplifted spear he quick advanc'd,

And, poising high in air, with care survey'd

Where best he might inflict some deadly wound,

Then hurl'd his rapid lance: in haste retir'd 501

The Trojans; when with levell'd speed it flew,

And pierc'd the temples of Democoon,
From Priam sprung: Abydos gave him birth,
Base and uncertain on his mother's side: 505
He fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes in death;
His brazen armour rang. With fear assail'd,
The Trojan chiefs and Hector's self retir'd;
The Greeks exulting shout, and spoil the slain.
When dread Apollo, from high Pergamos, 510
Indignant, thus rebuk'd the Trojan host:

“ Rouse, Trojans, and repel the exulting foe,
“ Whose bodies, nor of stone nor iron form'd,
“ Are as yourselves to wounds obnoxious:
“ No son of Thetis now directs the war;
“ Retir'd in rage Achilles fights no more.” 515

Thus from the city spake the dreadful god.

But Pallas, daughter of all-powerful Jove,
Quick traversing the ranks, their courage arm'd,
And rous'd the Greeks to war. Resistless fate
Now press'd Dioreas, son of Amarynx; 520
His right leg shatt'ered by a rugged stone,
By Pyrus thrown, the son of Imbrasus:
The enormous mass both tendons and the bone
Broke short; headlong he fell, and in the dust
Expiring, with uplifted hands in vain 525
Relief implor'd: when Pyrus quick advanc'd,

And with his sword transfix'd the prostrate foe,
And pour'd his entrails on the moist'ned plain.
But short his boast : with well-directed aim
Ætolian Thoas pierc'd the victor's breast, 530
And, near approaching, forth his pond'rous lance
Pluck'd from the wound; then drew his fatal sword
And plung'd it in his side : death clos'd his eyes.
Surrounding Thracians, with uplifted spears,
Protect the body from the spoiler's hands ; 535
However brave, and of gigantic size,
Yet to retreat compell'd, retiring still
He fought, though by unequal numbers press'd.

Thus in the dust extended, side by side,
Two chiefs of Thracian and Epean race, 540
Lay breathless, and the field was heap'd with slain.

Had Pallas then some favour'd hero led
In safety through the field, and, with her hand
Protecting, shielded from the battle's rage ;
No cause for censure had he found, no blame, 545
On that well-foughten day; for, side by side,
Trojans and Greeks unnumb'red strew'd the plain.

BOOK V.

Now Pallas arm'd Tydides to the fight,
With more than mortal courage fir'd his mind,
And valour undismay'd: his crested helm
And burnisht shield emitted vivid flame;
As star autumnal, bath'd in ocean's wave,
With bright'ned splendour rises to our view;
So from Tydides flash'd immortal fires,
By Pallas urg'd to deeds of high renown.

Of blameless life yet rich, in Vulcan's fane,
His priest, liv'd Dares; whose aspiring sons, 10
Phegeus, and brave Idæus, dar'd the fight
With matchless Diomed: in chariot borne
They rush'd to battle: he, on foot, prepar'd
Their onset to sustain. When first his spear
Phegeus with force impell'd; yet vain that force,
And lost in empty air; with erring speed 16
It flew. Not so his lance Tydides aim'd,
But pierc'd the warrior's breast, and from his car
Thrust headlong to the ground. Then, seiz'd with
fear,

Idæus fled amain, his brother fall'n ;
 Not daring to await his mighty foe :
 Nor had he then escap'd the victor's arm,
 But Vulcan in a cloud convey'd him thence,
 In pity to a much lov'd father's tears.
 The generous horses, now the victor's spoil, 25
 His friends in safety to the ships convey'd.

Fear seiz'd the Trojan host when Phegeus slain
 Their eyes beheld ; and scarce escap'd by flight,
 Idæus, chief of Troy. But Pallas now
 The mighty god of battles thus address'd : 30

“ O Mars, whom most the shock of arms, and
 death,

“ The blood-stain'd field, and cities overthrown
 “ Delight, retire we for a while, and leave
 “ These hostile armies to their several fates,
 “ And Jove's decrees ; nor further dare his ire.” 35

Thus saying, by the hand apart she led
 The god, and plac'd him on Scamander's bank.
 Then fled the Trojans ; but each Grecian chief
 Pursued and slew his foe. Atreides first
 Thrust from his car the Halizonian chief 40
 Hodius, and as he fled his shoulder pierc'd :
 He fell ; his armour sounded on the plain.

Then, by thy spear transfixt, Idomeneus,

Phæstus expir'd; from Tarné's fertile soil,
 Son of Mæonian Borus: as in haste 45
 His car he mounted, and prepar'd for flight,
 The spear his shoulder smote; headlong he fell
 Breathless, and bitter darkness clos'd his eyes:
 His arms the victor seiz'd. Now Strophius' son
 To Menelaus' force his life resign'd: 50
 Scamandrius nam'd, delighting in the chase
 The woods among,—instructed in each art,
 By Dian's self, all savage beasts to slay
 That haunt the forest or the mountain's height;
 Yet nor the goddess nor his skill might save: 55
 The rapid spear fixt in his back arrests
 His hasty flight: he falls, his arms resound.
 And now Meriones Phereclus slew,
 Son of Harmonides, by Pallas taught
 In various works of art, whose wond'rous skill 60
 For Paris fram'd the fatal vessels, source
 Of ills unnumber'd to the Trojan name;
 Himself the victim now: then unperceiv'd
 What heav'n, in wrath, had veil'd from mortal sight.
 Him, in his flight arrested, with his spear 65
 Meriones o'erthrew: beneath the flank,
 Fixt in the bladder, stood the fatal point:
 To earth he sank, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

" Thou hast assisted or myself or sire,

" Grant my request, and give me to subdue

" That Trojan chief from whom this wound I bear,

" Who now, exulting, boasts I shall not long 121

" Behold the glorious splendour of the sun."

Him Pallas heard; and all his soul inspir'd

With courage unsubdued, with strength his limbs;

And, near approaching, thus the chief address'd.

" Be bold, Tydides, and assail the foe; 126

" Such courage in thy heart I have inspir'd

" As fired great Tydeus, thy renowned sire:

" The cloud obscure which dimm'd thy mortal
sight

" I have remov'd, that thou mayst well discern

" Or mortals or immortals through the field. 131

" Contend not thou against the pow'rs of heav'n:

" Venus alone should she the battle tempt,

" Fearless attack and wound, though sprung from

" Jove."

The goddess spake, and wing'd to heaven her way.

Again the hero mingled in the war, 136

And foremost rush'd, with added rage inflam'd,

And might augmented: as the lion fierce,

Wounded but not subdued, o'erleaps the mound

And ravages the fold; in slaught' red heaps 140

The victims fall, the affright'ned shepherd flees;
Sate at length, he unoppos'd retires:
So mingled in the battle Tydeus' son.

Astynous and Hypenor, valiant chiefs,
Incontinent he slew: that through the breast 145
With spear transfix'd; this with the pond'rous
sword

His shoulder sever'd from the bleeding trunk.
Nor stopp'd: Abas and Poluides next,
Sons of Eurydamas, inspired seer,
Fall breathless: nor the father's potent skill 150
To them again mysterious dreams unfolds!
Slain by the ruthless sword of Diomed.

Now Thoön he pursues and Xanthus, sons:
Of aged Phænops; comfort of his years,
Heirs of his vast possessions: both he slays 155
Remorseless, nor regards a father's tears;
Who them returning from the battle waits
With fruitless expectation: thus bereft
Of heirs, his wealth to strangers passes down.

Next Priam's sons, Echemon, Chromius, 160
In the same car borne through the ranks of war,
He slew. As when the lion's force subdues
Some larger beast, or ox of portly size,
Or steer, depasturing the forest side;

So them Tydides from their lofty car
Thrust headlong to the ground: the glitt'ring spoils,
Arms, horses, to the ships his friends convey'd.

Æneas saw, and mark'd his fatal course
Dealing destruction through the ranks of war;
And, purposing revenge, in haste requir'd 170
Lycaon's son, and thus the chief address'd:

“ Where, Pandarus, thy bow and winged shafts;
“ Thy skill through Lycia fam'd? Hither repair,
“ And, with uplifted hands to Jove supreme
“ Thy vows preferring, aim thy certain shaft 175
“ At him whose rage destruction spreads and death
“ Through all our ranks; if rather he be not
“ Some god displeas'd for slighted sacrifice.”

To whom Lycaon: “ Brave Æneas, chief
“ Of many counsellors; that nodding plume, 180
“ That glitt'ring shield, those fiery coursers, mark
“ The path of Diomed's destructive rage.
“ Some heav'nly pow'r, disguis'd, his steps attends
“ Unseen, and urges him to valorous deeds
“ Beyond the force of man; or useless turns 185
“ Those shafts aside, which else had fatal prov'd.
“ Once at that chief my pointed shaft I aim'd,
“ And through the plaited mail his shoulder pierc'd;
“ And thought, indeed, that to the shades below

- " I had consign'd him ; yet, still unsubdued,
" He lives ; some deity incens'd, I deem.
" Chariot of war, or horses, I have none ;
" Yet are there many in my father's house,
" New, splendid, beautiful ; and near them stand,
" Appropriate to each, the gen'rous steeds 195
" In order due. Much did my valued sire,
" When to the war I came, with prudent care
" Advise, when mingling in the dreadful fight,
" To wheel the rapid car : I disobey'd
" His better counsel, fearing most the want 200
" Of proper forage in a town besieg'd :
" I therefore left them, and on foot to Troy
" Led on my troops, confiding in my bow :
" Yet vain that trust, and unsuccessful prov'd.
" Twice have I aim'd the shaft ; Atreides felt, 205
" And Diomed, the wound : twice hath the blood
" Their armour stain'd ; yet serv'd but to increase
" And rouse their courage more. In evil hour,
" With unpropitious fate, I took them down ;
" That day when I to Troy my forces led 210
" To aid great Hector in the doubtful war.
" Should I return, and should these eyes behold
" My father, wife, and all I hold most dear,
" Let me or perish by some stranger's hand

“ But I will break this treach’rous bow in twain,
“ And burn it in the fire, as useless stuff.”— 216

When thus Æneas: “ Be it otherwise,

“ O Pandarus; and let us first attack,

“ All-arm’d, and in our chariot, this same man:—

“ Come, then, ascend my car, and you shall

“ see

220

“ Our Trojan horses with superior skill

“ Train’d or to flee or to pursue the foe;

“ These will secure retreat, if Jove, averse,

“ To Diomed the victory decree.

“ Take then the reins and guide the rapid car 225

“ Whilst I sustain the combat; or do thou

“ The foe engage whilst I the chariot guide.”

Lycaon’s son replied: “ O mighty chief,

“ Take thou the reins and guide the rapid car;

“ Thy horses, all-accustom’d to thy voice, 230

“ Will best the rein obey, should fate decide

“ That we must needs before the foe retire:

“ Wanting thy well-known voice, with terror seiz’d,

“ They will not bear us from the dang’rous fight;

“ But Diomed, enrag’d, will slay us both, 235

“ And take thy noble steeds, the victor’s meed.

“ Take thou the reins, thy rapid coursers guide,

“ Whilst I the shock of hostile arms sustain.”

Now, seated in the car, with furious speed
They sought the foe, all eager to engage.

Them Schenelus perceiv'd, and thus in haste
Great Tydens' son address'd: "Friend, much-be-
"lov'd,

"I see two warriors of no common force
"Who hither bend their way direct on thee;
"Lycaon's son, well skill'd to aim the shaft, 245
"And brave Æneas, of a goddess born,
"Of Venus, and Anchises boasts his sire.
"Retire we then, nor through the ranks of war
"Hazard thy life, thus foremost and alone."

To him Tydides sternly thus replied: 250

"Talk not to me of flight, I will not hear;
"And hold it base from danger back to shrink,
"Or tremble at a foe: my strength is firm,
"I will assail them as I am, on foot;
"Pallas forbids to fear: nor shall they both 255
"Escape, though aided by their coursers' speed.
"Mark then my words: Should Pallas give success,
"Should she, all-wise, but grant me to subdue
"These Trojan chiefs, do thou in safety leave,
"With reins secur'd, my horses and my car, 260
"And on the steeds of great Æneas rush
"Mindful, and drive them to the Grecian camp:

- “ They are of breed ætherial, which on Tros,
“ To recompense the loss of Ganymede
“ His son, Saturnian Jove himself bestow'd; 265
“ The best and fleetest which the sun beholds.
“ This breed Anchises from Laomedon
“ By stealth obtain'd : four grace his ample stalls;
“ Two bear Æneas through the ranks of war,
“ Chief of renown : if we but capture these, 270
“ No trifling honour will our labours crown.”

Whilst with his friend Tydides thus conferr'd,
Borne by the rapid steeds the mighty chiefs
Advanc'd; when thus Lycaon's valiant son :
“ Since, then, my shaft hath ineffectual prov'd, 275
“ Nor check'd thy daring courage, I will try
“ If this my spear can give a surer wound.”

Thus spake the chief, and hurl'd it at his foe.
Full on his shield it smote, and pierc'd the folds,
The point stood fixed in his plaited mail; 280

When thus, exulting, spake Lycaon's son :
“ Now art thou wounded, and severely too,
“ Nor mayst thou long endure; the glory's mine.”

When thus Tydides, fearless : “ 'Tis not so;
“ Thy spear hath miss'd; yet shall not both escape,
“ Nor cease, till, off' red to the god of war, 286
“ One fall at least, and sate his thirst for blood.”

He spake, and hurl'd his lance: Minerva's self
Its course directed, and with force impell'd;
Beneath the eye it pass'd, within the teeth 290
His tongue cut sheer in twain, and through the chin
The deadly point appear'd: headlong he fell;
His glitt'ring armour rang, and with the din
The fright'ned coursers started: in the dust
A breathless corpse he lay. Forth rush'd again 295
Æneas, with his shield and lifted spear
Protecting; as a lion, round he stalk'd,
Threat'ning aloud destruction to the foe
Who dar'd approach the dead, on spoil intent.

When now Tydides seiz'd a cumb'rous mass, 300
The fragment of a rock; not twice the force
Of man, such as now live, might bear its weight;
This, pois'd in air, alone with ease he threw;
Full on his hip Æneas felt the wound,
The rugged stone both tendons cut in twain, 305
And crush'd the bone: back on his knee he fell
Recumbent; scarce his hand might well support
His weight; and darkness on his eyelids press'd.

And now the mighty chief had sunk in death:
But Venus, ever watchful for her son, 310
Hast'ned to save; and first around him threw
Her beauteous arms, and with her mantle veil'd

In splendid folds, lest sword or hostile spear
Attacking might destroy; and from the fight
Her much-lov'd son, upborne with ease, convey'd.

Meantime the warlike son of Capaneus, 316

Attentive to his charge, apart remov'd
The horses and the car of Diomed
In safety, and them well with reins secur'd;
And on the coursers of Æneas rush'd 320
Mindful, and drove them to the Grecian camp;
And to thy care, Deipylus, consign'd,
Whom most he valued, and whose skill he knew

Superior to conduct them to the ships:
And then himself attentive mark'd the steps 325
Of Tydeus' son, and near him rein'd his steeds.

And now Tydides with vindictive rage
Pursued the goddess with uplifted spear,
Whom war's alarms and slaughter ill became;
Unskill'd like Pallas to direct the war, 330
Or, like Bellona fierce, to overthrow
Besieged cities: eager he pursued,
And, rushing forward, urg'd the daring steel
Through her bright robe ambrosial, work divine,
Wrought by the Graces; on her hand infix'd 335
The painful wound, and drew the purple stream
Ichor, which flows from pure immortal frames;

Frames of celestial kind, which, nor by wine
 Nor bread sustain'd, are pure and spiritual,
 Not subject to decay. With piercing cries 340
 Forth from her arms she cast her favour'd son:
 Him dread Apollo, mantled in a cloud,
 Bore far away from force of hostile spear;
 When thus, exulting, Diomed exclaim'd:

“ Cease, goddess, from the war, and leave the
 “ field 345

“ To fierce contending hosts: be thine the task
 “ To cheat and to deceive the softer sex:
 “ Tempt not the war again; thou who shouldst
 “ fear

“ And tremble at the name, though distant far.”

Smarting with pain, the goddess quick retir'd, 350
 By Iris led apart, swift messenger
 Of heaven: from the wound sharp pain ensued
 Through all her tender frame: apart she found
 Mars on his shield reclin'd, and in a cloud
 Envelop'd thick his spear and winged steeds; 355
 With bended knee, and supplicating words,
 Her brother thus the goddess fair address'd:

“ Dear brother, aid me, and thy chariot lend
 “ And horses; to Olympus' height I go,
 “ Seat of immortal gods: much I endure 360

“ From wound inflicted by a mortal hand,
“ By Diomed, who would contend with Jove.”

She spake; nor was her humble suit denied.

Her, seated in the rapid car of Mars,
And sorely grieving, Iris thence convey'd: 365

She seiz'd the reins, and urg'd the willing steeds
To the blest seat of deities supreme,

Olympus' lofty summit: there she staid

The immortal coursers, with ambrosial food

Sustain'd. Meantime the suff'ring goddess sought

Her mother's tender care, and at her knees 371

Fell prostrate: her Dione thus bespoke,

And sooth'd with kindness and maternal love:

“ Alas, my child! from what immortal hand

“ Hast thou this shameful injury receiv'd, 375

“ Unmerited by thee?” When Venus thus:

“ From Diomed this insult I sustain,

“ For that I bore in safety from the war

“ My much-lov'd son: Trojans and Greeks no more

“ Engage, for these would e'en with Jove contend.”

To whom Dione: “ Patient bear, my child, 381

“ Though griev'd: from men we suffer; yet our-

“ selves,

“ Although immortal, cause each other woe.

“ Mars suff'ring, whom Aloi'us' mighty sons,

- “ Otus and Ephialtes, bound with chains,
“ In brazen cave confin’d: nor had escap’d,
“ But that the beauteous Eribœa soon
“ To Mercury his prison-house disclos’d,
“ Who stole him thence, oppress’d with pain and
“ grief.
“ Much Juno suff’red when Amphytrion’s son 390
“ With barbed arrow pierc’d her tender breast,
“ Inflicting pains severe. Pluto endur’d
“ Acutest torture at the gates of hell,
“ Surrounded by the manes of the dead,
“ From the same hand Herculean: to the seat 395
“ Of mighty Jove, on high Olympus’ top,
“ He hast’ned: in his shoulder deep infixt,
“ The barbed shaft caus’d agonizing pains:
“ Him Pæon’s skill, with herbs medicinal,
“ Not subject to mortality, restor’d. 400
“ Ill-fated! insolent! whose daring soul
“ To impious deeds aspir’d, to fight with gods:
“ Minerva urg’d him to this cruel deed.
“ Rash mortal! nor doth Diomed perceive
“ How few his years who dares with gods contend:
“ No children greet him with their welcome joy,
“ Climbing his knees, when safe from war return’d.
“ Then let him, brave and mighty as he is,

" Consider well, lest some more pow'rful foe
 " Revenge thy cause, and check his mad career: 410
 " Or lest Aglaia, starting from her sleep,
 " Shall seek in vain the husband of her youth;
 " With loud lament her faithful servants call,
 " To join with hers their sympathizing tears;
 " Aglaia fair, from great Adrastus sprung, 415
 " The much-lov'd partner of Tydides' bed."

She spake; and, gently pressing with her hand,
 Cleans'd the light wound, and all her pain remov'd.

But Juno and Minerva with harsh words
 And taunts severe Saturnian Jove bespake: 420

" May we, great Jove, freely our thoughts de-
 " clare,

" Nor blame incur? Some Grecian fair, impell'd
 " By Venus to her favour'd Trojan's arms
 " (For those alone she loves), in fond caress
 " Hath, with the golden cincture of her vest, 425
 " Wounded the softness of her lovely hand."

Thus spake they: Jove with approbation smil'd,
 And thus address'd the gentle pow'r of love:

" The shock of arms, my child, and tented field,
 " But ill become thy milder influence, 430
 " Best suited to the softer ties of love:
 " Mars, Pallas, guide the thunder of the war."

Whilst thus the heav'nly pow'rs conversing sat,
 Fierce on Æneas rush'd Tydides' might,
 Although protected by the god of day. 435
 Dauntless, he still pursued with eager haste
 To slay the foe, and reap the glorious spoils.
 Thrice with impetuous rage he onward rush'd,
 And thrice Apollo, with his dazzling shield,
 Check'd in midway the valorous emprise; 440
 But when again, with more than mortal force,
 He dar'd the fight renew, in angry tone
 Him thus the offended deity bespoke:
 " Consider well, and cease the unequal fight,
 " Tydides, nor contend with heav'nly pow'rs." 445

He spake: reluctant, Diomed retir'd,
 Dreading his anger: when to Ilion's tow'r
 Secure the god convey'd Anchises' son,
 And in his temple plac'd; by the fond care
 Of Dian and Latona soon restor'd. 450
 An airy form Apollo now design'd,
 In semblance like Æneas, and in arms,
 Round which the fight rekindled: now the Greeks,
 Now Trojans, shield with shield and spear with
 spear

Clashing, with rage increas'd, contending fought.
 But Phoebus thus the god of war address'd: 456

“ O Mars, whom slaughter and the ensanguin’d
“ field,

“ Whom cities overthrown do most delight,

“ Dost thou not check Tydides’ daring course,

“ Who would with mighty Jove himself contend ?”

“ Venus severely feels his vengeful spear ; 461

“ And even on me, like to some god he rush’d.”

He spake, and to the lofty tow’rs of Troy

Pursued his way : Mars mingled with the host,

Assum’d the form of Thracian Achamas, 465

And thus the sons of Priam urg’d to war :

“ O sons of Priam, favour’d of high Jove,

“ Why suffer ye the foe thus long to thin

“ Our ranks, and at our very gates contend ?

“ Æneas fall’n, belov’d like Hector’s self, 470

“ Let us regain, or perish in the attempt.”

Thus he their courage rous’d ; when, with re-
proach

Severe, Sarpedon Hector thus rebuk’d :

“ Where now thy boasted courage, valorous chief !

“ Thou, who alone, unaided, unallied, 475

“ With thine own kinsmen wouldst repulse the foe ?

“ Why do they shun the dangers of the field,

“ Fearing as dogs the lion ?—we alone,

“ Allies, support the war. What though from far,

" From Lycia and from Xanthus' yellow stream,
 " I came to Priam's aid ;—there all I hold 480
 " Most dear,—possessions, children, wife, remain;—
 " Yet I the Lycians to the battle lead,
 " And dare Tydides' might, without a risk
 " But life, which I contemn : you stand aloof, 485
 " Nor give command this onset to oppose.
 " Beware, lest by the toils hemm'd in and caught,
 " You fall an easy victim to the foe,
 " Who will your city to the flames consign.
 " Hector, to you this weighty care belongs, 490
 " By night, by day, to animate, to rouse
 " The chiefs and leaders of thy brave allies,
 " That they stand firm ; but spare reproachful
 " words."

Thus spake Sarpedon. Stung with just reproof,
 Hector, all-arm'd, from forth his chariot sprung, 495
 And through the ranks of war with eager steps
 Hast'ning, their courage rous'd : they clos'd their
 ranks

And dar'd the Grecian host, which firmly stood.

As on the consecrated floor the wind
 Disperses the light chaff, and separates 500
 The solid grain, what time the rip'ned fruit
 Of yellow Ceres crowns the winnower's toil,

Grateful, the light chaff whitens all the ground;
 So, whit'ned by the dust, from num'rous hoofs
 Uprais'd and rapid chariots, to the fight 505
 The Greeks mov'd on. Meantime the god of war,
 In aid of Troy, thick darkness shed around
 As through the ranks he pass'd: for thus in charge
 Apollo gave to rouse them to the fight;
 Whilst Pallas, absent, sought the realms above; 510
 Pallas, the bulwark of the Grecian host.

Now from the sacred fane, by Phœbus led,
 In strength renew'd, Æneas join'd the war:
 Him safe return'd with joy the host receiv'd,
 Nor question'd how; such urgent danger press'd,
 And labour of the field, by Mars uprais'd, 516
 By dread Apollo, and by Discord fell.

Nathless the Grecians, with Laertes' son,
 Ajax, and Diomed, in firm array
 Their troops encouraging, the battle dar'd, 520
 Fearless. As clouds upon the mountain brow
 Hang threatening, when the tempest, hush'd by
 Jove,

And boist'rous winds are lull'd in caverns deep;
 Winds whose impetuous blasts the clouds disperse:
 So firm the Grecian host awaits the foe; 525
 Whom thus Atrides animates to war:

" Courage, my friends, now arm we to the fight;
 " Vie with each other in heroic deeds;
 " The brave meet safety in the shock of arms;
 " Cowards in flight both life and honour lose." 530

He spake, and hurl'd his spear; whose vengeful
 force

The son of Pergasus, Deicoön, felt,
 Companion of Æneas; high esteem'd
 As Priam's sons, and fam'd for valorous deeds.
 The spear his shield transfix'd, and through the
 belt

Deep in his groin infix'd the mortal wound: 536
 He fell; and on the ground his armour rang.

Æneas then two Grecian chieftains slew,
 Crethon, Orsilochus, Diocles' sons;
 In Pheræ's lofty city long he dwelt, 540
 Rich in estate, from sacred Alpheus sprung,
 Whose copious stream through Pylos takes its
 course;

Diocles boasts from great Orsilochus
 His high descent: Crethon, Orsilochus,
 Twin-born, brave, warlike, from Diocles claim'd
 A father's care: in early youth they came 546
 To aid the sons of Atreus on the plains
 Of Troy; and both there found an early grave.

As from the cloud-capt mountain's craggy brow,
 And deep-embow'ring wood, the lion's whelps 550
 Descending, first the shepherd's fold essay,
 And desolate the plain, by force assail'd
 Of numbers fall; so fell Diocles' sons,
 Slain by Æneas; as two lofty pines,
 Pride of the forest, bow their ^{stately} ~~lofty~~ heads. 555

Struck with compassion at their early fate,
 Forth Menelaus, clad in armour, rush'd
 With lifted spear: him then the god of war
 Urg'd to meet death from great Æneas' arm.

But Nestor's son, Antilochus, perceiv'd, 560
 And hast'ned to assist; for much he fear'd
 Lest, Menelaus slain, abortive prove
 The toils and labours of the doubtful war.
 With adverse spears, high brandisht in the air,
 Already they prepar'd and aim'd the blow, 565
 When Nestor's son advanc'd. The Trojan chief
 The unequal combat shunn'd, and quick retir'd,
 Nor claim'd the spoil: when to the Grecian host
 The chiefs victorious dragg'd their slaughter'd
 friends,

From insult sav'd, and to their post return'd. 570

Then fell Pylæmenes, like Mars in fight,
 Chief of the warlike Paphlagonian bands,

By Menelaus slain, whose pond'rous sword
Fix'd in his tender throat the fatal wound.

Next Mydon felt thy force, Antilochus; 575
Mydon, Atymnis' son, Pylæmon's friend:
As he the chariot turn'd the impetuous stone
Shatt'red his arm; down fell the studded reins
From his enfeebled grasp; when, rushing on
With lifted sword, Antilochus advanc'd, 580
And in his temple fix'd the deadly wound:
Headlong he fell, and, pois'd in depth of sand,
Beneath his shoulders sank; his plunging steeds
The lifeless corpse extended on the plain:
Arms, chariot, horses, all the victor's meed. 585

Hector observ'd indignant, and with shout
Advanc'd exulting: him the god of war,
Him fierce Bellona, marshall'd to the fight,
With Discord near attendant; in his hand
Mars, brandishing aloft his spear, of size 590
Enormous, now advancing in the van,
Now in the rear, spread terror and dismay.

Tydidēs saw, and trembled at the sight.
As the lorn traveller his way pursues
With weary step the level plain across, 595
Sudden he meets the wasting torrent's course
Wide rushing to the sea; then back with fear

And disappointment starts ; Tydides thus

Sudden retir'd, and said : " O warlike friends !

" The might of Hector we have oft admir'd, 600

" And dauntless courage in the doubtful war,

" But him some present deity protects

" From danger ; now, in mortal shape disguis'd,

" Mars all his steps attends : retreat we then

" Facing our foes, nor with the gods contend." 605

He spake : with rapid march the Trojan host

Advanc'd : then Hector slew two valiant chiefs,

Menesthes and Anchialus ; one car

Both heroes through the ranks of war convey'd.

Ajax, with pity mov'd, their fall observ'd, 610

And, near approaching, hurl'd his glittering spear,

And smote Amphion, son of Selagus :

In cattle, in possessions rich, he dwelt

In well-built Pæsus ; but o'er-ruling fate

To Priam and his sons the chief allied : 615

Through his strong belt the Telamonian spear

His entrails pierc'd : he fell, his armour rang.

Ajax impetuous to the spoil advanc'd ;

On him the Trojans pour'd an iron show'r ;

His ample shield their numerous points receiv'd :

Nathless his spear he from the slain withdrew,

But left the spoil, reluctant ; for the foe

Press'd on in numbers, chiefs of high renown,
Many and brave, to cut off all retreat
Intent: though great in arms, retiring still 625
He fought; nor might withstand, nor deign'd to
fly.

Thus through the field the various battle rag'd.
Now fate impell'd the brave Tlepolemus
To meet Sarpedon, like a god in arms;
Alcides' offspring, and the son of Jove. 630
Tlepolemus in boasting terms began:

“ Sarpedon, of the Lycian forces chief,
“ Unskill'd in war, and fearful to engage,
“ Erring report doth call thee son of Jove;
“ But thou art far indeed inferior 635
“ To Jove's high offspring born in former times;
“ Such as my father, mighty Hercules,
“ Intrepid, brave; who with six ships alone
“ Laid waste and desolated lofty Troy,
“ Though few his forces; but the treachery 640
“ Of false Laomedon his wrath incurr'd:
“ Thy people perish through thy cowardice;
“ Nor is thy aid effectual: boast no more
“ Thy prowess; for by me, if right I deem,
“ Now conquer'd, thou shalt enter Pluto's realm.”
Sarpedon answer'd: “ True, Tlepolemus,

“ He Troy subdued, chiefly from want of skill
“ And prudent conduct in Laomedon ;
“ Who for past service made return ingrate,
“ And added words reproachful, nor restor’d 650
“ The horses, for the which Alcides came :
“ For thee, dire fate, from this my spear, awaits
“ Thy steps : maugre thy boast, the glory mine ;
“ Thine instant death, and Pluto’s gloomy shades.”

He spake : Tlepolemus with lifted arm 655
Advanc’d, and both their hostile weapons threw
At the same time : Sarpedon’s rapid lance
Pierc’d through thy neck, Tlepolemus, and death,
Quick death, ensued ; but yet not unreveng’d :
Thy weapon pierc’d Sarpedon’s thigh, the point 660
Drank deep the blood ; but with protecting hand
Jove interpos’d, and sav’d his son from death :
His friends convey’d him, bleeding, from the field,
Dragging the spear along, still deep infixt,
With bitter pain ; yet the confusion such, 665
And labour of the field, no thought occur’d
To ease his suff’rings and extract the spear,
Intent alone to save their wounded friend.
The Greeks, meantime, Tlepolemus apart
Remov’d, and greatly mourn’d the hero slain. 670

His fall Ulysses saw ; compassion mov’d

His mighty soul; but whether to pursue
The son of Jove himself, or to disperse
The Lycian bands, his prudent thought engag'd;
Yet was it not to him by fate assign'd 675
To slay the mighty son of Jove supreme:
Minerva to the Lycians turn'd his force.

Alastor, Chromius, Coiranus, he slew,
Alcander, Halius, Noemon, Prytanis,
And more Ulysses' vengeful sword had slain; 680
But Hector saw, and hast'ned through the ranks,
Clad in bright armour, spreading deaths around.

Sarpedon at his near approach rejoic'd,
And thus, in plaintive words, his aid implor'd:
" O son of Priam, now thy friend protect, 685
" Nor leave me wounded, to the Greeks a prey;
" Save but from them, and I to fate resign,
" Content in Troy to perish; since decreed
" I no return shall find, nor joy dispense
" Nor glad the heart or of my wife or son." 690

He spake, but Hector pass'd in silence on—
No time for parley—to repulse the foe,
And satiate his revenge. His friends, meantime,
Under the beech of Jove Sarpedon plac'd,
The spear extracted, and reliev'd his pain; 695
But chiefly Pelagon, his constant friend.

Fainting he lay, his eyes near clos'd in death ;
And then again reviv'd, as round his lips
Play'd the light air and vivifying breeze.

The Grecian host, meantime, by Mars assail'd,
And Hector clad in arms, nor to their ships 701
Repuls'd, nor yet advancing on the foe,
Maintain'd the fight ; but from the god of war,
And from unequal combat, slow retir'd.

Whom first, whom last, did mighty Hector slay, 705
And brazen Mars ? First, Teuthrans met his fate,
Orestes next, then Trechus warlike chief,

Ænomaus, Helenus, Oresbius
With riches blest ; in Hyla fair he dwelt,
Near to Cephissus' lake ; a country rich 710

And populous : when Juno them perceiv'd
Destroying many Grecians through the field,
Thus Pallas she address'd : " Daughter of Jove,

" Unconqu'red maid, vain all our promises
" Of war successful, and of safe return 715

" To Menelaus, if we suffer thus
" Uncertain Mars to deal destruction round :

" Consider, then, and arm we to the war."

She spake ; nor did Minerva disobey :
But Saturn's daughter, Juno venerable, 720
In haste the fiery-footed steeds prepar'd,

Richly caparison'd. Hebe, meantime,
The well-wrought wheels of polisht brass pre-
par'd,

And on the iron axle fix'd : bright gold
Shone in the fellies, but the tire was brass ; 725
The naves of polisht silver, round and smooth ;
Braces of gold the circling car upheld :
The silver pole she fix'd, and from its end
The golden yoke suspended ; and made fast
The traces, bright with gold. Eager for war, 730
Juno herself the immortal coursers yok'd.

But Pallas, daughter of Saturnian Jove,
The varied mantle, which her hands had wrought,
Laid on the starry pavement of high heav'n ;
The mail of cloud-compelling Jove she took, 735
And arm'd her for the war. Her hand sustain'd
Jove's ægis, terrible, encircled round
With fear : Contention there, there Violence,
There rash and heady Persecution ;
And in the midst the dreadful Gorgon head, 740
Monster portentous, fearful to behold,
Ensign of mighty Jove : then o'er her brow
The helmet, gold emboss'd, with varied crest,
Capacious of a hundred cities' force,
She plac'd ; then mounted on her rapid car, 745

Grasping a spear, huge, weighty, terrible,
Which turns whole hosts, in terror and dismay,
To flight, who dare her just revenge incur.

Juno, impatient, urg'd the steeds along :
The gates of heav'n spontaneous open'd wide, 750
Kept by the watchful Hours, whose constant care
Or light or darkness sheds o'er spacious heav'n:
Through the wide portal flew the rapid steeds :
Seated apart from other deities,
On the high summit of Olympus' top, 755
Saturnian Jove they found ; when, from her car
Descending, Juno mighty Jove address'd :

“ Art thou not, justly too, displeas'd to see
“ Such daring outrage from the god of war ?
“ How many Grecians of superior note 760
“ He hath destroy'd, whilst I their loss deplore !
“ Venus meantime, and Phœbus, in his work
“ Of death exult, and urge him to such deeds.
“ Great Jove, will it displease thee if I drive
“ Mars from the field with most disgraceful
“ wounds ?” 765

When cloud-compelling Jove thus answer made :
“ Urge Pallas to the task ; for she alone
“ Can quell his rage, and all his fury stay.”
He spake ; but Juno urg'd the willing steeds

Midway 'twixt earth and heav'n's high arched roof :
Wide as the space which mortal eye may ken 771
O'er ocean's level from some lofty site,
So far, each bound, the immortal coursers flew.
And now they reach'd the distant plains of Troy,
Where Simois' and Scamander's streams unite ; 775
There Juno staid her chariot, and in clouds
And darkness thick envelop'd, whilst with food
Ambrosial Simois fed the immortal steeds.

And now the goddesses, in form like doves,
Mov'd on, intent to aid the Grecian host : 780
And where the bravest of their chieftains stood,
With Diomed, in dread array conjoin'd,
Like lions fierce, or as the mountain boars
Of more than common force ; there Juno staid
Her course, and rais'd her voice like Stentor loud,
Whose brazen throat, amid the din of arms, 786
And the dread clamour of the war was heard.

“ O shame ! O scandal to the Grecian name !
“ In form alone excelling ! Whilst in arms
“ Achilles scour'd the plain, within their walls 790
“ Shut up, the Trojans dar'd not once advance
“ Beyond their gates, such dread his spear convey'd :
“ Now at your ships they foremost dare contend.”
Thus she with courage every breast inspir'd :

But Pallas sought Tydides ; him she found
Near to his steeds reclin'd, o'erspent with toil,
And sorely wounded by the unerring shaft
Of Pandarus ; his shield's enormous weight
Wearied his aching limbs ; the galling belt
He loos'n'd, and wash'd off the clotted gore : 800
The goddess, leaning on his chariot, spoke :

“ A son, of note inferior, Tydeus owns,
“ And of degenerate race ; what though in form
“ Diminutive himself, yet brave in arms :
“ For ev'n when I forbade, and check'd his ire, 805
“ What time he went on embassy to Thebes
“ To the Cadmeans, when I gave in charge
“ That he should peaceably demean himself,
“ Yet, such as heretofore his daring soul,
“ He challeng'd all, and all with ease subdued ; 810
“ Such aid I gave. You, also, I assist
“ And guard, and bid you dare the Trojan host ;
“ But or fatigue and labour of the field
“ Thy limbs unnerve, or fear thy soul invades,
“ Unworthy to be call'd brave Tydeus' son.” 815

When Diomed replied : “ I know thee well,
“ Daughter of Jove supreme, nor will conceal,
“ But rather willingly the truth declare ;
“ For nor fatigue, nor labour of the field,

“ Nor fear my soul invades ; thy strict command
“ Alone deters me : thou didst order me 821
“ To shun the contest where the gods engag’d,
“ Venus alone excepted, but with force
“ To drive the feeble goddess from the war :
“ I therefore now retire, and bid retreat 825
“ The Grecian host, for Mars directs the war.”

When Pallas thus : “ O much-lov’d Diomed,
“ Fear not this Mars, nor any deity,
“ Should others tempt the fight, such aid I give :
“ Direct on him thy rapid coursers drive, 830
“ And aim thy spear, nor reverence the god
“ Thus blindly raging ; author of all ill,
“ Inconstant as the wind ; who promis’d erst
“ To Juno and to me the Greeks to aid,
“ And now, forgetful, leads the Trojan arms.” 835

Thus saying, from his seat, with potent hand,
She Sthenelus remov’d ; and, rushing on,
Herself his place supplied : the goddess sat
By Diomed, and grac’d his martial car.
The beechen axle groan’d beneath the weight 840
Of the dread goddess and the Grecian chief :
Minerva seiz’d the reins, and through the ranks
Drove, tow’rds remorseless Mars, the rapid steeds.

Just then the god of war had overthrown

Ochesius' son, the warlike Periphas,
Of stature vast ; when o'er her radiant head,
Invisible to all, Minerva plac'd
The helmet of black Orcus. Mars beheld,
With joy exulting, Diomed's approach ;
The spoils of fallen Periphas he left, 850
And on the Grecian chief bent all his force :
His brazen spear with levell'd aim he hurl'd,
Intent on slaughter ; but Minerva's hand
The chief protected, and the weapon's point
Or turn'd aside, or spent in empty air. 855

Then rose the strength of matchless Diomed,
Whose spear, by Pallas urg'd, his belt transfix'd,
And drank immortal blood : the god with pain
Writh'd his huge form, and rais'd a shout that rent
The distant sky, loud as the din of war 860
When thousands combat : pale dismay assail'd
Trojans and Greeks, so terrible the noise.
As clouds condens'd with darkness overspread
The face of heav'n, when Sirius' raging heat,
By southern winds increas'd, its influence sheds 865
O'er the wan earth ; thus rising through the air
Mars to Tydides' wond'ring eyes appear'd.

Soon to the realms of light the god arriv'd,
And, seated near to Jove, oppress'd with grief

And pain, the wound he show'd, and thus complain'd : 870

" Such daring acts must needs thy anger move,
" Father supreme ! that high immortal pow'rs
" For mortal men should such dissension move,
" Such pains endure : nor art thou least to blame,
" Whose daughter, Pallas, dares such monstrous
" deeds : 875

" All other deities thy will obey ;
" Pallas alone no order, no control
" From thee receives ; she ruleth unrestrain'd,
" Indulg'd by thee in most atrocious deeds :
" She urg'd Tydides to contend with gods : 880
" Venus hath felt the daring mortal's force,
" By wound unseemly pain'd ; and now on me,
" Like some superior deity, he rush'd :
" Flight only sav'd me, or mid heaps of slain
" I still had suff' red on the blood-stain'd field, 885
" Vanquisht, subdued, disgrac'd, by mortal man !"

Jove sternly thus replied : " Think not to move
" My pity, fickle and detested god ;
" Whom war delighteth, whom contention dire,
" And slaughter indiscriminate, attend ; 890
" Whose stubborn mind no suppliant voice can
" touch,

“ Implacable as Juno’s vengeful hate,
“ Which I can scarce restrain : from her advice
“ I do imagine thou dost suffer this ;
“ Yet for thou call’st me father I will heal 895
“ Thy pains, though hateful thou ; from other
“ sprung,
“ Long since from highest heav’n to deepest hell,
“ With Titans chain’d, I’d hurl’d thee bellowing
“ down.”

He spake ; when Pæon all his art applied,
Cleans’d the deep wound, and all his pains remov’d.
As when the juice of figs coagulates 901
The milk, and separates the hardening curd,
Turn’d swiftly by the skilful maiden’s hand ;
Thus by his hand applied, medicinal
And softening applications heal’d the wound. 905

Hebe the bath prepar’d ; then robes divine
His limbs invest’d : glorying in his might
He sat beside the King of gods and men.

But Juno and Minerva to the throne
Of Jove return’d, when quell’d the frantic rage 910
Of Mars, and staid his desolating arm.

B O O K VI.

EACH host, unaided, to the battle mov'd ;
Now here, now there, the tide of conquest flow'd,
With various success, throughout the plain,
Twixt Simois' stream and Xanthus' rapid course,
When Ajax, bulwark of the Grecian host, 5
Broke through the Trojan ranks, and turn'd the
day :

The bravest of the Thracian bands he slew,
Enormous Acamas, Eussorus' son :
The impetuous weapon pierc'd his helmet through,
Then, in his forehead fixt, it cleft the bone, 10
Such force impell'd ; and darkness clos'd his eyes.

Tydidēs next the son of Teuthrans slew,
Axylus : in Arisba fair he dwelt,
With riches blest, near to the public way
His dwelling : thus a general friend to man, 15
He lov'd them all, and all their wants reliev'd :
Yet none were found to succour his distress :
His faithful servant perish'd by his side,
Calesius : one grave receiv'd them both.

Now Dresus perish'd, and Opheltius,
Slain by Euryalus ; who next pursued
Æsepus fair, and Pedasus, twin-born,
Whom Abarbarea to Bucolion bore ;
Bucolion, son of great Laomedon ;
First of his race, yet secret was his birth : 25
Tending his flock, Bucolion won the nymph,
Who bore him twins ; yet short their fleeting
years,

Slain by Euryalus ; their arms his spoil.

Then Polypoetes slew Astyalus ;
And by thy sword, Ulysses, vanquish'd, fell 30
Percosian Pidytes : Teucer's shaft
Pierc'd Aretaon ; Nestor's valiant son
Ablerus slew : Atrides, Elatus ;
In lofty Pedasus, by Satnia's stream,
He dwelt. But Leitus his flying foe 35
Phylax transfix'd : Eurypylus o'erthrew
Melanthius : alive Adrastus fell
A prisoner in Menelaus' hands :
His fright'ned coursers fled the plain and broke
The chariot pole, entangled in the boughs 40
Of the tough tamarisk ; then, disengag'd,
With others routed, to the city ran,
Such terror reign'd : Adrastus headlong fell,

Roll'd in the dust. Atrides quick advanc'd,
And aim'd his fatal spear ; with suppliant voice 45
Adrastus thus preferr'd his humble suit :

“ Save me, Atrides, and a ransom take,
“ Or gold or iron wrought, or sculptur'd brass ;
“ Which my fond father, with no sparing hand,
“ Will gladly give, if at thy hollow ships 50
“ He shall but hear his much-lov'd son still lives.”

He spake, and pity touch'd his generous mind ;
He paus'd, and check'd his rage ; and had convey'd
His captive to the ships, but with rebuke
Severe thus interpos'd the king of men : 55

“ Heav'ns ! Menelaus ; what ! is this a time
“ To spare one Trojan ; can they at thy hands
“ Deserve or pity or compassion ? No ;
“ Yea, rather let not one escape alive,
“ Perish the race entire, and all with Troy, 60
“ Unburied, in one general ruin fall.”

He spake, and chang'd his brother's wav'ring
mind,

Who thrust Adrastus from him with disdain :
Him Agamemnon slew ; the spear transfix'd
His bowels, prone he fell ; the victor's heel 65
Insults the dead as forth his spear he draws ;
When Nestor loudly to the Grecians call'd :

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, warriors of renown,
“ Think not of spoil, but let your vengeful swords
“ Exterminate the foe; then, at your ease, 70
“ Despoil them of their arms, the victor’s meed.”

Thus Nestor rous’d their courage to the war:

Then had the routed Trojans to their walls
Retreated, nor had dar’d resist the foe,
But Helenus, well skill’d in augury, 75
To Hector and Æneas thus exclaim’d:

“ O mighty chiefs, you who alone sustain
“ And bear the weight of war, you who direct
“ Our counsels, stay this most disgraceful flight,
“ Ere they return, like cowards, to their home, 80
“ Scorn and derision of their enemies;
“ Then we, all wearied as we are and spent
“ With toil, will yield to hard necessity,
“ And check the foe or perish in the cause.
“ Hector, do thou our royal mother seek, 85
“ (For thus we counsel,) let her quickly call
“ The venerable matrons to the fane
“ Of Pallas in the lofty citadel;
“ Let her select the robe of richest dye
“ And choicest work, invaluable, rare, 90
“ Meet present for a god, and at her knees
“ Offer with humble supplication due;

“ And let twelve heifers on her altars smoke,
“ Yearlings, unblemisht ; if perchance she take
“ Compassion, and our wives and children spare,
“ And from our city far Tydides drive, 96
“ The bravest of the Greeks ; for not the sword
“ Of swift Achilles such destruction wrought,
“ Though from a goddess sprung ; of matchless
“ strength,

“ No mortal may with Diomed compare.” 100

He spake ; Hector his counsel well approv'd,
And from his chariot leap'd all-armed forth ;
Two spears he brandished, and through the ranks
Pass'd on, and all their drooping courage rais'd :
Again they turn'd, again they dar'd the fight. 105

The Grecians paus'd, and from the slaughter
ceas'd ;

For well they deem'd some potent deity,
Descending from above, their courage arm'd ;
So quick they rallied, and renew'd the war.

When Hector thus : “ Trojans, allies, be brave

“ And dare the battle, whilst to Troy I go, 111
“ By urgent business press'd, to give in charge,
“ That Trojan matrons and wise counsellors
“ Of age mature, with supplication meet,
“ And hecatombs, the offended gods appease.” 115

Thus saying, Hector to the city mov'd,
Protected by his pond'rous massy shield,
Whose utmost verge his ample shoulders hid,
Descending to his feet, so vast the orb.

But Glaucus, son of great Hippolochus, 120
And Tydeus' son, before each host advanc'd
To fight; when near, thus Diomed began :

“ And who art thou, bravest of mortal race ?
“ I have ne'er seen thee in the ranks of war
“ Before this day ; yet now thy daring soul 125
“ Impels thee to withstand my fatal spear :
“ Unhappy they whose sons my strength defy.
“ But if some deity from heav'n thou com'st,
“ I war not with the gods : for Dryas' son,
“ Lycurgus, did not long the light enjoy 130
“ Of life, contending with immortal gods ;
“ Who erst through Nyssa's consecrated grove
“ Drove Bacchus and his votaries : with fear,
“ With terror seiz'd, they fled, and cast away
“ Their sacred thyrsi ; Bacchus fled amain, 135
“ Fright'ned, and sought protection in the sea ;
“ Thetis receiv'd him, trembling at the voice
“ And stern rebuke of man. But, much displeas'd,
“ The gods this deep-felt injury reveng'd ;
“ Saturnian Jove himself with blindness struck 140

- “ The offending mortal ; nor yet long his days,
“ By all the gods detested and abhorr’d.
“ I will not, therefore, with the gods contend.
“ If mortal thou, by earth’s productions fed,
“ Approach, and thou shalt quickly meet thy fate.”
Glaucus thus answ’red : “ Mighty Diomed, 146
“ My name and lineage why dost thou inquire ?
“ As leaves to leaves succeed, so man to man :
“ These fall and wither ; then, by spring renew’d,
“ In quick succession rise : so mortal man 150
“ To man succeeds, and falls. But wouldst thou
“ know
“ Of my descent (for many know it well),
“ On the utmost bounds of Argos, fam’d for steeds,
“ Lies Ephyra’s fair town, within whose walls
“ Dwelt Sisyphus, of men most prudent deem’d,
“ The son of Æolus ; to him was born 156
“ Glaucus, the father of Bellerophon,
“ For beauty as for courage far renown’d,
“ Gift of the gods. Proetus with evil mind
“ Exil’d Bellerophon, for great his pow’r 160
“ Amongst the Grecian states, so Jove ordain’d.
“ His form attracted fair Anteia’s love,
“ The wife of Proetus, but his prudent mind
“ Scorn’d to dishonour Proetus. She, with rage

- " Of disappointed love, thus falsely charg'd
" Bellerophon with foulest calumny :
" 'Or die thyself or slay Bellerophon,
" 'Who basely sought to stain my Prætus' bed.'
" She spake: fell rage inflam'd the monarch's
" mind,
" Yet fear'd he to destroy the godlike youth; 170
" But sent to Lycia, with no friendly view,
" With tablets seal'd, whose ominous contents
" Might quick destruction bring, with strictest
" charge
" To show the fatal tablets. By the gods
" Protected, he to Lycia bent his way: 175
" And now arriv'd at Xanthus' fertile fields,
" The king with honour due receiv'd his guest,
" And spread the feast, and sacrifices meet
" Nine days the altars crown'd; when the tenth
" morn
" With ruddy light appear'd, the faithful youth 180
" To see the tablets made his just request,
" Which he from Prætus brought: but when re-
" ceiv'd
" The dread commands to slay Chimæra dire,
" His first exploit; monster implacable,
" Of race divine, part lion, serpent part, 185

- “ And part Chimæra, from whose nostrils pour’d
“ Thick smoke and bickering flames: this monster
“ slain
“ (For heav’n his cause defended), next in war
“ He dar’d the Solymi, of men esteem’d
“ The bravest, nor an easy conquest gain’d: 190
“ Then he the Amazons, in fight with men
“ Contending, slew. When now, on his return,
“ The Lycian king in secret ambuscade
“ A band selected plac’d, who to their homes
“ No more return’d, slain by Bellerophon. 195
“ Whom, when the king of race divine perceiv’d,
“ Glad he detain’d him, and his daughter gave
“ In marriage, and receiv’d him as a king.
“ With large domain, and fields of wide extent,
“ And fertile soil, the Lycians him endow’d. 200
“ Three children grac’d his house, Hippolochus,
“ Isander, and Laodamia fair,
“ (From her Sarpedon, son of mighty Jove,
“ Boasts his descent). But when Bellerophon
“ The just displeasure of the gods incurr’d, 205
“ Alone he wand’red o’er the Aleian field,
“ In deep affliction shunning mortal sight.
“ Insatiable Mars Isander slew,
“ Engag’d in combat with the Solymi;

“ By Dian’s shaft Laodamia fell :
“ I boast descent from great Hippolochus ;
“ At his command I aid the Trojan host,
“ And seek for honour and renown in arms ;
“ Nor bring disgrace upon a noble line
“ Of ancestry, the bravest of their days. 215
“ Such is the origin I have to boast.”

He spake ; when mighty Diomed rejoic’d,
And fixing in the ground his spear, he thus
With friendly words the Lycian chief address’d :

“ Guest of my father, welcome to these arms: 220
“ Æneus of old with hospitality
“ Receiv’d Bellerophon, and him detain’d
“ Within his spacious palace : mutual gifts
“ The fact record ; Æneus a purple belt
“ Of richest dye, a cup of massy gold 225
“ Bellerophon bestow’d ; I still possess
“ The valued treasure. Tydeus left me young,
“ When with ill omen to the Theban walls
“ He led the Greeks, beyond my memory’s date.
“ Let us then still maintain, in Argos I, 230
“ In Lycia thou, friendship’s most sacred rites,
“ Nor hostile meet in arms. Trojans, allies,
“ A numerous foe, shall fall before my spear,
“ And many Grecians yield their lives to thine ;

" Let us then arms exchange, that all may know

" We boast the inviolable tie of friends." 236

Thus saying, from their cars the chiefs descend,
Pledge their right hands, and lasting friendship vow:
Glaucus (for Jove himself his mind impell'd)

His golden armour, hecatombs the price, 240
To Diomed for much inferior gave.

Meantime great Hector, at the Scaean gate
Arriv'd, each Trojan wife, each daughter fair,
Of husband, brother, dearest relatives,
Question with anxious care: he to the gods 245
Commends their pray'rs, for grievous woes impend.
Now Priam's lofty palace he approach'd,
With stately columns grac'd; of polish'd stone
The spacious chambers of his numerous race
In order show'd; within the vaulted hall, 250
And opposite to these, in royal state
Twelve domes of polisht marble rose to view,
For Priam's daughters and their potent lords.

Here met the chief, as to Laodice
She went, his mother, mildest of her sex; 255
Who seiz'd his hand, and thus her son bespake:

" My son, why hast thou left the tented field?

" Surely the hateful Grecians at our walls

" Press hard, and thou art come with pious zeal

- “ To raise thy suppliant hands to Jove supreme,
“ From the high citadel: but stay, my son,
“ Libation to the heav’nly pow’rs first made,
“ Let me with wine thy weary limbs refresh,
“ And all thy strength renew, by toil subdued;
“ The labour and the heat of this dread war 265
“ Thy hands alone sustain in our defence.”

- Hector replied: “ O parent, much belov’d!
“ Give me not wine, lest you unnerve my limbs;
“ Nor dare I lift, polluted as they are,
“ These hands to Jove: ’t is not for mortal man, 270
“ With blood and gore distain’d, to raise his voice,
“ Or pray’r address, to heav’n’s high majesty.
“ But do thou lead the venerable band
“ Of holy matrons to Minerva’s fane:
“ Spread the rich mantle and implore her aid; 275
“ Vow on her altars twelve unblemish’d steers,
“ If haply then she will compassionate
“ Our city, and our children, and our wives,
“ And from our walls avert Tydides’ rage,
“ Who spreads destruction through our routed host:
“ Go then, my mother, to Minerva’s fane; 281
“ I will seek Paris, and his courage rouse
“ To arms, if he will hear a brother’s voice:
“ Oh, had he perish’d ere in woes involv’d

“ His country and his king, and all his race!
“ Could I but see him to the shades descend,
“ I might awhile forget my bitter griefs.”

He spake ; when Hecuba her servants call'd,
And bade convene the matrons : they in haste
Assembled ; then herself a mantle chose, 290
The richest of her stores ; a treasure rare,
Work of Sidonian maids, which in his ships
From Sidon Paris brought when he to Troy
Helen convey'd ; of these the richest far
She chose, of curious work, and dazzling hue, 295
Resplendent like a star, and to the fane
Of Pallas she the assembled matrons led
In long procession to the citadel.

Theano fair unbarr'd the temple gates,
Priestess of Pallas ; they with loud lament 300
Ent'ring, uprais'd their supplicating hands ;
Theano spread the mantle on the knees
Of dread Minerva, and thus urg'd the pray'r :

“ O potent goddess, guardian of our walls !
“ Break short his spear and headlong at our gates
“ O'erthrow Tydides, author of our woes ; 306
“ So shall twelve heifers at thy altars blaze,
“ Unblemisht. Pity then our great distress ;

“ Our city, and ourselves, and children spare.”

Thus pray'd she, but the goddess stern refus'd. 310

Whilst thus to Pallas they the pray'r address'd,
Hector mov'd onward to the lofty dome

Of Paris, who himself the structure plann'd,

And Trojan artists of superior skill

The palace rais'd. The spacious hall within, 315

The sumptuous chambers rang'd in order meet,

Near Priam's palace in the citadel,

And Hector's stately mansion: thither went

The chief of Troy, and in his hand he grasp'd

A spear of larger size, whose glitt'ring point 320

Before him shone, with golden rings adorn'd.

Paris he found handling his polisht arms,

The shield, the corselet, and the fatal shafts;

And near him Helen with her virgin train,

Their works directing, sat. Him Hector thus 325

In terms severe bespoke: “ Ill-fated man!

“ Why this resentment? why in rage retir'd?

“ It is not well: our troops are minished:

“ For you alone these dreadful flames of war

“ Surround our walls: should other chiefs thus

“ shun 330

“ The danger, thou thyself wouldst first complain.

“ Rouse then to arms, or ere the vengeful foe

“ With desolating fire our city raze.”

Paris replied: “ I own thy just rebuke,

“ Hector, and therefore freely do confess, 335

“ If thou canst lend a patient ear, that not

“ My anger only causeth this delay,

“ Howbeit just, but that I greatly wish’d

“ In sorrow to indulge my soul awhile:

“ Ev’n now fair Helen, with persuasive words, 340

“ Hath rous’d my courage: arm we to the fight,

“ Success may crown, perchance, thy brother’s
“ toils;

“ Stay, then, and I will put my armour on,

“ Or quickly follow to yon hostile plain.”

· Hector in silence heard, nor made reply; 345

But Helen thus: “ O brother, much belov’d,

“ Had I but perish’d, hateful as I am,

“ In early infancy, to wilds expos’d,

“ To the rude winds or ruder seas a prey,

“ By merciless waves o’erwhelm’d, nor liv’d to cause

“ Such complicated ills! but heav’nly pow’rs 351

“ Had otherwise ordain’d: yet I might claim

“ A warrior husband; one who could resent

“ Reproaches keen, and wounded honour feel;

“ But Paris, by the avenging hand of Fate 355

“ Depriv’d of judgment, knows not the extent
“ And measure of those ills which folly brings.
“ But come, my brother, rest thee here awhile,
“ The weight and burthen of this fatal war
“ Thy hands sustain, and we, alas! the cause; 360
“ We, whom great Jove, in anger, hath ordain’d
“ A spectacle to ages yet unborn.”

“ Detain me not,” the valiant chief replied;
“ Thy kindness I acknowledge, but my mind
“ Forbids delay when I may succour Troy, 365
“ Which now my presence waits. Do thou, mean-
“ time,

“ Urge Paris to the field, that he forthwith,
“ When arm’d, may join me at the Scæan gate.
“ I go, a last farewell, perhaps, to take
“ Of those my soul most loves, my wife and child:
“ Heav’n knows if ever I again return, 371
“ Or perish by the Grecian host o’erwhelm’d.”

He spake, and hast’ned on with eager steps
To seek Andromache; but sought in vain:
Her house she left, attended by her son
And faithful servant, and with anxious care,
With heart bursting through grief, sought Ilium’s
tow’r.

Hector inquir’d: “ Ah! whither is she gone?”

“ Or to her sisters or dear relatives ? ”

“ Or with the pious matrons to the fane 380

“ Of dread Minerva to implore her aid ? ”

“ Nor to her sisters, nor to Pallas’ fane,”

The servant answer made : “ To Ilium’s tow’r

“ She went, for she had heard our sad defeat,

“ And the success of Greece: trembling she heard;

“ Nor stand; but to the tow’r, well nigh of sense

“ Bereft, she hast’ned with her infant son.”

She spake: Hector eftsoons pursued his way,

And measur’d back his steps with quick’ned pace,

Travers’d the spacious streets, and to the gate 390

Which led to battle and the tented field

Return’d: there met him his most blameless wife,

The wealthy daughter of Eetion;

Cilician Thebe own’d his regal sway,

And Hypoplacus’ wide extent of wood: 395

All unexpected, at the Scæan gate

Sudden she met him; her attendant maid

Press’d to her fragrant bosom Hector’s heir,

His parents’ only hope, of tender years,

Fair as the orient beam that gilds the morn, 400

Scamandrius nam’d; but Troy, with one consent,

Call’d him Astyanax; for well they knew

His mighty father, guardian of their walls.

With silent joy he view'd his infant child;
But sad Andromache, with tearful eye, 405
Hung on his hand, and thus in sorrow spake:

“ Ill-fated prince! whose daring courage brings
Destruction with it, ah! reflect awhile!
“ An orphan child, a wretched widow'd wife,
“ Thy pity claim: tempt not the doubtful war;
“ Lest hosts entire o'erwhelm thee: ere that day
“ I see, heav'n close these eyes! depriv'd of thee,
“ No ray of comfort, but unceasing woes
“ Await me, wretched: father I have none,
“ And mother, none! him fierce Achilles slew, 415
“ Thebe destroy'd with all her lofty gates,
“ And laid her monarch low; but of his arms
“ Despoil'd him not, such high respect he paid:
“ But, clad in arms, he to the funeral pyle
“ Committed him, and rais'd the sacred mount 420
“ In honour of the dead: the mountain nymphs,
“ Jove's daughters, planted elms around his tomb.
“ Seven brothers perish'd by Achilles' sword,
“ Tending their lowing herds and fleecy care,
“ All in one day sent to the shades below. 425
“ My captive mother, who with sov'reign sway
“ In Hypoplacus dwelt, her freedom gain'd,
“ Paying large ransom: yet how short her days!

- “ An early victim to Latona’s shafts.
“ Thou, Hector, art my father ; thou to me 430
“ A mother, husband, brother ; in thee all
“ United I behold ; in pity then,
“ Rest here and guard us, lest of thee bereft,
“ A widow’d wife and orphan mourn thy fate.
“ Where the wild fig-tree grows thy forces stay ;
“ There the low wall invites the daring foe, 436
“ Of access easy ; thrice the Grecian host,
“ By Ajax and Idomeneus led on,
“ By Atreus’ sons, or matchless Diomed,
“ Have made the fierce assault, whether by heav’n
“ Impell’d, or their own courage, to the attack.” 441
Hector replied : “ These things indeed engage
“ My serious thoughts, Andromache ; yet much
“ I dread the censure and reproach of Troy,
“ If, coward-like, I should most basely shun 445
“ The dangers of the war, and shrink through fear ;
“ I who from early youth have learnt to brave
“ A host of foes, and foremost dare the war,
“ My own, my father’s glory to assert :
“ Yet well, indeed, I know this fatal truth, 450
“ The day must come when sacred Troy shall fall,
“ And Priam perish in his country’s doom.
“ But not for these such grief severe I feel,

“ My valued mother, or my royal sire ;
“ Or my dear brothers, numerous and brave, 455
“ Destin’d to perish by the Grecian sword ;
“ As for thyself, a wretched captive made
“ Where tears will nought avail ; to ply the loom,
“ Stoop to the meanest offices, and bend
“ Under the galling yoke; and labouring hard, 460
“ Bring water from the fam’d Thessalian springs,
“ From Hyperia or Messeis ; worn
“ With grief, and press’d by hard necessity :
“ When some in Argos will be heard to say,
“ ‘ See! Hector’s wife, of all the Trojan host 465
“ ‘ The bravest chief!’ whilst from thy aching heart
“ Bursts the deep sigh, and flows the incessant tear,
“ No Hector near to break thy captive chain.
“ O may earth hold me in its cold embrace,
“ A stranger to those griefs which rend thy soul!”
He spake ; and to his child the warlike chief 471
Stretch’d his fond arms : with sudden fear appall’d,
The affrighted babe clung to his nurse’s breast,
Crying ; the brazen shield, the nodding plume,
And martial countenance with terror clad, 475
His tender mind alarm’d : with secret joy
Each parent smil’d : then Hector from his brow
Unbound his glitt’ring helmet, and remov’d

The dread-inspiring crest, embrac'd his child,
And fondly kiss'd, expressive of his love, 480
And thus to heav'n address'd his earnest pray'r:

“ O Jove supreme! and all ye heav'nly pow'rs!

“ Grant this my son in valour to excel,

“ And bravely vindicate his country's cause!

“ May hosts approving greet his glad return 485

“ From battle, crown'd with spoils; and shouts de-
“ clare

“ The son's superior to the father's fame,

“ Whilst conscious joy pervades his mother's heart!”

Thus Hector spake, and to her longing arms

The lovely babe return'd: him she receiv'd, 490

And to her fragrant bosom fondly press'd,

Smiling with tearful eye. He saw, and thus

In gentle terms: “ O my Andromache!

“ Indulge not grief too much; I shall not fall

“ Till fate decree; that fate which none escape, 495

“ Coward or brave; for such the will of heav'n.

“ Weep then no more, but to thy home return;

“ There let thy house affairs, and curious works,

“ With suitable employ thy mind engage:

“ War is for men alone, but chiefly me.” 500

Thus saying, he replac'd his glitt'ring casque;

And to her palace, sad and slow, return'd

Andromache, and shed the frequent tear
While as she cast a long last ling'ring look :
Then with her maidens wept her husband's fate, 505
Though living, and with loud lament bewail'd
Throughout his palace ; for no more they deem'd
He might escape the vengeful sword of Greece.

Nor Paris in his lofty palace staid
Reluctant, but, all-arm'd in shining brass, 510
Through Troy's wide streets with hasty step ad-
vanc'd.

The high-fed courser thus, long time confin'd,
Sudden breaks forth and scours the distant plain,
Eager to bathe him in the copious stream,
Exulting ; high in air his head he bears, 515
His flowing mane o'er neck and shoulders waves,
With speed impetuous to the well-known fields
And pastur'd steeds he wings his rapid way :

So Priam's son, from lofty Pergamus,
In shining armour clad, exulting ran, 520
Bright as the sun, and Hector thus address'd :

" Brother, I fear I have detain'd thee long,
" Nor thy commands obey'd." When Hector mild
Replied : " I own thy courage in the fight,
" And valour tried : yet indolence arrests 525
" Thy better knowledge : then indeed, my heart

- “ With anguish bleeds when thou art justly blam’d;
“ Thou for whose cause alone such toils we bear.
“ But haste we to the field ; whate’er amiss
“ May have occur’d, we will in order set 530
“ When Jove shall grant that to the immortal gods
“ We pour the free libation from the cup,
“ Each in his several mansion, undisturb’d ;
“ The Grecians vanquish’d and repuls’d with shame.”

[illegible]

BOOK VII.

THUS saying, Hector through the Scæan gate
With Paris rush'd impetuous ; each resolv'd
To mingle in the fight, and dare the foe.

As when to sailors, spent with weary toil
Plying the cumbrous oar and labouring hard, 5
Jove sends a prosp'rous gale ; so joy each breast
Pervaded when the chiefs to view appear'd.

First Paris slew brave Areïthous' son,
Menesthius, whom Philomedusa fair
'To Areïthous bore : by Hector's sword 10
Eioneus expir'd ; the deadly blow
Sever'd his neck, and clos'd his eyes in death :
Glaucus, brave leader of the Lycian bands,
O'erthrew Iphinous ; the rapid spear
Transfix'd his shoulder, while as on his steed 15
He vaulted ; to the ground he dying fell.

Pallas observ'd them through the Grecian host
Dealing destruction, and with rapid flight

From high Olympus to the Trojan plains
She quick descended ; and from Pergamus,
When Pallas near approach'd, Apollo rose
To aid the Trojans : at the sacred beech
They met ; Apollo first his speech address'd :
“ Daughter of Jove, why art thou hither come ?
“ Is it to change again the fate of war, 25
“ And aid the Grecian host, that from high heav'n
“ Thou dost descend ? O yet commiserate
“ The Trojans, perishing ! Let me prevail,
“ For so is best : then shall the rage of war
“ This day surcease ; hereafter let them fight 30
“ Till Troy shall be no more ; whose fall alone
“ Can satiate thy revenge, and Juno's hate.”
“ Then be it so,” Minerva quick replied ;
“ For with that view to these contending hosts
“ I from Olympus came : say then, how best 35
“ We may the combat cease, and stay the fight.”
Phœbus return'd : “ Let Hector's mighty mind,
“ Inspir'd by us, to single combat dare
“ The bravest chieftain of the Grecian host ;
“ And Greece, astonish'd, shall a warrior choose, 40
“ Of valour tried, to measure strength with him.”

He spake ; nor did Minerva disapprove :
When Helenus, well-skill'd in augury,

Nor uninspir'd in what the gods ordain'd,
Approaching Hector, thus the chief bespoke: 45

“ O son of Priam! canst thou lend an ear,
“ Skill'd as thou art in counsel, and to one
“ Who would advise with all a brother's love?
“ Cause each contending host to stay the fight,
“ And labour of the field; then singly dare 50
“ The bravest chieftain of the Grecian host;
“ Nor fear discomfiture or death from him
“ Who shall contend, for so the gods ordain.”

Hector with pleasure heard, and quick advanc'd
To stay his troops, holding his levell'd spear 55
Token of parley: they the sign obey'd,
And Agamemnon staid the troops of Greece.

Pallas meantime and Phœbus sat apart,
In form like vultures, on the lofty beech
Sacred to Jove, well pleas'd to view the scene; 60
While as the thick'ning ranks on earth reclin'd,
And shields and spears in horrible array,
And glitt'ring swords, encircled all the plain.

As when the ruffled surface of the deep,
By rising winds upturn'd and southern blasts, 65
Grows black; so the thick-seated ranks appear'd
Of either host, whom Hector thus address'd:

“ Hear me, ye Trojans ; and, ye Grecians, hear,
“ Whilst I the dictates of my mind declare :

“ Great Jove hath rend’red vain our solemn
“ truce, 70

“ And grievous woes impend ; whether on Troy,

“ By Grecian force subdued, or at your ships

“ Dismay and terror reign, and foul defeat :

“ If then amongst the chiefs whom Grecia boasts

“ There be whose soul to highest deeds aspires, 75

“ Let him come forth that he may fight with me.

“ Witness, ye heav’nly pow’rs, and Jove supreme !

“ If vanquish’d I shall fall, his be the spoil,

“ This armour his ; but, to his friends restor’d,

“ Let Hector claim the rites of sepulture, 80

“ And Trojan matrons heap the funeral pyle :

“ But should Apollo grant to me success,

“ Be mine his armour, to the god of day

• “ A votive gift to decorate his fane :

“ Whilst, to his friends restor’d, funereal rites 85

“ The sorrowing Grecians at their ships perform ;

“ And on the Hellespont’s resounding shore

“ Erect the tumulus, that future times

“ May know, and late posterity remark,

“ Ploughing the briny wave, ‘ Behold the tomb 90

" "Of some illustrious chief, by Hector slain!"

" So shall my glory brave the wreck of years."

Thus Hector spake: a general silence reign'd:

Refusal shame forbad, acceptance fear;

When Menelaus rising, with reproach 95

The bitter anguish of his soul express'd:

" O boasters! to your sex a mark'd disgrace;

" Women, not men, to infamy consign'd;

" That not one Grecian dare with Hector fight!

" To water and to earth return again, 100

" Whom neither glory fires, nor courage arms.

" I will stand forth then, and this combat dare;

" On heav'n alone the fate of war depends."

He spake indignant, and his arms prepar'd.

Then hadst thou perish'd, by superior might 105

Subdued, O Menelaus! but the chiefs

Of Greece quick interpos'd: Atrides first,

Who seiz'd thy hand, and thus express'd his fears:

" O Menelaus, sure of sense bereft!

" Brother, forbear, such madness ill becomes: 110

" Let not thy courage urge thee to contend,

" Rashly, with force superior: many dread

" With mighty Hector to contend in arms;

" E'en swift Achilles in the ranks of war

" Fear'd to meet Hector. Brother, then, forbear;

" The Greeks some other chieftain will select
" To fight with Hector: fearless though he prove,
" Insatiate of war, yet soon, I deem,
" He will with bended knee joyful repose,
" From war escap'd and from his pow'ful foe." 120
Scarce with these words he staid his brother's
mind,

And counsel sage; reluctant he obey'd,
And to his friends his glitt'ring arms return'd;
When Nestor thus th' assembled chiefs address'd:
" Alas! what wondrous ills o'er Greece impend!
" How would the venerable Pelus grieve, 126
" Whose counsels sway the warlike Myrmidons,
" Who erst inquiring learnt with secret joy
" The names and numbers of our Grecian host,
" Should he once hear they dreaded to contend 130
" With Hector! to the gods his aged hands
" Uplifting, he would pray for instant death.
" Oh, would to heav'n! to mighty Jove supreme!
" To Pallas, to Apollo! that my youth
" Might be restor'd, as when at Pheia's walls, 135
" Near to the sounding Celadonian stream,
" And J^ardan's flood, the Arcadian spearmen met
" And Pylians brave in arms; their mighty chief,
" Great Ereuthalion, dar'd in single fight

- “ The bravest of our troops : in armour clad
“ Of Areithous, Corynetes nam’d
“ By all Arcadia from his iron mace,
“ (For not to war with bow or spear he rush’d,
“ But with his iron mace whole ranks dispers’d;) .
“ Him by address, not force, Lyncurgus slew, 145
“ Transfixing with his spear ere he could wield
“ His cumbrous arms, in narrow space confin’d.
“ Of bulk enormous to the ground he fell,
“ Extended huge ; his arms the gift of Mars,
“ The victor’s spoil, which now Lyncurgus bore, 150
“ But when, grown feeble by the weight of years,
“ Lyncurgus fast declin’d, the valued prize
“ He gave to Ereuthalion his friend.
“ Clad in such arms he all our host defied,
“ Who trembled at his sight, nor dar’d engage. 155
“ My courage urg’d me to the bold emprise:
“ Great as he was, I youngest of our host,
“ Yet fought I, for Minerva gave success,
“ And slew this man, of stature vast and size,
“ And stretch’d his wondrous length upon the
“ plain. 160
“ Oh, might I but recall my former years
“ And strength, I would engage this dreaded foe ;
“ But you, the bravest of the Grecian host,

" The combat shun, nor dare with him contend."

Stung by his just reproof, nine chiefs arose. 165
Atrides, first in honour as in arms,
Uprose; him followed mighty Diomed;
Then Ajax Telamon: Oileus next,
Idomeneus, and brave Meriones;
Meriones like Mars himself in fight: 170
Then rose Eurypylus, Euæmon's son;
And Thoas and Ulysses, valiant chiefs,
All eager to engage; when Nestor thus:

" Lots must decide; for no mean praise awaits
" Him who asserts the honour of our arms, 175
" Who in this hazardous emprise stands forth
" Fearless, and from the combat safe returns."

Thus Nestor spake: his lot each chieftain mark'd,
And in the helmet of Atrides cast;
Whilst hosts admiring rais'd to heav'n the pray'r,
And thus were heard to say: " O mighty Jove! 181
" Let Ajax gain the lot, or Tydeus' son,
" Or great Atrides' self, Mycenæ's king."

Thus they preferr'd the pray'r; when Nestor
shook

The helmet, and the wish'd-for lot leap'd forth 185
Of Ajax Telamon, which through the host

To all the Grecian chiefs the heralds bore.
None yet the lot acknowledg'd, till the mark
Ajax exulting own'd, and stretch'd his hand
The welcome lot to take, which on the ground 190
With joy the hero plac'd, and thus exclaim'd :

“ Mine is the lot, my friends, which I receive
“ Joyful, and now anticipate success :
“ You then, whilst I prepare me for the fight,
“ To Jove supreme address the silent prayer, 195
“ Or loud exalt your voice, for none we fear :
“ Nor shall he through neglect or want of skill
“ Subdue me ; nor untaught, I trust, in arms
“ Did Salamis to Troy her warrior send.”

He spake ; and they to Jove preferr'd their vows,
And thus their wishes urg'd : “ O mighty Jove !

“ Greatest and best, to Ajax give success
“ And honour ; but if Hector be thy care,
“ Let both an equal share of glory claim.”

Thus they : Ajax meantime, with armour bright
Invested, to the fight impetuous mov'd, 206
Like Mars when rushing to the shock of arms
Between contending hosts, whom angry Jove
With discord agitates, and fell revenge.
Thus mov'd the chief, in stature eminent, 210
The bulwark of the host ; terrific smiles

His visage mark'd, as o'er the plain he strode
Grasping his massy spear of wondrous length.
A secret joy then felt each Grecian heart ;
But fear and terror through the Trojan host 215
Prevail'd, and Hector trembled at the sight ;
Yet scorn'd he to retreat, or shun the war,
Himself the challenger. Ajax meanwhile
Drew near, bearing his shield's enormous weight,
Like to some tow'r, so large the pond'rous orb, 220
With brass o'erlaid, the work of Tychius,
Artificer renown'd ; in Hyla fair
He dwelt ; there fram'd the various sev'nfold orb
Which Telamonian Ajax bore aloft,
And near approaching, menac'd thus his foe : 225
 " Hector, now shalt thou know, when man to
 " man
 " Confronted, what the Grecian chieftains are,
 " After Achilles lion-like in arms,
 " Spreading discomfiture through armed hosts.
 " But he in anger, at his ships retir'd, 230
 " No longer wars in great Atrides' cause ;
 " Yet are we many who will dare contend
 " Singly with thee : come on, begin the fight."
When Hector thus : " Think not, illustrious
 " chief,

“ To frighten, as a child unus’d to arms
“ Or deeds of war, me, whom the battle’s rage
“ And slaughter’d ranks delight : for well I know
“ To shift the cumbrous shield, and long maintain
“ The doubtful combat ; to support the charge
“ In firm array ; or, vaulting in my car, 240
“ Drive my swift coursers headlong on the foe :
“ Yet, for thou bear’st thyself in noble guise,
“ Forewarn’d prepare to meet this fatal stroke.”

He spake ; and, brandishing aloft in air
His glitt’ring spear, full on the sev’nfold orb 245
Smote vehement ; through six tough hides it pass’d,
The seventh its force repell’d. Then Ajax hurl’d
His spear, and on the shield Hectorian smote
With might superior ; through the Trojan shield
It pass’d, and through the mail of plaited work : 250
Hector shrunk back, and scarce escap’d from death.
Now each his spear recov’ring, to the charge
Return’d with rage increas’d ; as lions fell
And ravenous, or as wild boars of size
Enormous to the contest foaming rush. 255

Now Hector smote the sev’nfold orb, nor pierc’d
The brazen shield ; the treach’rous point recoil’d :
Then Ajax rushing forward, through the shield
Of Hector drove amain, such force impell’d

His massy spear, and sudden check'd the might
Of Hector : on his neck the grazing wound
Descending, stain'd the warrior's arms with gore.
Yet not for this did Hector quit the field,
But stepping back he seiz'd a pond'rous stone,
Craggy and black, and hurl'd it on his foe : 265
Full on the boss the cumbrous ruin fell,
The sev'nfold orb resounded from the stroke.

Then Ajax seiz'd a stone of larger size,
And the vast fragment, pois'd aloft in air,
Hurl'd with his utmost strength : the craggy mass
Burst through the shield's defence, and on the plain
The chief extended prone : his bended knee
And shatter'd buckler scarce his weight sustain'd ;
But Phœbus interpos'd with aid divine.

And now they had with swords renew'd the fight,
But that the faithful heralds, messengers 276
Of gods and men, from either host appear'd,
Talthybius and Idæus : in the midst
Their sceptres they advanc'd. Idæus thus
The combatants address'd : “ O lov'd of Jove! 280
“ Illustrious chiefs, forbear, nor urge the fight ;
“ Your valour tried each host with pleasure sees,
“ And all acknowledge : Night advances fast,
“ Obey her dictates, and our counsel hear.”

When Ajax thus : "To Hector this advice :
" He gave the challenge, and defied us all ;
" If he begin I shall not disobey."

When Hector answ'rd : "Chief in arms re-
" nown'd,

" Illustrious Ajax, grac'd with strength and might
" By heav'n above thy peers, let us desist, 290
" And cease the combat now : should fate ordain
" We meet hereafter in the ranks of war,
" We will contend till death shall end the strife :
" Now night commands, and we the night obey.
" Go then, and to thy friends with joy return, 295
" And greet thy host, whilst I again to Troy
" Retire awhile, and gladden ev'ry heart
" That lifts to heav'n a pray'r for Hector's life.
" Let us then gifts exchange which may record
" This act, and after times admiring say, 300
" These fought for honour in the warlike field,
" For glory fought alone, and parted friends."

He spake, and gave his sword with silver studs
Richly emboss'd, and belt of curious work ;
Ajax a girdle gave, with purple stain'd 305
Phoenician : thus they parted : to the Greeks
Ajax return'd, and to the Trojan host,
Well pleas'd to see him, Hector bent his way.

The joyful throng scarce think their hero safe
From his dread enemy escap'd with life, 310
And with loud shouts conduct him back to Troy.
Nor less the Greeks with victory elate
Conduct great Ajax to Atrides' tent,
When there arriv'd, the king to mighty Jove
Due sacrifice prepar'd of nobler kind, 315
The ox five years had numb'ed, victim meet,
Some strip the hide, in quarters some divide,
Then cut in smaller joints, and, on the spits
Fixing, they roast with skill; and from the fire
Removing, cease their labour, and prepare 320
Each in his place to share the glad repast.
Ajax receiv'd, in honour of his might
And prowess great in arms, the ohine entire,
Mark of respect, by Agamemnon sent.
Hunger remov'd, the Pylian sage arose, 325
Nestor, whose prudent counsel all approv'd,
Unfolding thus his salutary lore:
" Atrides, and ye mighty chiefs of Greece,
" Much loss we have sustain'd of heroes slain,
" Whom Mars hath vanquish'd; on Scamander's
" banks 330
" Their blood pour'd out, their souls to Hades sent;
" Cease then the fight, and at the morrow's dawn

“ Let us with pious care their sad remains
“ Bear to the sacred pyle, and burn with fire ;
“ And at our ships collect their scatt’red bones, 335
“ Due to their country, to their children due ;
“ And, indiscriminate to all, uprear
“ The hallow’d tumulus : then let us build
“ A wall, with battlements and lofty tow’rs,
“ To us and to our ships a strong defence, 340
“ With gates adorn’d, through which our host may
“ pass,
“ Spear-men and horse array’d, and rapid cars ;
“ And then by deep’ned fosse secure the wall
“ From all attacks of infantry or horse,
“ Should fate ordain that Trojan arms prevail.” 345
Thus Nestor spake, and all the chiefs approv’d.

Meantime the Trojans in the citadel

A counsel held, fearful and turbulent,

At Priam’s palace ; when Antenor thus :

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, 350
“ Whilst I the dictates of my mind declare :
“ Let Helen be restor’d and all the spoils
“ To Atreus’ sons ; we fight a perjurd host ;
“ Nor can we hope success will crown our arms
“ Till all their just demand be satisfied.” 355
Thus counsell’d he, and to his seat return’d.

When Paris, Helen's husband, rose in haste,
And angry thus replied: "To me, indeed,
" Antenor, are thy words unfriendly most;
" Assuredly you better counsel know; 360
" But if such be your real sentiments,
" The gods themselves must have impair'd your
" mind;

" I too will speak the dictates of my heart:
" Know then, that Helen I will not restore;
" But for the spoils which I from Argos brought,
" Those I will freely give, and others add." 366

He spake; when great in counsel Priam rose,
Who prudent thus th' assembled chiefs address'd:

" Attend my words, Trojan and Dardan chiefs,
" And brave allies, whilst I my thoughts disclose:
" Refresh we first our troops as heretofore, 371
" Set the strict watch and sentinels appoint
" To-night, and early at the morrow's dawn
" Our faithful heralds to the Grecian camp
" To Atreus' sons shall bear the terms propos'd 375
" By Paris, cause of this disastrous war;
" And further, shall demand a truce awhile,
" That we our dead, after due rites perform'd,
" May burn; then will we fight again, till Jove
" Or part our hosts or victory decide." 380

He spake : they heard, and willingly obey'd.
And now by companies, in order meet,
Refreshment they partook, and to the ships
At early dawn Idæus took his way.
In council at Atrides' ship he found 385
The chiefs assembled : in the midst he stood,
And thus his embassy aloud declar'd :

“ Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian chiefs,
“ From Priam and the Trojans I am come
“ To offer terms, if such your pleasure be 390
“ To listen what I say ; by Paris' self
“ Propos'd, the cause of this disastrous war.
“ The treasures which from Greece his ships con-
“ vey'd

“ (O had he perish'd first !) he will restore,
“ And large addition make ; but doth refuse 395
“ To give back Helen to her injur'd lord,
“ Though by the Trojans urg'd : and furthermore,
“ As ord'red, I demand a truce awhile,
“ That we our dead, after due rites perform'd,
“ May burn ; then will we fight again, till Jove
“ Or part our hosts or victory decide.” 401

So spake Idæus : silent they remain'd,
When Diomed thus firm his mind express'd :

“ Not all these treasures ; no, nor Helen's self,

" Will we accept : the least intelligent
" May know, destruction perjur'd Troy awaits."

Thus spake he ; and the Greeks with loud acclaim

Approv'd, admiring much his warlike mind ;
When to Idæus thus Atrides spake :

" Idæus, their opinion you have heard, 410
" Which I do much approve : then be it so :
" But for the truce, I envy not the dead
" Their just and necessary rites of fire.
" Be Jove then witness to this solemn truce."

He spake, and to the gods his sceptre rais'd : 415
Idæus then to sacred Troy return'd.

There Trojan and Dardanian chiefs renown'd,
In solemn council still assembled sat,
Waiting their faithful messenger's return,
Who in the midst the answer loud proclaim'd. 420
Now all in the sad pious work engag'd ;

Some brought the dead, others the wood prepar'd.

The Grecians from their ships collecting, some
The dead in order brought, others the wood.

Now Phœbus gladd'ned with his orient beam 425
The fields, emerging from old Ocean's bed
Serene and deep : on every side they met :
Nor might they well distinguish man from man.

Washing their bodies smear'd with dust and gore,
They sore lamented them, and to the bier 430
Silent convey'd; such orders Priam gave;
And on the funeral pyle to fire consign'd,
Heap'd indiscriminate; yet inward grief
Severely felt: then back to Troy return'd.

Nor otherwise the Greeks in silence heap'd 435
The pyle funereal, and with fire consum'd
Sorrowing, and to their hollow ships return'd.

Before the dawn, whilst undistinguish'd night
Prevail'd, a chosen band of Grecian youths
Around the pyle the tumulus uprais'd 440
To all promiscuous: then builded they
A wall, with battlements and tow'rs secure,
To guard their ships, with spacious gates adorn'd,
For chariots and for horse capacious way:
Without the wall they form'd the deep'ned trench,
Large in extent, and fix'd the pointed stakes. 446
The Grecians thus in labour pass'd the night.

The heav'nly pow'rs, with mighty Jove conven'd,
In admiration view'd the Grecian work,
When potent Neptune thus the gods address'd:

“ Great Jove! shall mortal man no more impart
“ His thoughts or counsels to the pow'rs above?

" Seest thou, the Greeks have built before their
" ships

" A wall with battlements and trench secure,
" Nor the due hecatomb to heav'n have paid; 455
" Through the wide earth its glory will extend,
" Whilst that which erst Phœbus and I uprais'd
" To great Laomedon neglected lies."

When cloud-compelling Jove thus angry spake:

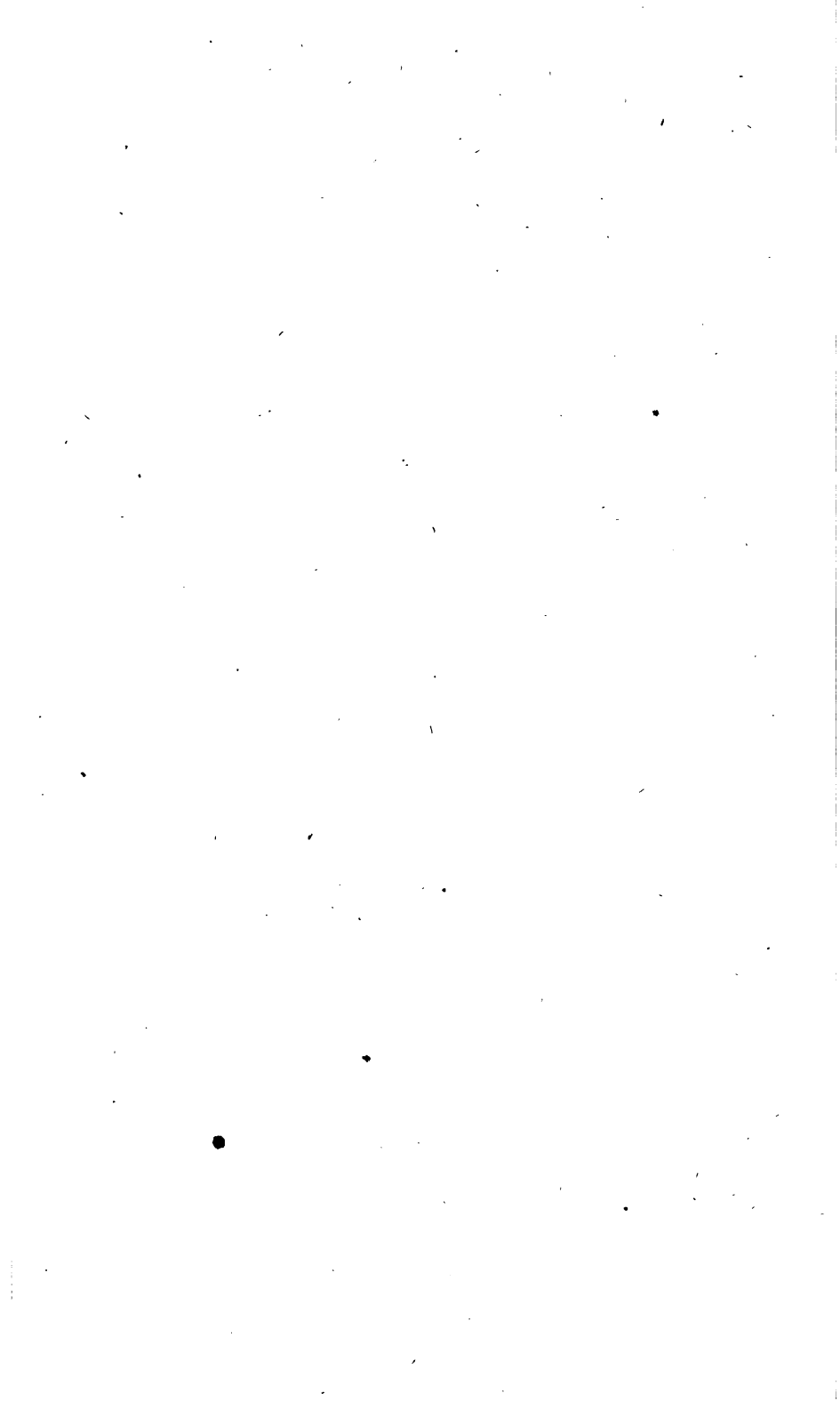
" O potent to disturb earth's firmest base, 460
" Neptune, why this complaint? a weaker far
" Amongst the gods such fear might entertain;
" Thy fame extends beyond the morning ray.
" Do thou, when to their native land again
" The Grecian forces in their ships return, 465
" This wall, o'erwhelm'd and sunk in Ocean's bed,
" Destroy, and cover deep with sand the shore,
" That not a vestige of their work remain."

Thus they held converse: but the sun meantime
Was set, and finish'd all the Grecian work. 470
Then slew they through the camp the fatted beeves
In numbers, and prepar'd the glad repast.

Now ships with richest wine, from Lemnos' isle
Freighted, arriv'd, which Euneus, Jason's son,
Whom fair Hypsipyle to Jason bore, 475

Sent to the sons of Atreus, and to them
In separate gift a thousand measures each.
From these, with money or with iron wrought,
The Grecians purchased wine; some bart'red skins;
With oxen others bought the gladd'ning juice, 480
Others, with captive slaves; and through the camp
Prepar'd the genial board whilst night prevail'd
Convivial: and through Troy's capacious streets
Allies and Trojans festive hours prolong'd.

Great Jove meantime, indignant, thund'ring loud
Through the thick gloom of night, of evils dire
Portentous to each host, whom terror seiz'd
And pale affright: each pour'd libation due
To sov'reign Jove, nor first presum'd to taste;
And then retiring sought the gift of sleep. 490



BOOK VIII.

Now Morn, array'd in robe of crocus hue,
O'er earth her influence shed; when Jove conven'd
On highest summit of Olympus' top
A council of the gods; they silent heard,
When thus the Thund'rer spake: "Attend, ye gods
" And goddesses, whilst I my mind declare; 6
" Nor either dare to counteract my will,
" But all with one consent approving aid,
" So shall my purpose quickly be perform'd.
" But should I once perceive assistance giv'n 10
" By any deity to either host,
" Unseemly pain'd he shall to heav'n return;
" Or hurl'd to Tartarus obscure, far off
" In earth's profoundest caverns, fast enclos'd
" By gates of iron on the brazen floor, 15
" As far beneath the realms of Pluto laid
" As heav'n from earth; there shall he know my
" pow'r
" Amongst the gods supreme and absolute.
" Extend the golden chain, ye pow'rs divine,

“ Unite your force, your utmost strength exert,
“ And drag the 'Thund'rer from his throne to earth!
“ Your strength, your labour fruitless all, and vain.
“ But should my mind impel me, I will draw
“ Earth, seas, and gods, and from Olympus' top,
“ Enchain'd, suspend them in mid air: so much 25
“ My might exceeds the strength of gods and
“ men.”

He spake: admiring silent all remain'd,
So resolute his words. Pallas at length
Thus interpos'd: “ Saturnian Father, King
“ Supreme, we know thy pow'r all Pow'rs above;
“ Yet suffer that we mourn by adverse fate: 31
“ The Grecians perishing. If such thy will,
“ From war, howe'er reluctant, we abstain,
“ Permit us then sage counsel to suggest,
“ Lest all in thy displeasure be destroy'd.” 35

Her Jove with countenance benign address'd:
“ Courage, Tritonia, daughter much belov'd;
“ Nor deem me too severe, though harsh my words;
“ Indulgent ever are my thoughts to you.”

Thus saying he prepar'd his car, and yok'd 40
The brazen-footed steeds with golden manes,
Then cloth'd himself in panoply of gold;
His golden whip he took of curious work,

Mounted his car and urg'd his rapid course,
Midway 'twixt earth and heav'n, to Ida's top, 45
In springs abundant, nurse of savage beasts,
To Gargarus, where stands his lofty shrine,
And altars blaze with incense; there he staid
His coursers, and in darkness thick involv'd;
Then on the top enthron'd, and in his might 50
Exulting, sat the King of gods and men,
The city viewing and the ships of Greece.

The Greeks refreshment at their tents in haste,
As ord'red, took; then arm'd them to the fight.
Again the Trojans arm'd on every side 55
Within the walls; urg'd by necessity
Severe, their wives and children to defend.

Now through the spacious gates the Trojan host,
Horsemen and foot array'd, march to the field.
Tumultuous: host to host confronted stands; 60
Now rush they to the fight: shields clash with
shields,

And spear with spear, and man with man contends
All-arm'd: to heav'n ascends the wild uproar;
And vaunting boast, and loud lament is heard,
And rivers roll in blood: from morn to noon 65
The contest equal, and the conflict dire.
But when the sun meridian height attain'd,

Then in his golden scales Jove pois'd the fate
Of each suspended, and the balance held ;
The Grecian sank, the Trojan rose to heav'n. 70

Then Jove from Ida hurl'd his thunder down ;
The vivid lightning through the Grecian host
Incessant flash'd, the bravest to appall.

Then fled Idomeneus, Atrides fled,
And from the field each Ajax back retir'd, 75

Such dread prevail'd : Nestor alone remain'd,
Not willingly ; his wounded courser stay'd

His flight : the fatal arrow in the head

Paris infix'd, where surest death ensues ;

He rears ; the weapon to the brain descends ; 80

Dying he falls, and writhes him in the dust.

Whilst Nestor strove his car to disengage,

And cut th' entangled traces with his sword,

Borne through the tumult by his rapid steeds,

Hector advanc'd : then had the Pylian sage 85

His fate receiv'd ; but Diomed observ'd,

And loudly shouting call'd Ulysses' aid :

“ O fam'd for prudence, wise Laertes' son,

“ Why like a coward dost thou turn thy back ?

“ Beware disgraceful wounds ; stay then thy flight,

“ And with me guard this venerable chief.” 91

Ulysses heard not, hast'ning to the ships :

Tydides singly through the ranks advanc'd
Fearless, and thus the Pylian chief address'd :

“ Nestor, thy age but ill with youth contends 95

“ In warlike deeds ; thy strength bow'd down with
“ years,

“ Thy servants nothing brave, thy horses slow.

“ Come then, ascend my chariot, you shall see

“ How Trojan horses to pursue excel,

“ Or scour the plain in flight : I took them erst

“ From brave Æneas. To thy servants leave 101

“ The care of those, and to the Trojan host

“ Direct my horses : Hector then shall know

“ Whether this spear still rages in my hand.”

Tydides spake ; nor did the Pylian king 105

His counsel slight, but to Eurymedon

And Sthenelus his car and steeds consign'd.

Seated by Diomed, he held the reins

And drove the Trojan steeds ; soon they approach'd

Where Hector fought : Tydides hurl'd his spear,

Yet miss'd his mighty foe ; but through the breast

His faithful servant pierc'd Eniopeus,

Thebæus' warlike son : the affright'ned steeds

Starting, turn'd short : transfix'd he falls, and dies.

His charioteer thus slain with grief unfeign'd 115

Hector observ'd, though unreveng'd his cause :

Then sought the chief another charioteer
Who might his place supply : nor sought in vain ;
Brave Archeptolemus the car ascends,
And guides in war, so Hector gave command. 120
Then had disgraceful deeds and foul defeat
The routed Trojans shut within their walls
Like sheep, such terror reign'd ; but Jove perceiv'd,
And with portentous omen thund' red loud
And dreadful, and his lightning sent abroad, 125
And check'd Tydides' course, before whose steeds
The vivid lightning ran along the ground
In streams of liquid fire : by fear assail'd,
Trembling they stood ; from Nestor's aged hands
Palsied with terror, dropp'd the shining reins, 130
When thus in fear he spoke : " Now urge thy
 " flight,
" Tydides ; seest thou not that Jove denies
" Success to us, but aids the Trojan host ?
" This day to Hector's glory is assign'd ;
" The morrow may be ours, if Jove ordain ; 135
" For to that pow'r all mortal force must yield
" Submissive, which admits of no control."
Tydides answer'd : " Venerable chief,
" Just are thy words, and true ; yet above all
" This dire reproach I fear, lest Hector say 140

“ Amongst the Trojan chiefs, his arm alone
“ Forc’d Diomed to basely quit the field :
“ Should he thus boast, I must with shame expire.”

Nestor replied : “ Far other be thy thoughts,
“ Illustrious chief ! though Hector should reproach,
“ Yet will the Trojans or the Dardans heed ? 146
“ Will they whose husbands in the field have bled,
“ Slain by thy hand, give credence to his words ?”

He spake ; and turn’d to flight, with slack’ned
reins,

Back o’er the crowded plain : all Troy pursued 150
Shouting, for mighty Hector led them on ;

And spears and arrows, dark’ning all the air,

Hung on the routed host ; when Hector thus

Exulting, loud exclaim’d : “ Tydides, first

“ At feasts, in council first, by Greece admir’d, 155

“ Disgrace awaits thee, coward as thou art ;

“ A woman in disguise : fly hence, begone ;

“ Thou who wouldst scale our walls, and captive

“ lead

“ The Trojan dames, whilst I inactive stand,

“ This arm shall send thee to the shades below.”

Thus Hector boasting spake. Tydides heard,

And now had turn’d and dar’d again the fight :

Thrice he essay’d, and thrice from Ida’s top

Jove thund' red, to the Trojans grateful sign
Of favouring heav'n, and still successful war; 165
When Hector thus, encouraging his host :

“ Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans, brave in fight,
“ Now be your courage, now your valour shown ;
“ I know that mighty Jove to us success
“ And glory gives, but to the Greeks dismay : 170
“ Who, such their folly, deem themselves secure
“ Within their wall : contemptible defence,
“ Scarce worth a thought ; too weak against my
“ strength ;

“ My horses shall o'erleap this idle fosse.
“ When at the ships successful I shall drive 175
“ O'er heaps of slain, then be the torch prepar'd,
“ That I may burn their ships, whilst they be-
“ come,

“ Through smoke and fear dismay'd, an easy prey.
“ And you, my horses, for to you I speak,
“ Of noble race ; Xanthus, Podargus swift, 180
“ Æthon and Lampus, now repay the food
“ Which fond Andromache, and largely too,
“ Hath minist' red unto you, corn and wine,
“ With liberal hand, in preference to me :
“ Strain every nerve, your utmost strength exert ;
“ That I from Nestor take his golden shield,

" Solid, entire, whose fame transcends the skies ;
 " And strip from Diomed his plaited mail
 " Of workmanship divine, by Vulcan made :
 " If these we shall obtain, I well might hope 190
 " This night to drive them from the Trojan shores,
 " For safety flying in their ships to Greece."

Thus Hector boasting spake. Him Juno heard
 Indignant : from her throne the goddess rose
 Incens'd ; Olympus trembled as she mov'd.
 Neptune she thus address'd : " O potent god !
 " Seest thou the Greeks thus perishing, unmov'd ?
 " Yet they in Helice and Ægæ bring
 " Rich gifts, and numerous, to thy sacred shrine,
 " That thou their cause mightst aid, if such thy
 " will : 200

" Were we as many as assist the Greeks,
 " United to repel the Trojan force,
 " And curb the arm of Jove ; on Ida's top
 " He might indulge in solitary grief."

When Neptune much displeas'd : " O prone to
 " err 205

" In speech, what hast thou said ? not all the gods
 " United might with Jove supreme contend."

And now the space enclos'd was throng'd with
 horse

And armed men, the fosse and wall between,
Repuls'd by Hector like the god of war, 210
For Jove himself success and glory gave.
Then had he burn'd with fire the Grecian fleet;
But Agamemnon, warn'd by Juno's care,
Eager from ship to ship, from tent to tent,
Hast'ned laborious; in his hand he bore 215
The purple robe, emblem of royalty;
Now in the centre at Ulysses' ship
He stood, that either side his voice might hear;
Now at the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or at Achilles' tent, who, in their might 220
Confiding, held the extremest place; and thus
In loudest terms their drooping courage rais'd:
" O great disgrace! O men in form alone!
" Where now your boasted courage? where the
" deeds
" Of high emprise which erst at Lemnos' isle 225
" Ye vaunted, when the genial feast was spread
" With choicest viands, and with richest wines
" The goblet crown'd? Then were ye brave indeed,
" Each chased a thousand foes; now one prevails,
" Hector, who braves the united force of Greece,
" And threatens quick destruction to our fleet. 231
" O mighty Jove! lives there on earth a king

" So wretched, so disgrac'd ! In evil hour
" I hither steer'd my course : yet, for thou know'st,
" The choicest victims at thy altar bled 235
" In constant sacrifice, with this fond hope,
" That Troy might perish by our conqu'ring arms :
" Now, sad reverse ! an humbler boon I crave,
" Protection and escape, if such thy will :
" Suffer not Greece thus utterly to fall." 240

Thus spake Atrides : Jove in pity heard
His earnest pray'r prefer'd with many tears,
And granted his request. The bird of Jove,
Propitious omen, now appear'd in view
Soaring aloft in air ; a tender fawn 245
His talons held, which at the altar's foot
He cast, sacred to Panomphæan Jove.
The Greeks beheld, and knew the sign from heav'n,
Token of favour, and renew'd the fight.

First, amongst many chiefs, Tydides dar'd 250
Beyond the fosse to drive his rapid steeds,
And recommence the fight : a chief he slew
In armour clad, as he his horses turn'd,
On flight intent ; the spear his back transfix'd
Between his shoulders : Agelaus fell, 255
The son of Phradmon, from his lofty car
Extended on the plain : his armour rang.

Now Atreus' sons advanc'd; and fierce in strength
Each Ajax came, and brave Idomeneus:

And, like destructive Mars, Meriones: 260

Then came Eurypylus, Euæmon's son;

And Teucer next, well skill'd to bend the bow.

Retir'd behind the Telamonian orb,

Secure he view'd the plain; the shield withdrawn,

Some hero fell by his unerring shaft; 265

Then safe behind the vast circumference

Retreating, as the mother screens her babe,

So Ajax him protected with his shield.

Who first, who last, by Teucer's arrows fell?

Orsilochns the first, then Ormenos 270

And Ophelestes, Dætor, Chromius;

Then Lycophon, and Polyæmon's son

Brave Hamopaon; Menalippus last,

In quick succession on the plain expir'd.

Atrides, potent king, rejoic'd to see 275

The Trojan chieftains perish by his shafts,

And near approaching thus the youth address'd:

" Teucer belov'd, brave son of Telamon,

" Thus ever fight; if haply thou mayst bring

" Some respite to the Greeks; to Telamon, 280

" Whose fond parental care hath nurtur'd thee,

" Though of ignoble birth; yet in thy fame

“ He feels reflected honour : hear my words,
“ The purpose of my mind : should Heav’n but
“ grant.
“ I take proud Troy, next to myself the gift 285
“ Thou shalt in honour claim ; some tripod rare,
“ Or splendid chariot with the gen’rous steeds,
“ Or some fair captive, partner of thy bed.”

When Teucer thus : “ O monarch, much rever’d,
“ Urge me not, willing of myself to fight ; 290
“ I will not cease whilst strength and vigour last.
“ Since we compell’d the Trojans to retreat,
“ No arrow from these hands hath fled in vain.
“ Eight barbed shafts I at the foe have sent,
“ Eight Trojan youths have felt the fatal stroke ;
“ Yet Hector lives, whose rage I seek to quell.”

He spake ; and aim’d his shaft to pierce the chief
Eager ; again he miss’d his mighty foe :
Gorgythion son of Priam felt the wound
Deep in his breast infixt ; Gorgythion, 300
Whom fair Castianira whilom bare,
Of form divine : Æsme gave her birth.
The garden poppy thus with rip’ned fruit
Surcharg’d, and vernal show’rs, declining low,
Bends to the weight, and bows its drooping head ;
So bow’d the youth beneath his pond’rous casque.

Another shaft, nor aim'd with surer skill,
Teucer directed at the chief of Troy ;
Apollo saw, and turn'd the shaft aside :
Yet not in vain it flew : thy charioteer, 310
Hector, the wound receiv'd, his breast transfixt.
Forth from the chariot Archeptolemus
Fell prone : the coursers starting back retir'd
Dismay'd : his lifeless corpse extended lay.

No common grief great Hector's mind assail'd, 316
His friend thus slain, and urg'd to quick revenge.
Cebriones his brother's place supplied,
So Hector will'd ; who, glitt'ring in his arms,
With shout terrific from his chariot leap'd,
And from the ground a cumbrous stone uprais'd, 320
And rush'd on Teucer, eager to destroy.

He the selected arrow had with care
Fix'd on the string, when now the mass descends,
By Hector thrown, just where the shoulder joint
(Fatal the place) the neck and chest unites : 325
Nor doth the well-wrought string such force sustain ;
The bow falls useless from his hand benumb'd :
Scarce his bent knee supports the vanquish'd youth.

But not unmindful of his brother's fate,
Ajax in haste advanc'd, and, with his shield 330
Protecting, to his friends the chief consign'd,

Mecisteus and Alastor ; who with care
Convey'd him, deeply groaning, to the ships.

With added courage then great Jove inspir'd
The Trojan host, who soon within the fosse 335
Repuls'd their foe ; whilst foremost in the van,
Dealing dismay and terror, Hector strode.

As when the hound with steady foot pursues
The boar or lion, trusting in his speed
And eye observant, hangs upon his rear 340
Incessant, and with frequent wound retards ;
So Hector swift pursued the routed Greeks
With fear inspir'd, and dealt destruction round.

Now from their lines the vanquish'd host retir'd
Dismay'd, and at the ships, perforce detain'd, 345
Invok'd the gods, and scarce maintain'd the fight.

With Gorgon eyes, and like destructive Mars,
Now here, now there, his chariot Hector drove.
But Juno seeing, pitied much their fate
Unequal, and Minerva thus address'd : 350

“ Daughter of Jove, and shall we not at last
“ Succour the Grecians in their deep distress ;
“ Consign'd to fate through Hector's boundless
“ rage

“ And madness unrestrain'd, unsatisfied ?”
When thus Minerva : “ Long indeed ere this 355

- “ His rage had ceas’d, his life the forfeit paid,
“ Slain by some Grecian chief’s superior might :
“ But that with partial and unjust decrees
“ Jove overrules, and checks my great designs ;
“ Unmindful to repay my former cares 360
“ To guard his son through labours perilous,
“ Who, by Eurystheus prest, in utmost need
“ Invok’d heav’n’s aid : I then, so Jove ordain’d,
“ Descending, with no common care preserv’d.
“ Had prudent forethought but suggested this, 365
“ When to the realms of night with iron gates
“ Barr’d fast, he went, and seiz’d and dragg’d to
“ light
“ The triple-headed monster Cerberus,
“ He ne’er had cross’d again the fearful gulf.
“ Now me he hateth, whilst the crafty views 370
“ Of Thetis urg’d in humble guise prevail,
“ To add new lustre to Achilles’ fame :
“ The time may come when he will seek the aid
“ Of his dear daughter. But do you, meantime,
“ Prepare our horses and our car with haste. 375
“ I to the mansion of great Jove repair,
“ And arm me to the war : yet shall not he,
“ The mighty son of Priam’s noble race,
“ Rejoice when moving in the ranks of war

" We shall appear ; then soon to dogs consign'd,
" And birds, shall perish many Trojan chiefs." 381

She spake ; and Juno list'ned her behest :
The venerable queen of heav'n herself
Rein'd the swift steeds ; the rapid car prepar'd.

Pallas meantime, daughter of Jove supreme, 385
On the bright threshold of the gods, star-pav'd,
Her mantle cast, with various work inwrought
Of art refin'd, the labour of her hands :

Then with the Thund'rer's mail invests her limbs,
And arms her for the dreadful deeds of war, 390
And in her car ascends : her hand the spear,
Strong, vast, and pond'rous, grasps ; with which, en-
rag'd,

The potent goddess hosts entire o'erwhelms :
Saturnia guides the coursers' urging speed.

The gates of heav'n spontaneous open'd wide, 395
Kept by the winged Hours, to whom consign'd
High heaven and Olympus, or to close

In darkness, or admit the radiant light :

Through these they sped their way. But mighty
Jove

From Ida's top beheld their wayward course 400
Indignant, and his messenger with wings
Of feather'd gold bespoke : " Haste, Iris, haste,

- “ Conduct them back, nor suffer that we meet
“ Adverse ; such contest were disgrace indeed !
“ My fix’d determination thus declare : 405
“ Under their broken chariot crush’d their steeds
“ Shall lie, themselves thrust headlong from their
“ seats ;
“ Nor may ten tedious years heal up the wounds,
“ Painful and deep, my thunder shall inflict :
“ Then shall Minerva know and fear my wrath, 410
“ Her father’s wrath ; Juno indulgence claims,
“ Accustom’d ever to withstand my will.”

He spake ; and Iris hast’ned on the wings
Of rapid winds convey’d, from Ida’s top
To high Olympus : at the gates of heav’n 415
She stopp’d them, and the high command of Jove
Deliver’d thus : “ Whither this haste, O say !
“ What madness hath beguil’d you, what dire
“ rage ?

- “ No succour to the Grecians Jove permits ;
“ On this his fixt determination hear : 420
“ Under the broken chariot crush’d your steeds,
“ Shall lie, yourselves thrust headlong from
“ seat ;
“ Nor may ten tedious years heal up the wounds,
“ Painful and deep, his thunder shall inflict ;

“ That thou, Pallas, mayst know and fear his
“ wrath 425

“ Who dar’st oppose; Juno indulgence claims,

“ Accustom’d ever to withstand his will;

“ But thee, what rage, what insolence can urge,

“ Against great Jove, thy sire, to lift the spear?”

Thus Iris spake; and wing’d to heav’n her way.

When Juno thus: “ Daughter of Jove, forbear;

“ Contend we not with him for mortal man;

“ Let them or live or perish, as the chance

“ Of war ordains: his will alone controls

“ As just, the fate of Trojans and of Greeks.” 435

Thus saying, back she rein’d the immortal steeds,

The Hours unharness’d, and ambrosial food

Supplying, led them to their ample stalls,

And in its standing plac’d the glitt’ring car.

The potent goddesses meantime repair’d 440

Each to her golden throne amongst the gods

Promiscuous, yet with inward grief oppress’d.

When now from Ida Jove himself advanc’d,

Borne by his coursers of immortal breed,

In dazzling car to high Olympus’ top; 445

And these to Neptune’s prudent care consign’d,

High on his golden throne the Thund’rer sat,

And all Olympus trembled at his feet.

But far apart, oppress'd with fear and shame,
 Pallas and Juno silent long remain'd : 450
 Jove knew their inmost thoughts, and thus began :

“ Say, Pallas, Juno, say, why thus aggriev'd ?

“ No tedious labour hath employ'd your time

“ To crush the Trojan host, your constant hate.

“ Know this, my pow'r supreme not all the gods

“ United may resist, or turn aside 456

“ My fixed purpose : yet hath fear assail'd

“ Your trembling limbs ere seen the bloody field

“ Of hateful Mars, ere heard the din of war.

“ Note well my words: had disobedience arm'd 460

“ My vengeance, you had never more return'd,

“ Blasted with lightning, to these blest abodes.”

He spake : grief held them silent, still resolv'd
 The Trojans to destroy. Minerva most

With Jove incens'd, yet check'd her swelling rage :

But Juno thus replied : “ O too severe, 466

“ What hast thou said ? We know thy pow'r supreme ;

“ Yet suffer we indulge our grief awhile,

“ And mourn the Grecians slain : if such thy will,

“ From war we must desist : but to suggest 470

“ Such counsel as may save, we ask no more.”

Jove answer'd thus : " To-morrow thou mayst see,
" If such thy pleasure, base discomfiture
" Spread through the Grecian host, such my decree :
" cree :

" Nor Hector cease victorious till that day 475
" When swift Achilles, rushing to the ships
" In utmost need, Patroclus shall regain.
" Thy rage I heed not ; and I tell thee more ;
" Shouldst thou in anger to the extremest verge
" Of earth and ocean, to the drear abode 480
" Of Saturn and Lapetus repair,
" Cheer'd by no genial ray, no balmy gale,
" Fast by the gates of hell ; though wand'ring there
" Indignant, I should disregard thy rage."

And now in ocean's bed the lamp of day 485
Declining sank, and Night her sable wings
In darkness spread, unwelcome to the host
Of Troy victorious ; to the Grecian chiefs
Most grateful, most desir'd, night's peaceful shade.

But Hector near Scamander's rapid stream 490
A council summon'd, distant from the ships
And numerous slain : encircled by his chiefs,
And leaning on his spear with rings of gold
And brass refulgent, favour'd of high Jove,
The victor chieftain thus address'd his speech : 495

- “ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies :
“ This day I thought indeed, this glorious day,
“ (The Grecians vanquish’d, and their ships con-
“ sum’d,)
“ To have return’d to Troy : darkness alone
“ Hath sav’d them from destruction : we obey 500
“ The sacred Night. Refresh we then our troops
“ And wearied coursers ; let the circling wine
“ And ample feast our wasted strength renew :
“ Such plenty Troy affords of fatted beeves
“ And numerous flocks : and let the blaze of fires
“ These plains illumine till the morn appear ; 506
“ Lest, favour’d by the darkness, coward Greece
“ Skulk to her ships, and balk our just revenge,
“ Convey’d by stealth through ocean’s pathless
“ way.
“ Not unmolested shall they tempt the main,
“ But bear the wounds our spears shall deep inflict
“ To other climes, and some far distant home.
“ Just punishment ; that others hence may learn,
“ And fear to wage destructive war with Troy.
“ Let faithful heralds to the city bear 515
“ Our pleasure, that the youths and aged sires
“ Set the firm watch, and guard her sacred walls.
“ Let fires, the matrons’ care, prevent surprise

- “ Whilst distant we remain : then be it so ;
“ Thus far regards the night, as seemeth best : 520
“ What may to-morrow be expedient,
“ The morrow will disclose. Would heav’n but
 “ grant
“ My fervent pray’r, that we may thrust them
 “ hence
“ With total rout, whom to our Trojan shores
“ In their dark vessels angry Fates have brought !
“ Let then the proper and sufficient guard 526
“ This night be set ; we will at dawn of day
“ Kindle the flames of war beneath their ships :
“ Then shall I see whether proud Diomed
“ Can force me from the ships, or I from him, 530
“ Vanquish’d, the bloody spoils in triumph bear :
“ His boasted courage be to-morrow tried
“ Against my spear ; the day shall see him fall
“ With many friends around. O might I live
“ As Phœbus or Minerva, long rever’d, 535
“ As the next dawn prove fatal to the Greeks !”

Thus Hector spake : the Trojans shouted loud
With joy : their steeds unyok’d, each by his car
In order plac’d, and from the city brought,
So Hector gave command, the generous wine, 540
And the rich produce of their flocks and herds,

And bread and wood, Now blaz'd the num'rous
fires

Throughout the plain, and sacrifices due
In vapours to the distant sky arose.

Elated with success the troops around 545

Sat joyful, and the plain illumin'd shone

With frequent fires, As when unnumb'ed stars

Round the pale moon their light refulgent shed,

When every breath is hush'd, projecting rocks

Are seen, and summits of stupendous height, 550

And deep'n'd valleys close the varied scene ;

The vast expanse of heav'n's high arched roof

Bursts on the sight, and every star appears ;

A secret joy pervades the shepherd's breast :

So through the plain by rapid Xanthus' stream 555

Blaz'd numerous fires, a thousand burning fires,

And each a band of fifty chosen troops

Assiduous guard ; their coursers ready stand,

And all impatient wait the coming morn.

BOOK IX.

Thus through the night strict watch the Trojans
kept;

But meditating flight, inspired with fear,
With doubts distracted, and oppress'd with woe,
The Grecians wait the morn. As when the winds
Boreas and Zephyrus from Thracia blow 8
With sudden violence, tempestuous waves
Deform the deep, and bursting on the shore,
From ocean's bed upturn the loos'n'd weed;
So various passions shook their wav'ring minds.

Atrides, with unbounded grief o'erwhelm'd, 10
A council call'd: each several chief by name
The heralds summon, or the monarch bids,
Sorrowing they met. Atrides in the midst,
The frequent tear still starting from his eye,
Arose,—so bursting from the living rock 15
The bubbling fountain pours its lucid stream,—
And deeply sighing thus the chiefs address'd:

“ O friends ! illustrious and warlike sons
“ Of Greece ! with loss severe and with disgrace
“ Jove hath afflicted me, who safe return 20
“ Promis’d from captur’d Troy : but now I fear
“ Some dread calamity impends our host ;
“ Since he commands, after much treasure spent,
“ And many heroes slain, inglorious flight.
“ Thus Jove decrees, and who shall dare resist ? 25
“ Jove, who hath humbled cities to the dust,
“ And still will humble, such his sov’reign pow’r.
“ With one consent prepare we then our ships,
“ And to our native land urge speedy flight,
“ Since Jove forbids the capture of proud Troy.”

The monarch ended : shame long held them
mute, 31

And disappointed hopes ; when thus at length
Tydides spoke his mind : “ I first oppose,
“ O king ! such rash resolve : freely I speak,
“ As custom sanctions, nor be thou displeas’d. 35
“ Thou didst my courage question in the field,
“ Surrounding warriors heard the base reproach ;
“ Behold, these know to whom I make appeal.
“ With sov’reign pow’r, with honour Jove hath
“ crown’d
“ Thy days ; but hath withheld the noblest boon,

- " A soul that knows not fear. Ill-fated king!
 " What! dost thou deem us of such abject mind,
 " So void of courage as thy words import?
 " If such thy will all eager to return,
 " Go; the way's open, and thy ships at hand 43
 " In number great, which from Mycenæ came.
 " Yet will the Grecians stay till we destroy
 " Yon hated city: but should they too fly,
 " And basely seek their native shores again;
 " Yet I and Sthenelus will dare the fight, 50
 " Till Troy shall stoop beneath our conquering arms
 " In ashes laid; for 'twas with God we came."

He spake: the chiefs unanimous approv'd,
 Admiring much the brave and manly tone
 Of Tydeus' son; when aged Nestor thus: 55

- " O Diomed! unconqu'ed in the field,
 " In council excellent, well hast thou said,
 " Above the reach of censure: yet, my son,
 " (For well my years such language will allow
 " Compar'd with thine,) permit me to enlarge 60
 " Thy thought; though prudent ever is thy speech,
 " Yet long experience and maturer age
 " Indulgence claim, whilst I declare at large,
 " And all my mind unfold; which none may blame
 " Justly who hear me; not Atrides' self. 65

" No ties of blood, no laws that man may bind,
" No home endear, whom civil war delights!
" Let us Night's sacred laws obey, and spread
" The genial feast, and set the watch secure
" Without our walls; be that the charge of
" youth.

" Do thou, Atrides, as becomes a king, 71

" Prepare to feast the elders; in thy tents

" Abundance reigns; Thrace sends her gen'rous

" wine,

" And daily vessels ample stores supply.

" Then let each chief his sentiments declare: 73

" Our safety in collected wisdom stands;

" And urgent is our need: the Trojan fires

" Surround our ships: this is no time for joy,

" This night may or destroy or save our host."

He spake: the Grecians willingly obey'd. 80

Forth rush'd the guard, in glitt'ring armour clad,

With Thrasymedes, Nestor's valiant son,

Ascalaphus and brave Ialmenos,

The sons of Mars; with them Meriones,

Deipuros, and Aphareus advanc'd, 85

And Lycomedes, Creon's noble son.

Seven leaders bore command; a hundred youths,

With spears well arm'd, each warlike chief obey'd,

And form'd the guard : between the fosse and wall
High blaz'd the fires ; there each repast prepar'd. 90

Now to his tent the chiefs of rev'rend age
Atrides bade, and spread the genial feast,
Which all in order duly rang'd partook.
Hunger now satisfied, and thirst remov'd,
Thus, deeply skill'd in wisdom's sacred lore, 95
Of salutary prov'd, the aged chief

Nestor his speech resum'd : " O potent king,
" Great Agamemnon ! suffer that in thee
" I finish and in thee begin my speech,
" Of many nations head ; for Jove supreme 100
" The sceptre hath committed to thy care,
" To thee his laws consign'd, that thou mayst rule .
" With justice, and consult the public weal.
" Thee it becomes or to declare thy thoughts,
" Or patient hear what prudence may advise, 105
" Adopting ever that which seemeth best.
" Thus then I counsel ; thinking as I do,
" And long have done, what none may contravene,
" E'en from that day when thou didst rashly seize
" And take Briseis from Achilles' tent, 110
" Who justly was enrag'd : I did dissuade,
" For much I disapprov'd : thy wrath prevail'd.
" Him whom the gods had honour'd, with disgrace

" Thou didst entreat ; nay, more, dost still possess

" His valued gift. Yet let us even now 115

" Consider well the means, or by soft words

" Or soothing gifts to bend his mighty mind."

To whom Atrides : " Venerable man,

" True are thy words, I own thy just rebuke ;

" I greatly err'd indeed. Experience shows 120

" This truth, that he whom Jove's protecting care

" Attends, superior proves to armed hosts :

" Achilles triumphs in our just defeat.

" But since I thus have err'd, yielding the reins

" To wayward passion and ill-boding wrath ; 125

" Yet would I fain assuage, fain sooth his mind,

" If gifts can win him, or concessions move.

" First then, and witness all who hear my words !

" Seven tripods new, ten talents of pure gold,

" And twenty burnish'd vases : add to these 130

" Twelve coursers swift, and of superior breed,

" First in the race ; rich were indeed that man

" Who own'd the prizes which their speed hath

" won.

" Seven Lesbian captives, skill'd in various arts,

" Of form divine, for matchless beauty fam'd, 135

" I freely give : when to his conqu'ring arms

" Lesbos submitted, I selected them.

- “ To these I add Briseis ; and declare
“ (Heav’n be my witness !) spotless from my hands,
“ And pure, I do restore the captive maid. 140
“ These I at present give ; and should the gods
“ Grant we destroy proud Ilium’s lofty tow’rs,
“ Let him with gold and brass his vessels store,
“ And share the spoils : he first of all shall choose
“ Of captive Trojans, beautiful in form, 145
“ Twenty fair virgins,—Helen’s charms alone
“ May claim superior note ;—and when return’d
“ To Argos, to our country, as a son,
“ My only son, in affluence bred and ease,
“ As lov’d Orestes will I honour him. 150
“ And further, of my daughters nurtur’d well
“ In Argos he shall choose ; Chrysothemis,
“ Iphianassa, or Laodice ;
“ And lead to Pylos his selected bride.
“ Great shall her dowry be ; yea, greater far 155
“ Than ever dowry was. Cardamyle
“ Shall own his pow’r, him Enope obey,
“ Hira’s rich meads, and Pheræ’s fertile soil ;
“ Antheia fair, Aipeia’s lofty site,
“ And Pædasus, for vineyards far renown’d :
“ To Pylos these extend, and skirt the main : 161
“ Cities in treasures rich, in flocks and herds

" Abundant, populous; where ample gifts
 " From grateful citizens shall heap his stores,
 " Just tribute pay, and own his sov'reign pow'r. 165
 " All these I give if he but cease from wrath:
 " Heav'n grant he may relent! Pluto alone
 " Knows no remorse, no pity; therefore deem'd
 " By men, of all the gods most worthy hate.
 " Yet must he own my right to bear command;
 " From age, from station I obedience claim." 171

Nestor replied: " Atrides, potent king,
 " Worthy a monarch are such noble gifts
 " Or to receive or give. Select we then,
 " And to Achilles send in embassy, 175
 " Such chiefs as I shall name: let Phoenix first,
 " Belov'd of Jove, and Ajax, mighty chief,
 " And wise Ulysses, to his tent repair.
 " Let Hódus and Eurybates attend,
 " Our faithful heralds; and lustration made, 180
 " Raise we to heav'n the pray'r: May Jove himself
 " Take pity on our woes, and grant success!"

Thus Nestor spake, and all approv'd his words.
 And now the heralds for lustration bring
 Pure water, and from goblets crown'd with wine 185
 The youths libations pour: each chief partakes
 In order; and when satisfied the soul,

Forth from Atreides' tent pursues his way.
 Still as they went sage Nestor interpos'd
 With prudent counsel, and again repeats 190
 The important mission, and with caution arms
 To sooth Achilles, and his ire subdue.

Now by the sounding shore and boist'rous main
 They took their way, and oft address'd their pray'r
 To Neptune, and invoc'd his pow'rful aid. 195
 To soften, to persuade Achilles' mind.

Now came they where the Myrmidons encamp'd:
 Just then the hero touch'd his silver harp
 Of workmanship divine, the spoil of war
 Won from Eetion, and sang the deeds 200
 Of ancient times, and chiefs renown'd of yore,
 Soothing his soul with sweetest minstrelsy.
 Near him Patroclus sat; attention held
 Him silent, waiting till Achilles ceas'd.

Ulysses ent'red first, and near approach'd, 205
 Yet unobserv'd; when, starting from his seat,
 Achilles rose: still in his hand the harp
 Resounded: with him rose Menoetius' son:
 With friendly greeting thus Achilles spoke:

“ Illustrious chief, whom much my soul esteems
 “ And loves, though greatly injur'd; say, my
 “ friends, 211

"What pressing need hath brought you to my
"tent?"

Thus saying, to the seats with tap'stry cloth'd
Of purple dye he led the Grecian chiefs,
And to Patroclus thus: "A larger cup, 215
"And with more gen'rous wine, O friend, pre-
"pare

"For noble guests whom I respect as these."

He said; nor did Patroclus disobey,
A larger cauldron on the fire he plac'd,
And fill'd with choicest viands both of sheep 220
And goats, and of a swine the chine entire:
Automedon assisted; but the chief,
Each sev'ral part dividing, for the spits
Himself prepar'd: the fire, Patroclus' charge,
First blaz'd with vehemence; but when subdued,
He spread the glowing embers all abroad, 226
And o'er them plac'd the joints, and sprinkled all
With sacred salt, and roasted them with skill.
Patroclus heap'd the canister with bread;
Achilles carv'd: in front Ulysses sat: 230
Patroclus, as enjoin'd, the sacrifice
Perform'd, and in the fire rich off'rings threw.
Then all partook the feast. To Phoenix now
Ajax the signal gave; not unperceiv'd

By wise Ulysses, who the goblet fill'd,
And to Achilles thus his speech address'd :

- “ Achilles, hail ! nor here, nor at the tent
“ Of Atreus' son, if feasts our notice claim,
“ Are feasts deficient ; but far other cares
“ Our thoughts engage, far other fears oppress. 240
“ Whether our ships or perish or escape,
“ On thee depends ; thy arm alone can save.
“ Near to our fleet the Trojans are encamp'd,
“ And at our wall collected numbers watch,
“ And light the frequent fires ; prepar'd at dawn
“ To storm our weak defence, and burn our ships.
“ Saturnian Jove himself their cause asserts,
“ Thund'ring from heav'n propitious : Hector near,
“ Inspir'd, and glorying in his might, nor men
“ Nor deities regards, but waits the morn 250
“ Impatient, when, with tenfold fury arm'd,
“ He will (for such his threats) hew from our ships
“ Their prows to flames consign'd, and in the
“ smoke
“ Confus'd and routed, slay the Grecian host.
“ And much indeed I fear lest Jove perform 255
“ His threats ; and fate ordain that we must fall
“ On yonder plain, from Argos far remov'd.
“ Arise, though late, protect our wearied troops

- “ From the wild tumult of our daring foes.
“ How wilt thou grieve hereafter, how lament, 260
“ When mischief done no remedy admits !
“ Consider then before, and lend thy aid.
“ O friend ! permit that I repeat the words
“ Of Peleus, thy lov'd father, on that day
“ When he from Phthia to Atrides sent 265
“ Thy early youth :—‘ Remember, O my son !
“ ‘ Pallas and Juno courage may inspire,
“ ‘ If such their pleasure ; but do thou control
“ ‘ Thy mighty mind, for gentleness becomes :
“ ‘ Cease from contention, ever source of ill 270
“ ‘ To miserable man ; so shalt thou reap
“ ‘ From old and young both honour and renown.’
“ Thus spake thy father, words forgotten now.
“ O then dismiss thy wrath ! now, now dismiss.
“ Great gifts, whilst I relate with patience hear,
“ Atrides gives, worthy himself and thee. 276
“ Seven tripods new ; ten talents of pure gold,
“ And twenty burnish'd vases : add to these,
“ Twelve coursers swift, and of superior breed,
“ First in the race : rich were indeed that man 280
“ Who own'd the prizes which their speed hath
“ won.
“ Seven Lesbian captives skill'd in various arts,

- “ Of form divine, for matchless beauty fam’d,
“ He freely gives ; when to thy conqu’ring arms
“ Lesbos submitted, he selected them : 285
“ To these he adds Briseis, and declares
“ (Heav’n is his witness), spotless from his hand,
“ And pure, he doth restore the captive maid.
“ These he at present gives ; and should the gods
“ Grant we destroy proud Ilium’s lofty tow’rs, 290
“ You shall with gold and brass your vessels store,
“ And share the richest spoils. You first shall
“ choose
“ Twenty fair virgins,—Helen’s charms alone
“ May claim superior note,—and when return’d
“ To Argos, to our country, as a son, 295
“ His only son, in affluence bred and ease,
“ As lov’d Orestes will he honour thee :
“ And of his daughters, nurtur’d all with care
“ In Argos, thou shalt choose,—Chrysothemis,
“ Iphianassa, or Laodice ; 300
“ And lead to Pylos the selected bride.
“ Great shall her dowry be ; yea, greater far
“ Than ever dowry was :—Cardamyle
“ Shall own thy power, thee Enope obey,
“ Hyra’s rich meads, and Pheræ’s fertile soil ; 305
“ Anthea fair, Æpea’s lofty site,

- “ And Pedasus for vineyards far renown’d :
“ To Pylos these extend, and skirt the main :
“ Seven cities populous, in treasures rich,
“ In flocks and herds abundant, where large gifts
“ From grateful citizens shall heap thy stores, 311
“ Just tribute give, and own thy sov’reign sway.
“ All these he gives if thou but cease from wrath.
“ Should he with all his gifts still hateful prove,
“ Yet to thy country, to afflicted Greece 315
“ Compassion show ; for honour’d as a god,
“ And by their means with endless glory crown’d,
“ Thou in their hearts shalt reign. Now mayst
“ thou slay
“ Hector, whom hasty and impetuous rage
“ Will bring within thy grasp ; for well he deems
“ No Grecian can in arms contend with him.” 321
Achilles thus replied : “ Me it behoves,
“ O wise Ulysses ! for in counsel thou
“ Dost bear pre-eminence, freely to speak
“ The dictates of a plain and honest mind, 325
“ (For as the gates of hell my soul abhors
“ That man who basely doth his mind conceal,
“ While as his tongue a different language holds,)
“ Lest various censure blame my fixt resolve,
“ Which nor Atrides nor th’ assembled Greeks

- " Shall move me to rescind ; for well I know
 " My constant toils in war no thanks receive :
 " With equal gifts, with equal honours crown'd,
 " Alike esteem'd the coward and the brave,
 " Or dare the combat, or ignobly fly. 335
 " Nor aught to me remains but fruitless toils
 " And constant danger in the doubtful field.
 " As the fond parent bird's unceasing care
 " Supplies her young with food, herself the while
 " With hunger prest ; thus I whole sleepless
 " nights 340
 " And tedious days in tented fields have pass'd
 " For Grecian matrons in Atrides' cause.
 " Twelve cities with my ships I have destroy'd,
 " Eleven with my troops, whose ample spoils
 " I to Atrides gave. These he retains, 345
 " Dividing to each chief, with sparing hand,
 " His small reward. From me, and me alone,
 " Who won them, he reclaims my valued prize.
 " Let him then have her. Say, what cause did
 " urge
 " This war ? or why did Atreus' sons collect 350
 " Their num'rous forces, but for Helen's sake ?
 " Of all mankind do Atreus' sons alone
 " Their wives esteem and love ? the wise and good

- “ In ev’ry nation love them : though in war
“ Obtain’d, I lov’d her from my very soul. 355
“ By fraud he took her, and by violence ;
“ Let him not think he may deceive again :
“ That may not be. With his assembled chiefs,
“ With thee, Ulysses, let him best defend
“ His vessels from the flames ; he wants not me 360
“ Or to erect the wall, or dig the fosse
“ Wide for defence ; yet dare he not withstand
“ The mighty foe. Whilst on these plains I
“ fought,
“ Hector once only dar’d without the walls
“ And Scaean gate to tempt the doubtful war, 365
“ And scarce with life escap’d. But since no more
“ With him I wage stern war ; at early dawn,
“ Due sacrifice to heav’nly pow’rs first made,
“ Thou shalt behold, if such thy pleasure be,
“ My num’rous vessels plough the Hellespont, 370
“ Their crews prepar’d to ply the cumbrous oar.
“ Should Neptune send a favourable gale,
“ Three days shall land us safe on Phthia’s shores :
“ There riches wait me, gold and sculptur’d brass,
“ There captive females whom my sword hath won,
“ And iron, or at Phthia left, or stor’d 376
“ Now in my ships, my portion that remains.

- “ But the most valued gift Atrides gave
“ His insolence reclaim’d. Plainly declare
“ What I thus plainly speak, that all may hear,
“ If yet to others he intend deceit: 381
“ Insolent ever as he is withal,
“ Yet dare he not once look me in the face.
“ I will nor counsel give, nor aid his arms :
“ He hath offended, hath deceiv’d me once; 385
“ I trust him not again : no ; let him die,
“ By Jove forsaken, and of sense bereft.
“ Himself, his gifts I value not ; they are
“ Most odious to me : no ; if he would give
“ Tenfold, and double that, I would not hear; 390
“ Nor what Orchomenos, or the rich spoils
“ Ægyptian Thebes with all her hundred gates
“ Contains ; so vast that, rank’d in loose array,
“ Horsemen and foot two hundred march with ease.
“ Were all his gifts as num’rous as the sand, 395
“ Or dust of the earth, he never should prevail
“ Till all my great revenge were satisfied.
“ His daughter ! no : were she like Venus fair,
“ As Pallas skill’d, I would not marry her.
“ Let him amongst the Greeks some other choose,
“ More suited to her state and dignity. 401
“ If the gods grant me safely to return,

- “ Peleus will guide my choice : a numerous race
“ Hellas and Phthia boast for beauty fam’d,
“ Daughters of potent chiefs ; there will I choose ;
“ For much my soul in wedlock’s sacred bands 406
“ Doth long those treasures to enjoy in ease,
“ Which my fond father hath with care amass’d.
“ Better is life, than to possess the spoils
“ Which Troy contain’d within her ample walls, 410
“ Ere yet the Greeks arriv’d ; or what the shrine
“ Of Phœbus may in rocky Python boast.
“ By plunder herds and flocks may be obtain’d,
“ The polish’d tripod, or the generous steed ;
“ The soul of man once fled knows no return, 415
“ Is not, and cannot be within our grasp.
“ For oft my parent goddess did unfold
“ The future, and forewarn’d me, that of life
“ A two-fold web for me the Fates had spun.
“ Should I still war with Troy, for ever lost 420
“ Is my return, but endless is my fame ;
“ But should I to my native land return,
“ My fame is gone, yet length’ned are my days,
“ Distant my death. I therefore would persuade
“ Return to all ; for never shall they find 425
“ Their labour ended by yon cities’ fall.
“ Great Jove himself with his protecting hand

“ Defends her walls, and animates her host.
“ Go then, and to the Grecian chiefs relate
“ What I have plainly said : let them devise 430
“ Some other means, such as maturer age
“ And wisdom may suggest to save their fleet,
“ And to protect their troops, since this hath fail’d.
“ Vain thought ! that I should cease to breathe re-
“ venge.

“ Let Phoenix rest within our tent this night, 435
“ That he to-morrow may with us return,
“ If such his pleasure, to our native land,
“ To Phthia : my request no force implies.”

He ended : admiration held them mute,
So firmly he refus’d. At length uprose 440
Phoenix, of age rever’d : the frequent tear
His cheek bedew’d, for great indeed his grief ;
Deep sighing thus he spake : “ If to return,
“ Illustrious chief, be then thy fixt intent,
“ Nor wilt thou save our ships from hostile flames,
“ Nor cease thy anger ; how can I, my son, 445
“ Bereft of thee remain ? I, to whose care
“ The venerable Peleus erst consign’d
“ Thy early youth, and to Atrides sent
“ From Phthia, yet unus’d to deeds of war ; 450
“ And in debate where men illustrious shine,

- “ All-inexperienc’d : mine the pleasing task
“ In council to instruct thy tender mind,
“ And teach thee deeds of valorous emprise.
“ My son, I never can consent to stay, 455
“ Shouldst thou depart ; no, not if Jove himself
“ Should age remove, and make me young again,
“ As when I first, to shun my father’s rage,
“ Left Hellas fam’d for beauty. He, ensnar’d
“ By meretricious charms, forgot his vows 460
“ Connubial, and disgrac’d the marriage bed.
“ My injur’d mother oft entreated me
“ To disappoint his hopes, and thwart his views,
“ And tender youthful love : her I obey’d.
“ Which when my father knew, enrag’d at heart
“ With dreadful imprecations he invok’d 466
“ Th’ avenging deities, that never son
“ From me descended might his knees embrace :
“ So Pluto will’d, and dread Persephone.
“ Ill could my mind support parental wrath, 470
“ Or bear beneath his hated roof to dwell,
“ Though friends and kindred all entreated me.
“ Now through the spacious hall from flocks and herds
“ The festive boards were spread, and ample feasts
“ Nine days were held, and goblets crown’d with
“ wine :

- “ Each night strict guard was at my chamber
“ plac’d,
“ And fires were lighted at my very door.
“ When the tenth night appear’d I burst the bars,
“ O’erleap’d the walls; and favour’d by the night,
“ With ease escap’d the guard. Far off I fled 480
“ Through spacious Hellas, and to Phthia came
“ For fertile pastures fam’d, and num’rous flocks,
“ To Peleus, who with favour me receiv’d;
“ And lov’d me as a father loves his son,
“ Child of his age, and heir of all his wealth. 485
“ Possessions great he gave near the utmost bounds
“ Of fertile Phthia, where the Dolopes
“ Inhabit: there I watch’d thy tender years,
“ And nurtur’d thee, and made thee what thou art,
“ O godlike man! and lov’d thee from my soul. 490
“ Nor wouldst thou to the feast without me go,
“ Nor take but from my hand the accusom’d food,
“ When wayward humour oft in early youth
“ Return’d with loathing what my fondness gave.
“ Much have I suff’red with thee, much endur’d,
“ With this fond hope, that since to me denied
“ (Such Fates decree) the blessing of a child;
“ I by adoption might obtain a son
“ The comfort, the protector of my age. 499

- “ O then, Achilles ! check thy mighty mind ;
“ To be implacable but ill becomes.
“ The heav’nly pow’rs, in virtue greater far,
“ In honour and in strength, are merciful ;
“ For men by pray’rs and sacrifices meet,
“ Avert that punishment their crimes deserve. 505
“ Pray’rs are the daughters of all-pow’rful Jove,
“ Wrinkled and blind, and impotent of feet ;
“ These follow where Injustice runs before :
“ Fierce, unrestrain’d, she ranges o’er the earth
“ With desolating hand : then follow Pray’rs, 510
“ Steady though slow, with healing influence ;
“ Who listens their advice they kindly aid,
“ Heal all his woes, and grant his just request :
“ But who with scorn their proff’red boon rejects,
“ They Jove entreat, that, as due punishment, 515
“ Injustice ever may his steps pursue.
“ My son, with honour due their voice attend ;
“ Forgiveness to the brave alone belongs.
“ Did not Atrides offer various gifts ;
“ Did he still bear thee hate implacable, 520
“ I should not urge thee to forget thy wrongs,
“ And succour Greece, though in her utmost need.
“ Great are his offers, large his promis’d gifts
“ Now tend’red by thy friends, the bravest chiefs

- “ Whom Grecia boasts of all her warlike bands;
“ Reject them not, though just thy former rage;
“ Nor treat them with contempt. Thus fame re-
“ ports
“ Heroes in ancient time their rage control’d,
“ Soft’ned by gifts, or sooth’d by gentle words.
“ Well I remember, and to you, my friends, 530
“ The fact I will relate of former days.
“ The Ætolians and Curetes were engag’d
“ In bloody warfare by the lofty walls
“ Of Calydon; these to defend the town,
“ Those to destroy intent. Neglected rites 535
“ Incens’d Diana; hence the contest rose:
“ Æneus to all the deities had paid
“ Just honours but to her, in due return
“ For the rich harvest and productive year,
“ Or through neglect or inattention. 540
“ The indignant goddess, to revenge her wrongs,
“ Sent a huge monster of enormous size
“ To desolate the Calydonian plains
“ And Æneus’ fertile fields: the savage boar
“ Whole trees uprooting, levell’d to the ground 545
“ Pomona’s richest produce. When the son
“ Of Æneus, with collected force of dogs
“ And men from various cities, skill’d to chase

- “ The fiercest monsters, slew this wondrous beast,
“ So vast that numbers fell beneath his force. 550
“ Then rose contention, so Diana will’d,
“ Who should possess the bristly monster’s spoil.
“ Scarce at the walls, whilst Meleager fought,
“ The fierce Curetes dar’d the contest try,
“ Though numerous their forces; but when rage
“ Inflam’d his breast, (the wisest often feel 556
“ Its power,) he with his mother much incens’d
“ Retir’d, and with his wife sequest’red liv’d,
“ With Cleopatra, from Marpissa sprung,
“ And Ida, bravest deem’d of mortal race, 560
“ Who seiz’d his bow, and dar’d the god of day
“ To the dread contest for the beauteous nymph.
“ (Her the fond parents call’d Alcyone,
“ Wept by her mother, for her fate the same
“ As erst Alcyone’s, to Phœbus’ love 565
“ A prey.) With her retir’d he cherish’d rage,
“ Indignant that Althæa should invoke
“ The deities with imprecations dire.
“ She for her brother’s death oppress with grief,
“ Striking the ground, invok’d the infernal pow’rs,
“ Pluto and dread Persephone, with tears
“ Kneeling, that they would instant slay her son,
“ Alecto heard, implacable of heart,

- “ From the dark deep abyss of Erebus :
“ Then quickly at the gates wild tumult rose, 575
“ And madd’ning uproar. Him the aged sires
“ Entreated ; him the venerable priests
“ Of blameless life, to save them from the foe,
“ With proffers large, where Calydonian fields
“ And fertile plains extend ; in vineyards these 580
“ Excelling, those for richest pasture fam’d ;
“ Full fifty acres was the promis’d boon.
“ The venerable *Æneus* suppliant came,
“ Embrac’d his knees, and urg’d his suit with tears ;
“ His sisters and his mother sued in vain ; 585
“ He still with persevering rage refus’d :
“ Much his lov’d friends, companions of his youth,
“ Entreated, nor could bend his haughty mind.
“ When now loud shouts announc’d the foe’s ap-
“ proach,
“ And bick’ring flames arose : with piercing cries
“ His supplicating wife, of form divine, 591
“ Unfolds the tale of misery and woe,
“ When captur’d cities feel the conqueror’s rage,
“ Murder and rapine, and devouring fire ;
“ Children and parents captive, or a prey
“ To lawless force. Mov’d by her woful plaint,
“ Sudden he rose in arms, repuls’d the foe,

“ And sav’d his country ; whose ingratitude
“ Refus’d the promis’d boon ; yet still he sav’d.
“ Then be not thou, my son, implacable, 600
“ Nor yield thee to the spirit of revenge
“ Till flames consume our ships : accept our gifts ;
“ Arm, arm, and save ; be honour’d as a god :
“ Should you without the gifts in war engage,
“ Your honour will be less, though check’d the
“ foe.” 605

When thus Achilles : “ Venerable chief,
“ Phœnix, of age rever’d, I covet not
“ Such honour ; not from man, from Jove alone
“ I seek immortal honour : his command,
“ To which I bend submissive, at the ships 610
“ Detains me ; and perchance will yet detain,
“ Whilst strength and life shall animate these
“ limbs.

“ Yet I must add, and your attention claim
“ To my request, that you molest me not
“ With sighs and sorrows in Atrides’ cause : 615
“ To like whom I detest becomes thee not,
“ Lest loving thee my love be turn’d to hate :
“ Yea, rather thou shouldst all my wrongs revenge,
“ And share my kingdom, and my honour share.
“ Let these our answer bear ; do thou, my friend,

“ Rest here: to-morrow we will consult hold

“ Whether is best or to return or stay.”

He spake; and to Patroclus signal gave
A warmer couch for Phœnix to prepare,
When from his tent the chieftains should retire. 625

But Ajax thus, impatient of delay:

“ O wise Ulysses, brave Laertes' son,

“ Let us begone; vain our entreaties all,

“ And fruitless our attempt; yet to the Greeks,

“ Who now in earnest expectation wait, 630

“ We must his answer bear, though most unkind.

“ Achilles still doth cherish dire revenge,

“ Neglectful of those friends who honour him;

“ Implacable, obdurate! Yet do men,

“ For brothers murd'red, or for sons destroy'd, 635

“ (Due satisfaction and atonement made,)

“ Forgive the dreadful deed; the fine receiv'd

“ Acquits the debt of hatred and revenge:

“ The offender lives secure. But in your heart

“ Remorseless, dire revenge and hatred reign 640

“ All uncontrol'd; and that, so Fates decree,

“ For fair Briseis, and for her alone.

“ Seven fair as she, and gifts of costly price

“ We offer thee besides. Be courteous then,

“ We are thy guests, and claim the honour due

“ To all beneath thy roof; and make our boast,
“ Amongst the numerous chiefs our host contains,
“ To honour and respect thee most of all.”

Achilles thus replied: “ Illustrious chief,
“ Ajax, you speak the dictates of your mind; 650
“ But my heart boils with rage whene’er I think
“ Of him who hath disgrac’d and rend’red vile
“ My name, as some base knave of meaner sort.
“ You then our answer bear: War, glorious war,
“ Concerns not me, till Priam’s haughty son, 655
“ Great Hector, at my tents and ships shall wage
“ Disastrous war, and fire the Grecian fleet;
“ Then will I check him in his bold career.”

He ended: when each chief libation pour’d,
And to the ships Ulysses led the way. 660

Meantime the servants at Achilles’ tent
For Phœnix’ rev’rend age prepar’d the couch,
Warm and indulgent, as became his years,
With linen spread and skins of softest wool.
There he till morning in soft sleep repos’d. 665

Achilles now retir’d within his tent
Of curious workmanship; but not alone,
Fair Diomede, partner of his bed,
Daughter of Lesbian Phorbas, sooth’d his cares:
Near him Patroclus slept, whom Iphis fair, 670

From Scyron captur'd, with attendance grac'd,
Achilles won, Achilles gave the prize.

And now the embassy approach'd the tent
Of Agamemnon : rising from their seats
The Grecian chiefs, assembled, them receiv'd 675
With friendly omen, and libations pour'd
From golden cups ; when thus Atrides spake :

“ Ulysses, great in wisdom as in arms,
“ Pride of our host, say, doth Achilles save
“ Our ships from hostile flames ; or doth fell rage
“ To our request a stern denial give ? ” 681

Ulysses thus replied : “ Illustrious king,
“ His anger unabated still remains,
“ Yea, rather doth increase : thy gifts he spurns
“ With indignation,—bids thee counsel well
“ With other chiefs how best thou mayst secure
“ Thy ships and host from the victorious foe :
“ And for himself, he threatens at the dawn
“ Of day to launch his vessels in the deep,
“ And others to persuade that they return 690
“ Through the wide waters to their native home ;
“ For that thou canst not humble lofty Troy,
“ Which Jove himself with his protecting hand
“ Secures, and animates their host in fight.
“ Such were his words : Ajax, Eurybates, 695

“ And Hodius, bear me witness, for they heard :

“ Phoenix remaineth at Achilles’ tent,

“ That he to-morrow, if his pleasure be,

“ To Phthia may return ; yet free to choose.”

He spake : deep silence held them mute awhile,
In admiration of his firm reply. 701

At length Tydides thus the chiefs address’d :

“ I could have wish’d, indeed, O potent king !
“ Thou hadst not been a suitor to his pride,
“ Which thy great offers serve but to increase. 705
“ No more of him ; let him or go or stay,
“ As Jove, or his own wayward mind shall urge.
“ Be this then my advice : retire we now,
“ After refreshment meet, and take repose,
“ For both our toils demand ; and when the morn
“ With orient splendour rise, before our ships 711
“ In dread array let horse and foot advance,
“ Thyself the pride and leader of our host.”

He spake : the chiefs with one consent approv’d,
Admiring much Tydides’ manly speech ; 715
And due libations made, each to his tent
Retiring, sought the gift of soothing sleep.

B O O K X.

ALL night before their ships the Grecian chiefs,
With toils fordone, partook the gift of sleep.
Not so Atrides; him nor grateful rest
Nor soothing sleep possess'd, with anxious care
Tost, and perplexing thoughts. As when great
Jove 5

Thunders portentous, and prepares his storm,
Or rain or pelting hail, or driving snow;
Or bids dread War upraise his brazen throat:
So heav'd Atrides' breast with frequent sighs
Bursting, so terror all his soul possess'd. 10

And now the Trojan plains and numerous fires
He view'd, and heard their loud tumultuous shouts,
Whilst martial music victory proclaim'd:
Now turning to his ships and vanquish'd host
His aching thought, sorrows still deeper flow'd, 15
Whilst anguish tore the honours of his head,
A sacrifice to heav'n's offended King:
At length, resolv'd to seek the Pylian sage,

Nestor, if haply he might well advise
Some medicine to heal a nation's woes, 20
Sudden he rose, and o'er his manly chest
The tunic cast; the sandal grac'd his feet;
And from his shoulder hung the tawny spoil
Of the huge lion reaching to the ground;
And in his hand a massy spear he bore. 25

Nor, Menelaus, did thy heart conceive
Less terror and affright, dread foes to sleep,
Lest Grecia perish in thy hapless cause:
Thou for whose sake they cross'd the dang'rous
main,

To wage disastrous war, and combat Troy. 30
A leopard's hide with spots of varied hue
The hero's shoulders grac'd, and o'er his brow
The brazen helmet glitt'ring; in his hand
A spear he brandish'd; and with hasty step
His brother sought to waken, whom in pow'r 35
The Greeks esteem'd and honour'd as a god.

Him at his vessel's stern the hero found
Arming in haste, who seeing him rejoic'd;
When Menelaus thus: "Brother rever'd,
" Why early thus in arms? Is it to send 40
" Some spy to yonder camp? But who shall dare
" The perilous emprise? To venture forth

“ Singly, and through the silent night explore

“ The foe, superior courage doth demand.”

When thus Atrides: “ Brother much belov’d, 45

“ Our great distress calls for mature advice

“ And prudent counsel to protect our fleet

“ And save our host, since Jove doth adverse prove;

“ Since he to Trojan sacrifice inclines

“ Propitious: for such deeds eye hath not seen, 50

“ Nor hath ear heard, as singly and alone

“ Hector performs: though sprung from mortal

“ race,

“ Long shall Greece rue his desolating arm.

“ Haste then; let Ajax and Idomeneus

“ Assemble at our ships: to Nestor’s tent 55

“ I now repair, that he inspect our posts,

“ And give due orders; in his warlike son

“ That trust I have repos’d: Meriones

“ And Nestor’s son our ships and army guard.”

When Menelaus: “ Let me understand 60

“ Your order truly, brother: shall I here

“ Return to you again, or with them wait

“ Your coming?” Agamemnon thus replied:

“ Expect me there; for numberless the paths

“ That through our army lead, and we may miss

“ Each other: speak, exhort, in gentle terms 66

“ Conciliate favour, giving honour due ;
“ Entreating all by country, parents, friends :
“ Ourselves must labour first, so Jove decreed,
“ Who gave us sorrow when he gave us birth.” 70

Thus saying he dismiss'd him ; then in haste
To Nestor's tent Atrides bent his way.
Him still indulging rest, the monarch found
On his soft bed reclin'd ; his armour near,
The shield and spear, and glitt'ring helmet lay, 75
And belt of various work, which went to grace
The aged warrior through the ranks of war,
Unclaim'd the privilege of age and years.
He rising quickly thus the king address'd :

“ Who thus alone, amidst the shades of night, 80
“ Dares venture through our camp whilst others
“ sleep ?
“ Seek'st thou the nightly watch, or some lost
“ friend ?
“ Whence, and what art thou ? Speak, or come
“ not near.”

When thus Atrides : “ Venerable chief,
“ Pride and support of all the Grecian host, 85
“ Nestor, thy king Atrides, worn with care,
“ With grief oppress'd (so mighty Jove decrees
“ Unceasing grief whilst strength and life remain),

“ Thou mayst acknowledge here : alone I stray,
“ For no sweet sleep will weigh these eyelids down;
“ But war’s alarms, and all my country’s cares 90
“ And miseries, afflict my sinking heart,
“ Bursting with woes unutterably great.
“ If aught thou canst suggest (for thee sweet sleep
“ Alike forsakes), attend me to the guard, 95
“ The nightly watch, lest weary with fatigue,
“ With sleep o’erpow’r’d, their duty they neglect :
“ Close at our camp the daring foe remains,
“ And aided by the darkness of the night,
“ Perchance may dare to storm our weak defence.”

To whom the Pylian sage: “ O mighty king 100
“ Atrides! Jove, I deem, will ne’er perform
“ What Hector meditates ; what sanguine hope,
“ Flush’d with success, may lead him to expect.
“ Whate’er thy griefs, him sorer ills await, 105
“ And more severe distress, when from his wrath
“ Achilles ceaseth. Lead then, I attend
“ Thy pleasure. Let Tydides mighty chief,
“ And wise Ulysses lend their prudent aid ;
“ And Ajax swift of foot, and Phyleus’ son, 110
“ Though distant far their tents on either side ;
“ And let some messenger great Ajax call,
“ And brave Idomeneus. Yet must I blame,

“ Nor let my words displease thee, one much lov’d,
“ Your brother, and much honour’d by us all; 115
“ Who whilst you labour gives himself to rest,
“ Whom most it doth concern; who should exert
“ His utmost energy and earnest pray’r
“ For aid in this our strong necessity.”

“ Your censure he deserves,” the king replied,
“ As seeming negligent; yet it proceeds 121
“ Nor from base sloth nor want of better sense:
“ But from respect and deference to me,
“ He my example waits. Yet spare it now;
“ He call’d me first, and is already gone 125
“ To those whom you have nam’d. Proceed we
“ then;

“ The assembled chiefs expect us at the gate
“ As I appointed: thither let us go.”
“ Then none,” the venerable chief return’d,
“ May blame, or disobey his just request.” 130

He spake; and o’er his chest the tunic brac’d,
Bound on his sandals, and around him cast
His mantle large and long, with warmest wool
Lin’d, as became his age; then seiz’d his spear
And hast’ned to the ships, and at the tent 135
Of great Ulysses, fam’d for wisdom’s lore,
Summon’d the chief: nor was the summons vain;

Ulysses heard his voice, and from his tent
Awak'ning issued, and thus answer made:

“ Why thus alone at such an hour as this? 140

“ What urgent need conducts you through the
“ camp?”

Nestor replied: “ Ulysses brave as wise,
“ Be not displeas'd, we are in utmost need;
“ Aid with thy counsel the assembled chiefs,
“ For thou excellest, and maturely weigh 145
“ Whether we basely fly, or nobly fight.”

He spake: Ulysses o'er his shoulder cast
His pond'rous shield, and follow'd with the chiefs,
And to the tent of Diomed repair'd.

Without the tent reposing him they found, 150
His armour near; his friends around him slept,
Their shields beneath their heads, their spears erect
Fixt in the ground: the polisht brass sent forth
A radiant light: Tydides self reclin'd,
Slept on an ox's hide of larger size, 155
His bed; rich tapestry his head sustain'd.

Him Nestor touch'd, and waking, thus reprov'd:

“ Rise, son of Tydeus, rise; why through the night

“ Thus sleep indulge? or hear'st thou not the foe,

“ Scarce from our ships remov'd, prepare the fight?”

Tydides heard, and, quickly rous'd from sleep,

The sage address'd : " O thou, whom neither toils
" Nor years subdue! let others call the chiefs,
" Who boast the strength of youth; be that their
 " task,
" Not thine, whose mind no respite will admit." 165
 " True are thy words," the Pylian sage return'd,
" And just is thy remark; for I have sons
" Of fairest fame, and subjects numerous,
" Who might this toil sustain: yet such our need,
" So urgent our distress, that or to live 170
" Or die, stands on the sharpest razor edge,
" And trembles on the balance. Spare my age,
" As well becomes thy youth, and call the chiefs
" Ajax and Phyleus' son, who distant sleep."

He spake: Tydides o'er his shoulders threw 175
A lion's tawny hide of wondrous size,
And brandishing his spear, in haste fulfill'd
Nestor's command, and to the trench repair'd.

Now at the guard arriv'd, in strictest watch,
All arm'd, the leaders of the trusty band 180
They found. As dogs with difficulty save
The folded flock, what time the mountain pard
Descending rushes through the forest; him
The shouts of hunters and the cry of dogs
Pursue amain, and sleep is far away: 185

So from their eyelids vanish'd gentle sleep,
Watching through night's dank shade; still to the
plain

Their every thought was bent, if heard perchance
The noise of hostile tread. Nestor rejoic'd,
And thus their care and vigilance approv'd: 190

" Thus ever watch, dear sons, nor once permit
" The approach of treach'rous sleep, lest we become
" An easy prey to our insulting foe."

This said, the trench he pass'd: the chiefs attend,
By Agamemnon summon'd, and with them 195
Meriones, and Nestor's warlike son

Antilochus; for them the princes call'd.

The trench they pass'd; and where unstain'd the
ground

With human gore, and free from sights of death,
(For Hector there had staid his murd'rous hand 200
Thinning the Grecian host, night stopp'd his course,)
There the assembled chiefs in consult sat;

Whom Nestor thus address'd: " Friends, country-
" men,

" Is there who dares yon hostile camp approach,
" To seize, perchance, some wand'rer in the rear?
" If he their counsels and their schemes might
" learn, 206

- “ Whether they meditate return to Troy,
“ Or wait the morn their vantage to pursue,
“ Attack our weak’ned host, and burn our ships :
“ If he might this intelligence obtain, 210
“ And safe return, great were indeed his fame,
“ And ample his reward : a sable ewe
“ Each princely leader of our num’rous host
“ Shall grateful send, and at her side a lamb
“ Shall sportive play ; and at our festive board 215
“ His the first honours and the foremost seat.”

Thus Nestor spake : the chiefs in silence heard,
Whom Diomed intrepid thus address’d :

- “ I will this task of danger undertake,
“ Explore their camp, and learn the foes’ intent :
“ But if some friend, companion of my toils, 221
“ Courage inspiring and firm confidence,
“ Might aid the bold attempt, second each thought
“ Approving, it were well : oft when alone
“ Distrust unnerves, and doubts distract the soul.”

He spake : with generous ardour fir’d, uprose 226
Contending heroes, eager all to share
The danger. Either Ajax great in arms,
Meriones, and Nestor’s warlike son,
And Menelaus skill’d to hurl the lance, 230
And wise Ulysses, earnest to explore

The Trojan camp, whose heart no fear appall'd ;
When Agamemnon thus : " O Tydeus' son,
" Illustrious Diomed ! whom much my soul
" Esteems and honours, be this care thy own, 235
" Him to select whom most thy choice approves,
" For many in this noble contest strive ;
" Nor let or favour or affection sway,
" Or move thee to select from rank or place,
" Or deference pay where courage should decide."
Thus spake the king, much fearing lest his
choice 241

On Menelaus fall, whom most he lov'd.

Tydides thus replied : " If then to choose
" Whom most my soul approves be thy com-
" mand,
" Can I forget Ulysses, or neglect 245
" Wisdom unequall'd, courage undismay'd
" In trials most severe; whom Pallas loves;
" With whom we might through hostile fires re-
" turn,
" So fertile in resource his active mind?"
" Nor praise too much," Ulysses quick replied,
" Nor censure, Diomed ; all present know 251
" To whom you speak, and can the truth discern :
" Haste, let us go : Night in her silent course

" Is far advanc'd; scarce now a third remains:

" And setting stars denote approaching morn." 255

Thus having said, each chief his arms prepar'd.

To Diomed brave Thrasymedes gave

A two-edg'd sword and shield, for at his tent

His own the hero left; and on his head

A leathern helmet plac'd, yet unadorn'd 260

With crest or plume: such inexperienced youth

Is wont to bear when early train'd to arms.

Meriones to wise Ulysses gave

His bow and quiver, and his glitt'ring sword,

And arm'd his temples with a leathern casque 265

Fast bound with thongs, the rim encircled round

With a boar's dread-inspiring teeth thick set

On every side, and lin'd with softest wool.

From Eleon, son of Ormenos, by fraud

Autolycus this helmet whilom gain'd; 270

He to Amphidamas the prize consign'd;

To Molus next the friendly token came,

Thence to his son Meriones; from him

Receiv'd, it circled round Ulysses' brow.

And now the heroes arm'd, with hasty step 275

The council quitting, sought the distant plain.

To them Minerva, token of her care,

The bittern sent; through night's dark shade unseen,

Yet heard the omen of her sounding voice,
 The clangor of her wings: Ulysses quick 280
 Perceiv'd, and grateful pray'd: " Daughter of Jove,
 " Whose aid in trials most severe I boast,
 " O hear! and favour this our bold attempt:
 " Grant safe return, O goddess! and may Troy
 " Long mourn the deeds thy wisdom shall inspire!"
 To her Tydides next his pray'r address'd: 286
 " Hear also me, unconqu'ed goddess, hear!
 " And as at Thebes thou whilom didst protect
 " The father, aid the son. He at the banks
 " Of fam'd Asopus left the Grecian camp, 290
 " Ambassador of peace to lofty Thebes;
 " Whose treach'rous policy mild answer gave.
 " Returning, mighty deeds great Tydeus wrought
 " Aided by thee; so now thy succour grant,
 " So guard the son: then shall a heifer grace 295
 " Thy altar, yet unconscious of the yoke,
 " Untam'd; whose horns are tipp'd with shining
 " gold."

Minerva heard, and granted their request.
 And now they hasten through the shades of night
 As two fierce lions, over heaps of slain, 300
 And clotted gore, and arms distain'd with blood,
 Nor did brave Hector and the chiefs of Troy

Repose indulge ; whom at his tent conven'd
Hector address'd : " Who for a splendid gift
" This hazardous emprise will undertake, 305
" Great his reward shall be ; the glitt'ring car
" And fleetest coursers of the Grecian host.
" These will I give to him who dāre approach
" The Grecian ships, and learn what they design ;
" Whether as heretofore they guard their ships, 310
" Or by our arms subdued base flight prepare."

He spake : deep silence through the council
reign'd ;

When Dolon, rich in gold and sculptur'd brass,
(Son of Eumedes herald of the host, 315
Whom five fair daughters grac'd, one only son
Of form uncouth yet swift of foot,) uprose,
And thus the chief bespoke : " Mine be that task,
" Hector ; my courage urges mē to dare
" The hazardous attempt. I will approach 320
" Their ships, and learn what yet they may in-
" tend.

" But promise thou, and by thy sceptre swear,
" The horses and the chariot shall be mine
" Which bear Achilles thund'ring o'er the plain.
" No useless spy inglorious ; through their camp
" E'en to Atrides' ship I will advance, 326

“ Where the assembled chiefs in council sit,
“ And learn their purpose ; or to fight or fly.”

He spake : when Hector rais'd his sceptred hand,
And thus confirm'd by oath : “ Great Jove in heav'n
“ Attest my words ; no Trojan chief but thou
“ Alone shalt glory in that noble prize.”

Thus Hector vainly swore. Dolon meantime
Encourag'd arm'd him : first the bended bow
His shoulders grac'd ; a white wolf's shaggy spoil
Adorn'd his back ; a helmet lin'd with fur 336
His brow protected ; in his hand a spear
He grasp'd ; and hast'ned to the Grecian fleet ;
But never to return ! so fate decreed.

Quitting the Trojan camp, with eager step 340
He urg'd his rapid way, but not unheard ;
When thus Ulysses Diomed bespoke :

“ This fellow from the Trojan army comes,
“ A spy to learn our secret purposes,
“ By Hector hither sent, or to despoil 345
“ The dead : then let him pass ere we pursue ;
“ So may we easily his flight arrest ;
“ Or if too swift of foot, still to our ships
“ Compel his course, and drive him far from Troy.”

Thus saying, from the road they turn'd aside 350
Stooping ; he quickly pass'd : when now advanc'd

The distance which divides two labouring teams,
When mules contending plough the fertile field;
(Mules, which excel the slow and cumbrous ox,)
Then eager they pursued. He heard their steps 355
And stopp'd, lest Hector might perchance recall
His embassy, or give some other charge:
But when, now distant scarce a jav'lin's cast,
The foe he knew, and with redoubled speed
Urg'd his quick flight; so quickly they pursu'd. 360
As when two hounds accusom'd to the chase,
With unabating speed the trembling hind
Or timid hare pursue; now through the wood
They hold their course; her cries may nought avail:
So these pursuing, to the Trojan camp 365
And city intercept his eager flight:
Approaching now the ships, and near the guard,
By Pallas aided Diomed advanc'd,
Fearful lest other hands the honour claim;
Pois'd high his lance, and Dolon thus bespoke: 370
“ Stop ere this weapon fix thee to the ground;
“ Thou canst not now escape.” This said, the spear
Pass'd o'er his shoulder,—so the chief design'd,—
And in the ground deep fixt still quiv'ring stood.
He stopp'd, and trembled: terror shook his frame,
Paleness his cheeks o'erspread; his shaking jaws

Resounded : breathless with pursuit the chiefs
Seize him : his falt'ring voice this pray'r address'd :

“ Take me alive and I will ransom pay :

“ Gold, sculptur'd brass, and iron, be the price 380

“ Of me your captive, which my wealthy sire

“ Will gladly give (for ample are his stores),

“ When known I at your ships alive remain.”

Ulysses thus replied : “ Take courage then,

“ Nor think of death ; but speak, and truly say, 385

“ Why thus alone dost thou approach our ships

“ Through the thick shade of night, when others

“ sleep?

“ Or com'st thou basely to despoil the dead ?

“ Did Hector send thee to explore our fleet ;

“ Or thine own courage prompt thee to the deed ?”

Dolon all trembling answ' red : “ Much deceiv'd”

“ By promises of great reward to come,

“ The fiery coursers and the glitt'ring car

“ Of great Pelides, which I vainly ask'd,

“ Hector to me alone consenting gave ; 395

“ For these through night's obscurity I roam,

“ Approach your camp your purpose to detect ;

“ Whether as heretofore you guard your ships,

“ Or by our arms subdued base flight prepare ;

“ Nor set the watch, with care and labour spent.”

With scornful smile Ulysses thus replied :

- “ Great was thy aim indeed, a noble prize ;
“ The coursers of Achilles ! He alone
“ Of mortal men their spirit can restrain
“ And curb their fury, though of race divine 405
“ And from a goddess sprung. Yet tell me true,
“ Where in his camp great Hector didst thou leave ?
“ And where his armour, where his foaming steeds ?
“ What guard is set ? what chiefs that guard at-
“ tend ?

- “ What their intent ? or rest they on the plain, 410
“ Or flush’d with vict’ry back to Troy return ?”

Eumedes’ son replied : “ True are my words,

- “ Nor shall you find me false. The assembled
“ chiefs

- “ With Hector council hold at Ilus’ tomb,
“ Far from the tumult of the camp remov’d, 415
“ And noise : no certain guard secures the camp :
“ Yet do the Trojans wakeful by their fires
“ Exhort each other, and the watch maintain.
“ But their allies, from various regions brought,
“ Sleep careless, and the guard to Trojans leave ;
“ For distant are their wives and children far.” 420

- Ulysses answ’red : “ Do they sleep apart,
“ Or mingled with the Trojans ? Truly name

“ Their station and their place.” Dolon replied :

“ What you demand I truly will relate : 425

“ Near to the sea, the Carians, Leleges,

“ The Pæons and Pelasgians are encamp’d,

“ And Caucons ; next by Thymbræ’s wall are
“ plac’d

“ The Lycians, Mysians, and the Phrygian horse,

“ And fam’d Mæonian troops. But why inquire

“ Minutely thus each sev’ral circumstance 431

“ Of Trojans, or allies ? would you the camp

“ Explore ? The Thracians on the utmost verge

“ Newly arriv’d encamp ; Rhesus their king,

“ Son of Eioneus : I saw his steeds, 435

“ In size, in beauty matchless ; white as snow,

“ Swift as the wind ; I saw his car, with gold

“ Inlaid and silver, wondrous to my eyes ;

“ His golden armour too, of work divine,

“ Huge, massy, ponderous, for mortal man 440

“ Unmeet, and suited to a god alone.

“ Send me then quickly to your ships, or bound

“ With chains here leave me your return to wait ;

“ When you shall know and by experience prove

“ The solemn truth of what I have reveal’d.” 445

“ Talk not to me,” Tydides stern replied
In angry mood ; “ thou mayst not so escape

" Our vengeful hands, whatever be thy words,
" Or true or false : shall we release thee then
" Unransom'd, unredeem'd, to be again 450
" Employ'd as now, a spy upon our camp
" And ships ; or to engage in open war,
" Or work some mischief to the Grecian host ?"

He spake : the suppliant stood, and stretch'd his
hand

To touch Tydides' chin, and mercy claim : 455
But the swift sword descending cut in twain
The nerves whilst yet he spake ; his sever'd head
And lifeless corpse lay mingled with the dust.

And now his helmet and his bended bow,
The white wolf's shaggy spoils, and missive spear,
The heroes seize : Ulysses lifts in air, 460
And thus to Pallas consecrates the prize :

" Accept propitious these and hear our pray'r ;
" Goddess ! whom first and chief we supplicate ;
" Aid our attempt, and to this Thracian guide 465
" Thy servants ; be his steeds our just reward !"

He spake ; and on a lofty tamarisk
The spoils of Dolon hung ; and mark'd the place
With reeds and boughs conspicuous, lest the
night

And darkness them returning should deceive. 470

And now the chiefs o'er arms through heaps of
 slain bring; their course pursued, and sought the Thracian
 camp.

Them sleeping they surpris'd, with toil fordone;
 Their arms, their chariot, and their horses near
 Attendant, by each chieftain ready stood. 475

Rhesus, encircled by his wearied friends,
 With heavy sleep oppress reclining lay;
 Near him his matchless steeds in order rang'd
 Behind his splendid car: Ulysses saw
 The prize, and thus his friend in arms address'd: 480

" This is the Thracian king, and these the steeds
 " Which Dolon pointed out; true were his words,
 " Though he the forfeit of his life hath paid,
 " Slain by our hands. Now be thy courage tried,
 " Nor armed as thou art inactive stand, 485
 " Tydides; now exert thy utmost strength;
 " Seize thou the steeds: or deal destruction round,
 " And let that task be mine." Thus spake the
 chief.

When now with added strength Minerva arm'd
 Her hero's breast; on every side they fall. 490
 Beneath his sword; deep groans of death are heard,
 And rivers flow in blood. The lion thus

The unguarded fold devours, or sheep or goats,
Resistless. Thus with equal rage inspir'd
Tydides fierce invades the Thracian host : 495
Twelve heroes fell beneath his daring hand.
Ulysses provident, with care remov'd
Those whom the sword of Diomed had slain,
And dragg'd them by the feet and clear'd the road ;
Lest the affrighted steeds unus'd to blood, 500
And fearing to advance, should start aside.
Tydides now Rhesus the king attack'd,
With heavy sleep oppress'd, an easy prey.
Just then a fatal vision Pallas sent,
The dream of death, and Rhesus wak'd no more.

Meantime Ulysses seiz'd the wish'd-for prize, 506
Harness'd the Thracian steeds, and led them forth
Directing with his bow ; for in the car
The silver-studded whip unheeded lay ;
Then to Tydides gave the appointed sign. 510
The hero paus'd : still greater deeds inspir'd
His breast ; or now to seize the polish'd car,
And armour gold emboss'd, and drag them forth,
Or lift them high in air ; or with his sword
Spread further desolation through the camp : 515
Him doubting still, Minerva thus address'd :
“ Think of retreat, Tydides, to thy ships ;

“ Some hostile deity may rouse the foe,
“ And numbers joining force thee to retire.”

She spake: Tydides knew the voice divine, 520
Mounted his horse (Ulysses led the way),
And to the ships they urg'd their speedy flight.

Apollo now, the guardian god of Troy,
Indignant, saw them to the ships return
By Pallas aided: fierce his anger burn'd; 525
And hast'ning to the Trojan camp he wak'd

Hippocoön, the faithful friend in arms
Of Rhesus. Starting from his sleep he gaz'd
With terror on the slaught'ed chiefs around,
And Rhesus in the midst, (his matchless steeds 530
Remov'd and gone;) he saw, and deeply groan'd.
Meantime great tumult through the Trojan camp
And loud lament arose; when seen the deeds
Perform'd that night, when known escap'd the
foe.

And now the heroes at the place arriv'd 535
Where Dolon welt'ring lay, where hid his arms;
Ulysses stopp'd, and Diomed with haste
Descending to Ulysses gave the spoils;
And quick his seat resuming, to the ships
Victorious drove the captur'd steeds along. 540

Nestor first heard their near approach, and said,

"Am I deceiv'd, or doth the hollow sound

"Of horses and of horsemen strike my ear?

"O may Ulysses and Tydides prove

"Successful! and these horses safe convey: 545

"From Troy some noble prize! and yet I fear

"Lest they should fall, by numerous foes oppress."

Scarce had he finish'd when the chiefs arriv'd,

Dismounting, then their friends with joy receiv'd

And cheerful gratulation; Nestor first, 550

"Pride of the Grecian host, Ulysses, say

"From whence these horses; from the Trojan

"Camp?" 555

"A present rather from some deity,

"Bright and refulgent as the rays of light.

"Though ever with the Trojan host engag'd 555

"In constant fight, nor yielding to the claims

"Of age; yet never have these eyes beheld

"Such matchless steeds, the present of a god

"I deem; for both great Jove himself regards,

"And Pallas, dreadful in the ranks of war," 560

Ulysses thus replied: "O chief never'd,

"Our glory and our pride, superior far

"To these a god might give; such is their pow'r:

"Of Thracian breed are these, and newly come

"To Troy: the king of Thrace Tydides slew, 565

“ Rhesus his name ; with him twelve heroes fell.

“ These are the spoils from Dolon, whom we took,

“ A secret spy from Troy by Hector sent

“ Our motions to explore, and view our camp.”

Thus spake the chief; and now the trenches pass'd,
The Grecians hail'd with joy their noble prize. 571

Tydidēs at his tent the coursers plac'd,

Where others ready stood : and at his ship

Ulysses rang'd the arms from Dolon won,

To Pallas consecrate : then in the sea 575

Each chief descending bath'd his weary limbs,

Ablution meet ; next from the costly bath

With oil anointed, and refresh'd, they join'd

The festive board, and to the blue-ey'd maid

From golden goblets pour'd the gen'rous wine. 580



BOOK XI.

Now from Tythonus' bed the morn arose,
 Bringing to gods and men the gift of light;
 When Jove in anger to the Grecian ships
 Sent fierce Contention, bearing in her hand
 The signal of dread war. Her station first 5
 At the tall ship of Ithacus she took,
 That her dire voice on both sides might be heard;
 Then at the tents of Ajax Telamon,
 And swift Achilles, who on the utmost bounds,
 Confiding in their strength, had rang'd their ships:
 The goddess there her brazen voice uprais'd, 11
 Portentous, dreadful, and each breast inspir'd
 With added courage; sweeter far the toils
 Of war became than wish'd return to Greece.

Atrides shouted, and his host to arms 15
 Summon'd with speed; himself meantime prepar'd
 His armour for the field. The well-wrought greaves
 With clasps of silver on his martial limbs
 He bound; the corselet arm'd his manly chest,

The gift of Cinyras, (for Cyprus heard 20
 The rumour of the war which Greece prepar'd
 To wage with Troy; and to her mighty king,
 Token of friendship, sent the costly gift,)
 Ten rays of polish'd steel and twelve of gold,
 Twenty of tin the texture firm compos'd; 25
 Three azure serpents rose to guard the neck
 On either side, like to that bended bow
 Which Jove impresses on a radiant cloud
 With varied hue; signal to human-kind.
 Around his shoulders hung the pond'rous sword 30
 Studded with gold: a golden belt upheld
 The silver scabbard: next his arm embrac'd
 The pond'rous shield with glitt'ring tin emboss'd,
 Whose ample verge ten brazen orbs enclos'd,
 And shone irradiate: of a deeper hue 35
 Black steel the centre crown'd; there Gorgon's
 head
 Of dire aspect, whose dread-inspiring eyes
 Like flames appear'd, there terror and dismay:
 The vast circumference a silver belt
 Sustain'd, whose top a serpent's form embrac'd, 40
 And triple head portentous rose to view.
 Then o'er his brow he plac'd the dazzling casque
 With fourfold plume terrific: in his hand

Two spears he bore, whose points shone forth to
heav'n.

Whilst Juno and Minerva rais'd the shout 45

Of war, in honour of Mycenæ's king :

The chariots at the fosse in order rang'd

Their chiefs awaited ; they on foot rush'd forth :

The din of battle wakes the tardy morn.

First in firm ranks array'd the foot advanc'd 50

Supported by the horse, small space between :

Pernicious tumult sent by angry Jove,

Incessant rag'd ; whilst from high heav'n the dew

In drops of purple gore descended thick,

Devoting heroes to the shades below. 55

And now the Trojans duly rang'd mov'd on,

With Hector and Polydamas their chiefs,

And brave Æneas, honour'd as a god ;

And with Antenor's sons, with Polybus,

Agenor, and the warlike Acamas. 60

But Hector foremost in the ranks advanc'd,

Bearing his mighty shield. As when a star

Of omen dire now shines with vivid light,

Now sets obscur'd behind some low'ring cloud ;

So Hector foremost in the van appear'd, 65

Now issued in the rear his dread commands,

His brazen armour glitt'ring as he mov'd,
Like lightning from the angry hand of Jove.

As reapers in the wide-extended field
Of some rich landlord, each to each oppos'd, 70
Level the crop luxuriant, or of wheat
Or barley; thick with sheaves the land is strew'd;
So Greeks and Trojans on each other rush'd
With slaughterous intent; nor once indulg'd
Thought of base flight; but steadfast and erect 75
Maintain'd the combat, and as daring wolves
Advanc'd intrepid. Discord at the sight
Exulting joy'd; for she of all the gods
Was present in the battle's wild uproar;
Others retir'd each to his blest abode 80
On high Olympus sat, nor ceas'd to blame
Jove's partial favour to the Trojan host.
All unconcern'd the Sire of gods and men
Exulting sat, and from Olympus' height
Survey'd the city, and the ships of Greece; 85
Their glitt'ring arms, the slayer and the slain.

Whilst yet the morn and sacred day increas'd,
Through either host, with equal force sustain'd,
The battle rag'd: but at what time, when tir'd
With constant labour, to his homely fare 90

The sturdy woodman under thickest shade
 Betakes him, hungry and with toil fordone,
 Then Grecian valour broke the Trojan ranks :
 Atrides led the way, and shouts approv'd.
 Bienor first, chief of renown, he slew : 95
 Then brave Oileus fell ; the rapid spear
 His forehead pierc'd as to Bienor's aid,
 Quitting his chariot, dauntless he advanc'd,
 (The brazen casque a feeble guard supplied,)
 His brain transfix'd, and staid his bold career. 100
 These leaving of their shining armour stript,
 Forward Atrides rush'd where Antiphus
 And Isus in one car sustain'd the fight ;
 Of noble this, that of ignoble birth,
 The sons of Priam : Isus held the reins, 105
 His spear grasp'd Antiphus. On Ida's top
 Achilles erst the youths with tender twigs
 Fast bound tending their flocks, and from their sire
 Ransom receiv'd. Atrides through the breast
 Of Isus hurl'd his spear ; then with his sword 110
 Slew Antiphus, and quickly both despoil'd ;
 Their arms his prize : for well Atrides knew
 Their lineage ; when Achilles to the ships
 From Ida led them bound, he saw the youths.

As the gaunt lion seizes unawares 115

The tender offspring of the nimble deer
Surpris'd within her lair, sudden they fall
An easy prey to his remorseless jaws;
Whilst she full near, unable to resist,
Opprest with fear stands trembling; then amain
Through the thick forest wings her speedy flight:
In drops the sweat bedews her limbs, such dread
The monster fierce inspires: so none might save
The Trojan youths, such terror then prevail'd.

Next fell Pisandrus and Hippolochus, 125
Sons of Antimachus: (he whilom brib'd
By Paris counsel gave not to restore
Helen; advice now fatal to his sons:)
Them in one chariot borne Atrides seiz'd
As the fell lion: from their trembling hands 130
The reins dropp'd useless: in their chariot prone
On bended knees thus they preferr'd the pray'r:

“ Spare us, Atrides, and a ransom take
“ Of value infinite; for great the wealth
“ In sculptur'd brass, in gold, or iron wrought 135
“ With skill superior in our father's house:
“ These and still more Antimachus will send,
“ If he but hear we at your ships still live.”

Thus they their pray'r with supplicating voice
Preferr'd: Atrides sternly thus replied: 140

“ If ye be sons of wise Antimachus,
 “ Who counsell’d death to our ambassadors,
 “ To Menelaus and Ulysses, take
 “ The just reward of all your father’s crimes.”

He spake ; and from his chariot to the ground 145
 Pisandrus thrust ; the spear transfix’d his chest,
 Supine he fell. Hippolochus dismay’d
 Forth from the chariot leap’d : the vengeful sword
 Sever’d his hands, then headless left the trunk,
 Which like a mortar through the crowd he hurl’d.
 And now Atrides, where the battle rag’d 151
 With force increas’d, rush’d onward with his host.

Now infantry with infantry engag’d,
 And horse with horse (whose numerous feet up-
 rais’d

Thick clouds of dust) dealt slaughter all around ;
 Atrides most, whose voice inspir’d the Greeks
 With added courage. As devouring flames
 In the thick forest rage, on every side
 Borne by the varying winds, the crackling wood,
 The lofty timber sinks beneath its force ; 160
 So fell the Trojans by Atrides’ sword,
 To flight impell’d : then through the routed host
 Spreading dismay, the rapid coursers dragg’d
 Their empty cars ; no chief to guide the reins ;

Fall'n on the plain beneath Atrides' spear
They lay, to vultures and to beasts a prey.

Hector meantime from spear, from dust and
blood,

From slaughter and the battle's wild uproar,
Great Jove withdrew protecting: through the host
Atrides shouts impetuous, and pursues 170
The routed foe, now flying to the tomb
Of Ilus, eager to regain the walls.

Atrides stain'd with gore pursues amain:
Now at the beech and Scæan gate arriv'd,
The victor halts, and reinforcement waits; 175
Whilst o'er the plain the routed Trojans fly.
As herds whose hearts the lion's-roar appalls
In the obscure night, beneath his potent jaws
The hindmost on the plain extended dies;
The insatiate monster swills, and riots in the
blood: 180

Atrides thus pursued, thus fell the foe
Beneath his potent arm; and from their cars
Full many a chief extended in the dust
Fell prone: so rag'd the hero's vengeful spear.

When now the city and the lofty wall 185
The victor chief approach'd: on Ida's top
The Sire of gods and men descending sat,

Grasping his forked lightning, and in haste

Iris his winged messenger address'd :

“ Go, swift-wing'd Iris, to the Trojan chief 190

“ This message bear : Whilst in the foremost ranks

“ Atrides rages, let him quit the field,

“ And leave to other chiefs the doubtful fight :

“ But when Atrides wounded or with sword

“ Or spear again shall mount his rapid car, 195

“ I will inspire him with redoubled force

“ To slay the routed Greeks e'en at their ships

“ Till the sun set, and sacred Night approach.”

He spake : nor did swift Iris disobey :

From Ida to the walls of sacred Troy 200

Descending, by his steeds and polish'd car

The warlike son of Priam she descried,

And near approaching thus her message gave :

“ Hear, son of Priam, fam'd for wisdom's lore,

“ From Jove these words I bear : Whilst in the van

“ Atrides foremost rages, quit the field ; 206

“ Let other Trojan chiefs the fight maintain :

“ But when or wounded by the sword or spear

“ Atrides shall remount his rapid car,

“ He will inspire thee with redoubled force 210

“ To slay the routed Greeks e'en at their ships

“ Till the sun set, and sacred Night approach.”

She spake, and disappear'd : when from his car
The chief all-arm'd descended. In his hands
Two spears he bore, and through the Trojan host
Their courage kindled, and renew'd the fight ; 215
They turn'd and dar'd the foe, who clos'd their
ranks,

And each with menac'd front the dreadful shock
Of arms sustain'd : Atrides mighty chief,
Advancing, foremost to the battle rush'd. 220

Say, heav'nly Muse, what Trojan hero first,
Or brave ally, dar'd the fierce onset prove.
Antenor's warlike son Iphidamas,
Nurtur'd in Thrace for pastur'd herds renown'd ;
Him Cisseus nourish'd in his early youth ; 225
Cisseus maternal uncle, the lov'd sire
Of fair Theano, and to manhood's prime
Detain'd the youth, when he in marriage gave
His daughter : but with martial glory fir'd,
Iphidamas (his nuptial vow forgot) 230
With twelve tall ships sought glory from the
Greeks.

These at Percope station'd, he on foot
Pursued his journey to the Trojan walls,
And with Atrides dar'd the shock of arms.
Him first the spear of dread Atrides miss'd 235

Erring: with utmost strength the Trojan chief
 His spear directed; on the well-wrought belt
 It struck with vehemence, yet pierc'd it not;
 The faithless point turning as lead aside.
 Atrides seiz'd, and with a lion's force 240
 Wrested the weapon from his feebler grasp,
 And with his faulchion smote his neck in twain:
 He falls, a lifeless corpse, and sleeps in death!
 Ill-fated youth! aiding his country's cause,
 Far from his virgin wife, by him enrich'd 245
 With presents numberless, (himself, alas!
 Of every boon depriv'd;) a hundred beeves
 He promis'd, and a thousand sheep and goats,
 For great his store. Him thus Atrides slew,
 And through the host his shining arms convey'd.
 Not unobserv'd by Coon, eldest born 251
 Of fam'd Antenor, who his brother's fate
 Deeply lamenting, near the king approach'd
 Unseen, and aim'd the wound; the unerring spear
 Beneath the elbow pierc'd Atrides' arm. 255
 The hero shudd'ring; nathless he maintain'd
 The combat, and on Coon rush'd amain
 With lifted spear. Just then the pious youth,
 Dragging the corpse of slain Iphidamas,
 Shouted for aid, and call'd the Trojan chiefs. 260

Beneath his shield Atrides fix'd the spear,
Then stretch'd him headless on his brother's chest
With his broad faulchion : to the shades below
Atrides thus Antenor's sons consign'd.
Again the hero through the ranks of war 265
Spread desolation, or with spear or sword,
Or stones of wondrous size, whilst from the wound
The blood yet warmly flow'd ; when now it ceas'd,
And the wound drying, caus'd acutest pains,
Then fail'd the spirit of great Atreus' son. 270

As when sharp pains and agonizing throes
The matron vex, by the Ilithyæ sent
Daughters of Juno, who at births preside :
Thus pains severe subdued Atrides' mind :
Then mounted he his car, and to the ships 275
His course directing, thus the Greeks address'd ;
“ Friends, princes, leaders of the Grecian host,
“ Far from our ships avert the flames of war ;
“ For me, Jove bids me from the fight retire.”

He spake ; and to the ships pursued his way :
The willing steeds urg'd on their rapid course 281
With foaming chests ; thick clouds of dust arose
As from the fight they bore the wounded chief.

Not unobserv'd retir'd the Grecian king ;
When Hector thus with animating speech 285

His troops address'd : "Trojans, and brave allies,
 " Now be your courage, now your valour tried ;
 " The bravest of the Greeks retires, and Jove
 " To me the glory gives : then onward drive
 " Your foaming coursers, and pursue the foe ; 290
 " And be immortal glory your reward."

Thus he their courage and their strength renew'd.
 And as the hunter slips his eager dogs
 Or on the lion or the bristled boar ;
 So Hector on the Greeks the Trojans urg'd, 295
 And led them on like desolating Mars
 Advancing to the war, as sudden blasts
 Impetuous rushing blacken all the deep.
 Say then who first beneath great Hector's spear,
 So Jove ordain'd, who last his life resign'd. 300
 Assæus first, Dolops, Autonus,
 Opites, and the brave Hipponous,
 Æsymnus, Orus and Opheltius,
 Chiefs of renown ; then others of less note.

As when with sudden gust a western storm 305
 Encounters in mid air the gath'ring clouds
 By southern winds condens'd, the affrighted deep
 With surge tremendous rolls the swelling tide,
 And adverse blasts the foaming spray disperse ;
 So Hector's fury swept the Grecian host. 310

Then had destructive and pernicious deeds
And flight disgraceful stain'd the Grecian name,
But Ithacus oppos'd, and thus bespoke
Tydides: "Why, alas! do we forget
" Our courage and our strength? Here let us stand:
" Great were the shame should Hector seize our
" ships." 316

Tydides thus replied: "Here will I stand
" And will endure; yet vantage small I fear,
" Since partial Jove to Hector gives the day."

He spake; and from his chariot to the ground 320
Thymbræus fell'd; the spear transfix'd his chest:
His faithful charioteer Molion next
Ulysses slew; then left him on the plain;
And rushing where the thickest ranks oppos'd,
Destruction spread and death. As when two boars
Resistless fierce, the numerous pack assail; 326
So these the Trojan ranks. The Greeks meantime
Whom Hector's sword dispers'd recov'ed breath.

Then slew they Merops' sons; one chariot bore
The warriors through the ranks, for courage fam'd;
Sons of Percosian Merops, who excell'd 331
In deep prophetic lore, nor would permit
His sons to tempt the dangers of the war.
They disobey'd, stern Fate impell'd them on;

Whom Diomed of light and life depriv'd,
 And of their armour spoil'd. Ulysses slew
 Hippodamus and brave Hyperochus.
 When now from Ida's top Saturnian Jove
 Survey'd the field, and pois'd the doubtful war;
 And equal deaths prevail'd. Tydides' spear 340
 Sore wounded in the hip Agastrophus,
 From Pæon sprung; no horse, no chariot near
 To aid his flight; ill-fated as he was!
 On foot the attempt is vain: he falls and dies.
 Hector perceiv'd, and led his Trojans on 345
 Shouting: Tydides saw the gath'ring storm,
 And anxious thus sage Ithacus address'd:
 " Hither impetuous Hector wheels his course;
 " Here stand we, and united dare the fight."
 He spake, and hurl'd his spear; nor miss'd his aim,
 But on the helmet of the chief of Troy 351
 Smote full, yet pierc'd not through; the plaited
 • casque,
 Gift of Apollo, stopp'd its mighty force.
 Hector in haste retir'd: his bended knee
 And arm his weight supported: o'er his eyes 355
 Darkness prevail'd. Tydides to regain
 His spear pursuit delay'd; for glanc'd aside,
 Deep in the ground was hid the glitt'ring point.

Hector meanwhile reviv'd, and in his car
Vaulting, regain'd the ranks, escap'd from death. 360

Nathless Tydides with uplifted spear

Thus menaced the foe: " Detested chief,

" Thou hast again escap'd, and scarcely so:

" Phœbus hath sav'd thee, to whose awful pow'r

" Thou pray'st when ent'ring mid the shock of

" arms.

365

" Surely thou diest if we but meet again,

" And some propitious god Tydides aid:

" Others meantime shall satiate my revenge."

He spake; and to the spoil of Pæon's son
Hast'ned; when Paris, beauteous Helen's choice,
Prepar'd his bow: conceal'd behind the tomb 371
Of Ilus, ancient senator, he stood.

Just then Tydides from Agastrophus

The varied helmet and the pond'rous shield

And corselet loos'ned. From the well-drawn bow

Th' unerring arrow pierc'd the hero's foot, 376

And fix'd it to the ground: Paris leap'd forth

From his retreat, and thus in taunting guise

Exulting spake: " Not fruitless was my aim,

" And thou art wounded; would to heav'n the

" point

" Were buried in thy heart, and drank thy life!

“ Then might the Trojans breathe awhile from ills,
 “ Who dread thee as the flocks the lion’s rage.”

To whom undaunted, Diomed replied :

“ Vain archer! base deceiver of the sex! 385

“ Soon shalt thou find, if we but meet in arms,

“ Thy bow and arrows but a weak defence :

“ My foot thus slightly wounded be thy boast :

“ Women and children might such wounds inflict :

“ A coward’s weapon in contempt I hold. 390

“ But whom this spear but lightly touch, he dies ;

“ His wife and orphans him with tears lament,

“ Whilst in the blood-stain’d field his carcase rots,

“ To birds of prey than women far more dear.”

Thus spake Tydides : Ithacus meantime 395

Approach’d to shield his friend ; and seated near,

Drew forth the bitter arrow from the wound :

Sharp pains ensued ; when to his car the chief

Hast’ned, and to the ships pursued his way.

Ulysses on the field alone remain’d, 400

No Grecian near, fear urg’d them to base flight ;

When thus indignant, with his mighty soul

The chieftain converse held : “ To fly the foe

“ Though sorely prest, that were indeed disgrace !

“ Yet danger imminent if singly here 405

“ With numbers I contend ; since all our host

“ Are fled, by Jove himself with fear inspir’d.

“ Yet why this doubtful reasoning, O my soul!

“ The coward flies the danger of the field :

“ But he who knows in battle to excel, 410

“ Firmly maintains his ground, to fight or die.”

Whilst thus within himself he reasoning stood,

The foe advanc’d, and near encircled round ;

But to their own destruction. As when dogs

And youthful hunters from the thicket rouse 415

The foaming boar, forth rushing from his lair

He whets his shining tusks, and champs with ire

Gnashing his teeth; all-furious as he is,

They firmly stand, and dare the monster’s force :

So round Ulysses press’d the Trojan youth. 420

He favour’d of the gods with fatal blow

Deiopites through the shoulder pierc’d ;

Then Thoon felt his force, and Ennomos :

And now Chersidamas, as from his horse

Alighting, just beneath his shield receiv’d 425

The fatal wound ; and in the dust expir’d.

Thus slain he left them, and on Charops rush’d,

Brother of Socus, sons of Hippasus. . .

Quick to his brother’s aid brave Socus flew,

And near approaching Ithacus address’d : 430

“ Illustrious chief, insatiate of toils,

“ This day two sons of Hippasus shall fall

“ Beneath thy force, and yield their shining arms

“ Thy meed ; or this my spear thy life arrest.”

Thus saying, on the well-wrought shield he
smote ; 435

Through shield, through corselet pass'd the rapid
spear,

And pierc'd his side ; but Pallas check'd its force,

Nor suff'ered it to enter and destroy.

Ulysses knew the wound of slight import,

And back retiring Socus thus address'd : 440

“ Ill-fated youth ! whom death with hasty
“ stride

“ Approacheth, thou hast caus'd me cease awhile

“ From battle ; yet this self-same day shall bring

“ Destruction on thy head, by me subdued ;

“ This spear shall send thee to the shades below.”

He spake ; when Socus hasty flight prepar'd ; 446

But in his back between the shoulders pass'd

The fatal spear ; transfixt he fell to earth ;

His armour rang : the victor thus resum'd :

“ Socus, renowned son of Hippasus, 450

“ Thus end thy days, thus Fate hath seal'd thy

“ doom :

“ Thou mayst not now escape. Unfortunate !

" No weeping parents shall thy eyelids close
" With decent rites ; the rav'nous bird of prey
" Shall tear thy flesh, clanging his horrid wings :
" But me when dead all Grecia will entomb." 456

Thus having said, he from his wounded side
And shield the spear of valiant Socus drew :
The warm blood issuing sudden fear inspir'd.

The sons of Troy at sight of hostile blood 460
Shouted exulting, and with added force
Advanc'd : Ulysses slowly back retir'd,
And loudly call'd for aid. Thrice loud as man
His voice might raise he call'd, nor call'd in vain ;
Him Menelaus brave in battle heard, 465
And thus the Telamonian chief address'd :
" Illustrious Ajax, bulwark of our host,
" I hear the voice of prudent Ithacus,
" As though surrounded by the numerous foe :
" Then haste we to his aid : however brave, 470
" I tremble for his life, by numbers prest :
" Ulysses slain all Grecia would lament."

He spake ; and led the way where heard the
voice :

Him Ajax follow'd like a god in arms.
Ulysses by the Trojans circled round 475
They found. As wolves upon the mountain top

The wounded stag beset; fixt in his side
 The barbed shaft remains, though for a time
 Whilst warm the blood he nimbly bound along;
 Fainting at length he falls, in the thick wood 480
 An easy prey to their devouring jaws;
 Till by the lion suddenly surpris'd
 They fly; the lordly beast alone devours:
 So round Ulysses fertile in resource
 The Trojans numerous and brave advanc'd; 485
 His threat'ning spear wards off impending death.

Now with his pond'rous shield like to some tow'r
 Ajax advanc'd: through fear, on every side
 The Trojans fled: then from the battle's rage
 The wounded chieftain Menelaus led 490
 In safety to his car, which near them stood.

But Ajax rushing on the foe, slew first
 Doryclus son of Priam, basely born;
 Then Pandocus: and now beneath his sword
 Lysander, Pyrasus, Pylartes, fell. 495

As when the torrent swola by sudden rains,
 Rolls from the mountain height its foaming tide,
 The oak uprooted and the lofty pine
 Are hurried down the steep, while to the sea
 The impetuous deluge pours its turbid flood; 500
 So Ajax o'er the plain destruction spread,

Unknown to Hector. On Scamander's banks
He wag'd the war, and there the field was strew'd
With heroes slain, and endless tumult rose ;
Where Nestor fought and brave Idomeneus. 505
There Hector in the midst, in chariot now,
And now on foot, superior courage show'd,
And deeds of valorous emprise maintain'd.
Nor then had Greece retir'd and left the field,
But Paris with his barbed arrow smote 510
Machaon mighty chief: the rapid shaft
His shoulder pierc'd, and check'd his bold career.
The Grecians trembled for the wounded chief ;
When thus Idomeneus: " Pride of our host,
" Sage Nestor, hither with thy chariot haste ; 515
" With speed Machaon to the ships convey.
" Skill'd in the healing art above mankind,
" Or to apply soft medicine, or extract
" The barbed shaft ; his loss were great indeed !"
He spake: nor disobey'd the Pylian sage, 520
But in his car the wounded chief convey'd,
Machaon, to the distant ships of Greece.
Eftsoons Cebriones from far discern'd
The Trojans routed on the distant plain,
And Hector thus bespoke: " We in the rear 525
" Maintain the doubtful fight, whilst in the van

“ The routed Trojans fly before the foe
 “ In dread confusion : Ajax mighty chief
 “ (I know his sev’nfold orb) spreads death around :
 “ There hasten we where horse and foot engag’d
 “ Conflicting fall, and madd’ning tumult reigns.”

He spake ; and scourg’d the foaming steeds along :
 Through Greeks and Trojans bounds the rapid car ;
 O’er shields, o’er heroes, fetlock deep in gore
 The impetuous coursers rush : distain’d with blood
 The axle groans beneath ; with blood the wheels,
 The trappings, and the car, are purpled o’er.

Hector all-eager through the thickest ranks
 Burst sudden : tumult through the Grecian files
 Prevail’d and dread ; so rag’d the Hectorian spear.
 Whole ranks discomfiting with spear or sword, 541
 Or pond’rous stones, he rang’d the plain along ;
 Yet dar’d he not with Ajax singly fight.
 But Jove supreme the Grecian chief with fear
 Inspir’d ; astonish’d and dismay’d awhile 545
 He stood, and cast his sev’nfold orb behind ;
 And turning oft survey’d the unequal fight ;
 Retiring, but with tardy steps and slow.

And as when dogs and herdsmen from the stall
 Repulse the lion’s strength, and through the night
 Keeping strict watch, his purpose disappoint 551

And maw voracious ; nathless he endures
By famine prest ; yet fruitless all his strength ;
Thick show'rs of arrows, and the flaming torch
Which most he dreads, repel his bold attempt ; 555
With light he to his den growling retires
So Ajax from the battle slow withdrew
Reluctant, trembling for the Grecian fleet,

As the slow ass the growing crop invades,
By boys oppos'd in vain ; nor frequent blows 560
Prevent ; though still pursued he eats his fill,
So puny their attack ; then scarce retreats ;
Thus Trojans and allies pursue the chief
Of Telamonian race : the frequent spear
Rings on his orbid shield : now on the foe 565
Turning he rushes, and maintains the war
Dauntless : now fear persuades disgraceful flight,
Yet not unmindful to protect the fleet,
Between contending hosts he stands oppos'd,
And bars the road, lest they the ships invade. 570
Thrown from the hand of many a valiant chief,
The frequent spear stands fixt within the shield ;
Whilst others, ere they reach the destin'd mark,
Fall in midway and lost in empty air.
Whom when Eurypylus, Euzæmon's son, 575
Encumb' red thus with weapons numberless

Perceiv'd, forthwith approaching, with his spear
 He Apisaon smote, chief of renown,
 The son of Phausius: the fatal point
 His liver pierc'd, and instant death ensued. 580

Eurypylus, intent to spoil the slain,
 Rush'd forward: him the godlike Paris saw
 Despoiling Apisaon, and prepar'd
 His bow. The winged shaft unerring flew,
 Pierc'd through his thigh, and breaking, left its
 point 585

Deeply infixt. The wounded chief retir'd
 Within the ranks again, avoiding death,
 And loudly thus exclaim'd: " Friends, princes,
 " chiefs,

" Now firmly stand, and from united foes
 " Save Ajax sorely prest by hostile darts; 590
 " Or lost our mighty chief: then firmly stand."

Thus spake Eurypylus: with spears uprais'd
 And shields opposing, onward rush'd the Greeks
 And rallied round their chief, who slow retir'd;
 Then turning to the foe, with dauntless front 595
 Stood: like devouring fire the battle rag'd.

Meantime the coursers of the Pylian chief
 Convey'd Machaon to the Grecian ships.

Him as he pass'd divine Achilles knew,

As from his lofty vessel's stern he view'd
The labour of the field and mournful flight,
And to his friend Patroclus quickly call'd
With elevated voice. He from his tent
Issu'd like Mars; in evil hour, first source
Of all his woes, and thus in answer said: 605

"Why calls Achilles, and with anxious voice?"

When thus replied Achilles swift of foot:

"O Menoitides! friend whom my soul

"Most values, most esteems, soon now I deem

"The Greeks will at my knees pour forth the
"pray'r 610

"And supplicate my aid, for great their need.

"Haste then, Patroclus, lov'd of Jove, inquire

"Whom Nestor from the battle wounded brought;

"Like to Machaon, Æsculapius' son,

"Passing he seem'd; yet saw I not his face, 615

"So quickly flew the rapid steeds along."

He spake; Patroclus, to his friend's request
Obedient, hast'ned to the tents and ships.

And now the chiefs at Nestor's tent arriv'd.

Eurymedon unyok'd the panting steeds; 620

Whilst they with heat oppress first sought the
breeze

Fresh coming from the sea, and quick unbound

Their corselets, turning to the balmy gale ;
 Then seated in the tent their limbs repos'd.
 The grateful bev'rage Hecamede prepar'd, 625
 Whom Nestor brought from Tenedos, destroy'd
 By Peleus' son (Arsinous was her sire);
 Her on the Pylian sage the Greeks bestow'd,
 Of counsel best and wisest, just reward.

First she the well-wrought polisht table set, 630
 (Of ebony the feet); then on it plac'd
 A brazen charger which within contain'd
 An onion highly flavour'd, sacred wheat
 In purest meal, and honey from the comb.
 Near this the cup she plac'd with gold embost : 635
 (Nestor from Pylos brought this treasure rare ;
 Four handles grac'd it, and on each were seen
 Two doves in posture stooping as to drink,
 And other two supporting form'd the base ;
 No aged hand the cup when full might lift 640
 Save Nestor only ; light to him the task.)
 The nymph divine thus mix'd the grateful cup :
 First grated cheese from goat's milk, Pramnian
 wine

She mingled, and of wheat the purest meal :
 Then to the chiefs presented ; who their thirst 645
 Allaying, with each other converse held :

When at the tent *Manoetius' son* appear'd.
Him *Nestor* saw, and from his seat uprose ;
And taking by the hand his valued friend,
Welcom'd his coming. He with mildness thus 650
His courtesy declin'd : " *Illustrious sage*,
" No seat for me ; nor will he brook delay,
" Impetuous hasty, who hath sent me here
" To learn whom wounded to the ships you
" bring.

" I see *Machaon* ; then permit return, 655
" That I a faithful messenger may prove :
" For well thou know'st, O venerable man !
" *Achilles* prone to blame where blame is none."

Nestor thus answer'd : " Does he then lament
" The wounded sons of Greece ? He cannot know
" The measure of those griefs our host endures.
" Our bravest warriors or with sword or spear
" Lie wounded at the ships : great *Tydeus' son*,
" *Illustrious Diomed* ; *Ulysses* skill'd himself
" To hurl the spear : *Atrides* too 665
" Is wounded sore, and brave *Eurypylus*,
" His thigh transfix'd with a barbed shaft.
" This friend I from the battle have convey'd
" Thus wounded as you see. But *Peleus' son*,
" Brave though he be, nor pities nor regards. 670

“ Or waits he till the flames consume our ships
 “ Here on the strond ; whilst we, resistance vain,
 “ Are slaught’red heaps on heaps ? No longer
 “ now •

“ As heretofore my limbs firm strength possess.
 “ O could my youth return, and former strength,
 “ As when with Elis I the battle mov’d, 676
 “ To guard my spoils by lawful conquest gain’d !
 “ Then did this arm slay brave Itymoneus,
 “ Son of Hyperochus ; (in Elis dwelt
 “ The chief.) I drove away the num’rous spoils :
 “ But he in their defence my shaft receiv’d, 681
 “ And fell. The fright’ned herdsmen fled the
 “ field :

“ We the rich booty from their pastures took ;
 “ Of oxen fifty herds, as many flocks
 “ Of sheep ; as many swine, and goats the same :
 “ Of mares one hundred fifty grac’d our spoils, 686
 “ Each with her foal. To Pylos these we drove
 “ By night. Neleus my sire rejoic’d to find
 “ Such treasures crown’d my first essay in arms.
 “ When now return’d, heralds aloud proclaim’d, 690
 “ That all who had on Elis just demands
 “ Should duly meet and the rich spoil divide,
 “ For much the Epeians ow’d. There was a time

- “ When Pylos much endur’d; her armies thinn’d
“ By the victorious hand of Hercules, 695
“ And all her chiefs in battle overthrown:
“ I of twelve sons alone remain’d alive
“ To Neleus. Then the Epeians swoln with pride
“ Heap’d insult upon insult, wrongs on wrongs.
“ A herd of oxen Neleus to his share 700
“ Selected, and three hundred sheep; with these
“ Their shepherds: (for to him much Elis ow’d.)
“ Four steeds unrival’d in the Olympic games
“ (Their prize a golden tripod) Neleus sent.
“ Augeas, king of Elis, them detain’d, 705
“ And sent the charioteer with insult home.
“ Mov’d by these causes Neleus of the spoil
“ A large proportion seiz’d, reprisal just;
“ The rest as their demand the people shar’d:
“ These I administ’red; and to the gods 710
“ Due sacrifice prepar’d. Scarce had three days
“ Elaps’d when they with horse and foot advanc’d,
“ Their whole united force: Molion’s sons,
“ Young, inexperienc’d, led the numerous host.
“ High on a lofty rock Thryoessa stands, 715
“ Near Alpheus’ stream, at the extremest bounds
“ Of sandy Pylos: thither all her force
“ Epeia sent to plunder and destroy.

- “ When pass’d the plain, Minerva in the night
 “ Summon’d to arms ; nor Pylos disobey’d, 720
 “ All eager for the war. Neleus meantime
 “ My steeds conceal’d, and strict forbad the war
 “ To my unequal youth : on foot I went,
 “ Nor yielded to the horse in deeds of arms
 “ And valorous acts, for Pallas led the way. 725
 “ Where Minyus near Arene pours its flood
 “ Into old Ocean’s bosom, there encamp’d
 “ The Pylian force waited approaching morn :
 “ From thence we march’d to Alpheus’ sacred
 “ stream,
 “ All arm’d : there we to Jove supreme prepar’d
 “ Due sacrifice : to Alpheus’ stream a bull ; 731
 “ A bull to Neptune ; to the blue-ey’d maid
 “ An untam’d heifer : then refresh’d our host,
 “ And on the river’s margin slept in arms.
 “ Intent on spoil the Epeians press’d the siege ; 735
 “ Yet great the contest ere success might crown
 “ Their hopes ; for when the sun arose, to Jove
 “ And to Minerva we address’d the pray’r,
 “ And to the onset rush’d. Both armies thus
 “ Conflicting, first this hand slew Mulius, 740
 “ Son of Augeas, Agamede’s spouse,
 “ Of Actor eldest born ; and seiz’d his steeds :

- “ (Fair Agamede, skill'd each herb to trace
“ Of healing pow'r which bounteous earth bestows :)
“ Slain by my spear prone in the dust he fell : 745
“ I leap'd into his car, and led the van.
“ Then trembled all the Epeian host, and fled
“ Routed ; their chieftain fall'n though brave in
“ arms.
“ Then like the desolating tempest's force
“ I rush'd upon the foe. Full fifty cars 750
“ I took ; from each two warriors bit the dust,
“ Slain by my spear : nor had Molion's sons
“ My force escap'd, but Neptune from the fight
“ In thickest clouds involv'd, preserv'd their youth :
“ Then Jove with honour crown'd the Pylian arms.
“ O'er the wide plain with shields and armour
“ strew'd, 756
“ We slew the routed foe, and took the spoil :
“ Nor stay'd till at Buprasium's fields arriv'd,
“ Th' Olenian rock, Alesium, and the town
“ Of fair Colone ; there we stopp'd pursuit, 760
“ So Pallas gave command ; and there I slew
“ The last Epeian. From Buprasium
“ To Pylos we return'd. Jove first receiv'd
“ Of gods the public thanks, then Neleus' son
“ Of men. Such was my youth. Achilles hides

- " His valour in revenge, with sorer grief
 " Hereafter to lament, when slain our host.
 " O friend! Manœtius gave you this advice
 " When he from Phthia to Atrides sent
 " Thee his lov'd son; (Ulysses and myself 770
 " Were there, and heard his words:) where Peleus
 " dwelt
 " Thither we hast'ned, earnest to collect
 " Th' Achaian forces for our destin'd war.
 " Manœtius there, Achilles and thyself,
 " We found. . . Peleus just then to Jove supreme
 " Due off'rings made, and from the golden cup 776
 " Pour'd rich libations on the smoking rites:
 " You ~~two~~ prepar'd the flesh: we stood without.
 " Achilles from his seat astonish'd rose,
 " And led us by the hand, and seating, gave 780
 " Courteous reception, as to strangers due.
 " After refreshment I the speech address'd,
 " Persuading you to aid us in the war:
 " Both eagerly engag'd. Your prudent sires
 " Much admonition gave: 'Be brave, my son, 785
 " (Thus counsell'd Peleus,) 'and excel in arms.'
 " To you Manœtius, son of Actor, said:-
 " 'My son, Achilles is of nobler birth,
 " 'But you are oldest; he in strength excels:

“ ‘Be it your care sage counsel to suggest, 790

“ ‘And to instruct his youth; he will obey.’

“ Your father thus: but you, alas! forget.

“ Yet even now, perchance, he will attend

“ Your words, should heav’n assist: still might you

• “ rouse

“ His soul to arms; much pow’r hath friendship’s

“ voice.

795

“ But if forewarn’d by oracles divine,

“ If Thetis, sent by Jove, forbid his aid,

“ Let him send forth his Myrmidons with thee,

“ If haply thou mayst aid our failing host,

“ Clad in his glitt’ring arms: with terror seiz’d,

“ Mistaking thee for him, all Troy would flee, 801

“ And our afflicted host might breathe awhile:

“ Fresh troops with ease the wearied foe may drive

“ Back to their city, from our ships and tents.”

Thus Nestor spake: his words impressive sank
Deep in Patroclus’ breast. He hast’ned back 806

To Peleus’ son: when at the ships arriv’d

Of Ithacus, (for there by custom held

The chiefs their council, and the seat maintain’d

Of justice; there the altar of their gods,) 810

Just there Euæmon’s son, Eurypylus,

He met, sore wounded in the thigh, escap’d

Though lame, from battle : (drops of sweat, meantime,

Bedew'd his limbs, and from the rankling wound
Fast flow'd the blood, yet unsubdued his mind.) 815
Compassion touch'd his breast ; he stopp'd, and thus
In mournful words his suff'ring friend address'd :

“ Unhappy Grecian chiefs and counsellors!

“ Far from your friends, and from your country far,

“ Must you thus satisfy the savage beasts 820

“ On Trojan plains? Yet say, Eurypylus,

“ Doth Greece sustain the force of Hector's spear,

“ Or sink beneath his desolating arm?”

Eurypylus replied: “ No help remains,

“ Godlike Patroclus ; no protection left 825

“ To save our fleet from the victorious foe ;

“ Our chiefs all wounded, but their strength in-

“ creas'd :

“ Yet help me, and conduct me to my ship ;

“ Extract the arrow's point, and cleanse my wound

“ With warm ablution and soft medicine 830

“ Of healing virtue ; such as Chiron taught

“ Achilles, and to you by him made known :

“ Of those with us most skill'd, one at his tent,

“ Machaon, wounded, needs like aid himself ;

“ And Podalirius still maintains the fight.” 835

To whom Menœtius' warlike son replied:

" How may this be, Eurypylus? what steps

" May I unblam'd pursue? To Peleus' son

" I hasten, with important business charg'd

" From Nestor, chief rever'd, our great support:

" Yet must I not forget my valued friend 841

" In this his need." Thus saying, in his arms

Supporting to his tent the chief he led.

The servant strew'd the floor, and on the ground

Extended at his length the hero plac'd: 845

Patroclus from his thigh the painful shaft

Cut out; then cleans'd with water pure the wound,

And juice of bitter root well bruise'd applied,

Of sov'reign pow'r to heal, and all his pains

Sudden remov'd: the blood no longer flow'd. 850

BOOK XII.

THUS at the tents Menoëtius' warlike son
Heal'd the sore wound of brave Eurypylus :
Each host meantime renew'd the dreadful fight :
Nor might the fosse protect, nor ample wall
Rais'd to secure the fleet from hostile force ; 5
No sacrifices paid to heav'nly pow'rs,
That they might guard the ships and the rich spoils
Within contain'd : begun with adverse heav'n
No works of mortal man may long endure !
Whilst Hector liv'd and sacred Troy remain'd, 10
And swift Achilles cherish'd dire revenge,
So long the Grecian wall remain'd entire :
But when the bravest of the Trojan host
Were slain, and sacred Troy to flames consign'd ;
When the victorious Grecians back return'd 15
To their lov'd country, after loss severe ;
Then Neptune and Apollo overthrew
The wall, and pour'd from Ida's lofty top
The numerous streams : Rhesus, Heptaporus,

Caresus, Rhodius, and Æsepus' flood,
Granicus, and Scamander's sacred stream ;
And Simois, whose deep and gulfy tide
Shields, helmets, rolls along, and godlike heroes
slain.

Nine days Apollo turn'd their heady course
Against the wall ; and with incessant rains 25
Jove swell'd their streams, and delug'd with the sea
The unhallow'd work ; Neptune strode on before,
Bearing his trident : piles and massy stones
Shook from their deep foundations, and o'erwhelm'd
Sank in the flood. The labour of the Greeks 30
Thus levell'd with the rapid Hellespont,
The wall destroy'd, a sandy desert rang'd
The coast along : each river then restor'd,
Roll'd the pure stream along its wonted course :
Phœbus and Neptune this to later times 35
Reserv'd, and future days. Then rag'd the war
With clamorous uproar around the wall
Struck by the frequent spear ; whilst at their ships,
By adverse Jove subdued, the Greeks remain'd,
Dreading the approach of Hector's vengeful spear, 40
Which dealt destruction like the whirlwind's force.

As when on dogs and hunters or the boar
Or lion turns, and from his eyeballs rolls

Indignant fires, united they oppose
The monster's force, and ply the frequent dart ; 45
Nor terror nor affright his heart assails
Though death await him ; sudden oft he turns,
The yielding ranks give way nor wait the attack :
Thus Hector mov'd tumultuous, and his host
Urg'd to o'erleap the fosse, whilst at the brink 50
The snorting steeds started, nor dar'd the assault ;
So deep the trench, so difficult the pass,
Guarded by palisadoes strong and large,
Fixt by the Grecians to repel the foe :
Thus rend'red or to chariot or to horse 55
Impregnable. When now the bold emprise
To infantry alone, as suited best,
Polydamas assign'd, and thus address'd
Hector with counsel just : " Illustrious chief
" Of Troy, and all ye leaders and allies, 60
" Unwisely with our horse do we attempt
" The fosse, of access dangerous, with stakes
" Sharp'ned thick set, and by the Grecian wall
" Defended, where no horse may well engage,
" Pent in, to missive weapons most expos'd : 65
" But if great Jove to Greece destruction send ;
" If he assist the Trojans, (and may Heav'n
" Propitious hear, and grant my earnest pray'r!)

“ O may they perish from their country far,
“ And be this glorious day the last of Greece! 70
“ But should they turn again; should they repulse
“ Our troops hemm’d in between the fosse and wall,
“ Scarce might a messenger escape to Troy
“ With tidings of our sad discomfiture.
“ Attend what I advise: here by the fosse 75
“ Let horse and chariot stand in order rang’d,
“ Whilst we all arm’d on foot rush on the foe,
“ And Hector lead the way; they will not long
“ Sustain the attack; o’er their devoted heads
“ Stern fate impends, and dark destruction low’rs.”

Thus spake the chief; nor Hector disapprov’d, 81
But leap’d all armed from his glitt’ring car;
By his example led, each Trojan chief
Dismounting gave in charge that at the fosse
His chariot and his steeds should ready stand: 85
On foot they form’d, and all in order rang’d
Five columns deep, waited their chiefs’ commands.
Led on by Hector and Polydamas,
The bravest Trojans, eager to engage,
Anticipate success even at the ships 90
The feeble barrier pass’d. Cebriones
With these march’d on; the chariot and the steeds
Left with some warrior of inferior note,

So Hector gave command : and next to these
Paris, Agenor, and Alcathous. 95
Deiphobus and Helenus led on
The third division, Priam's noble sons,
With Asius, valiant son of Hyrtacus,
Whom the bright coursers of superior size
From Selle's stream and fair Arisbe bore. 100
Æneas next, Anchises' warlike son,
Led on his martial bands ; with whom advanc'd
Archelochus and Acamas, the sons
Of brave Antenor, skill'd in feats of arms :
Sarpedon next led on the allies of Troy, 105
With Glaucus and Asteropæus, chiefs
Of high renown, and fam'd for martial deeds.
And now with shields compact in firm array
Onward they mov'd, with ardënt courage fir'd,
To storm the camp and burn the Grecian fleet. 110
Thus Trojans and allies obey'd the voice
And prudent counsel of Polydamas ;
Asius, the valiant son of Hyrtacus,
Alone refus'd to quit his glitt'ring car :
Eager the foremost to pursue the foe 115
Routed, and pour destruction on the fleet;
Improvident ! nor might he thus avert
Impending fate ; nor might the steeds, his pride,

Convey him back to Ilium's lofty walls,
Slain by the spear of great Idomeneus. 120
First to the left he steer'd his rapid course,
Where to the camp and ships a portal stood
Of access easy, open to receive
And save the wounded or retreating foe.
Thither he furious drove: his troops pursued 125
And shouted loud, with ardent hope elate
To slay the routed Greeks, and burn their ships.
Unwisely! at the gates two chiefs they found,
Sons of the Lapithæ; Leonteus this,
That Polypoetes nam'd, of matchless force; 130
Before the gate they stood. As lofty oaks,
Pride of the forest, on the mountain's brow
Deep-rooted stand unmov'd amid the storm
And tempest of the sky from age to age;
So these, confiding in their hardy strength 135
And prowess, stood unmov'd, and brav'd the attack
Of Asius, whose confederate bands with shields
Uplifted, to the wall shouting advanc'd;
Asius, Orestes, and Iamenos,
Ænomaus, Thoön, Athamas, their chiefs. 140
The daring sons of Lapithæ within
The walls exhort the Greeks to guard their ships;
But, when advanc'd the foe, and tumult reign'd

And fear appall'd the Greeks, then forth they rush'd
Undaunted, and alone sustain'd the war. 145

As two wild boars, who in the mountain brave
The hunters' shouting and the cry of dogs,
Obliquely rushing down the woody steep,
Uproot the forest with their foaming tusks
Champing, till, pierc'd by numerous strokes, they
die ; 150

So on their breast sounded the shining brass
Smote by the frequent spear ; so bravely dar'd
The dauntless sons of Lapithæan race
Encourag'd by their friends, who from the walls
And battlements hurl'd show'rs of pond'rous stones,
If haply they might guard their tents and ships 156
From threat'ned ruin : thick as pelting hail
Pour'd from the low'ring tempest on the ground,
Borne by the force of winds ; so from each host
The missive weapons pour, from frequent strokes
Helmets and shields resound on every side. 161

Then deeply groaning with indignant rage
Thus Asius rash exclaim'd : " And art thou false,
" Great Jove? for such I deem thee, since the foe
" Dare thus resist our arms. As wasps or bees 165
" Which by some road have form'd their hollow
" nest,

“ And pour in numbers to defend their young ;
“ So from the gate, disdaining base retreat,
“ Two chiefs alone our numerous forces brave,
“ Nor yield till slain or captur’d in the field.” 170
Thus Asius spake : but not by words like
these

Was chang’d the mind of Jove, intent to give
The honour of that day to Hector’s arm.
Nor there alone, but at each several gate
Conflicting arms engag’d, which to recount 175
Were difficult, unless some pow’r divine
The song inspire ; for through the whole extent
Of wall the battle as consuming fire
Rag’d, whilst by hard necessity impell’d
The sorrowing Grecians guarded still their ships,
And favouring deities their fate deplor’d. 181

Now the dread Lapithæ to battle mov’d.
First Polypoetes pierc’d the brazen casque
Of Damasus ; the spear transfix’d the bone,
Ent’red the brain, and staid his bold career : 185
Pylon and Ormenos then breathless fell
Beneath his sword. Leonteus through the belt
Wounded Hippomachus ; then rushing on
The crowded ranks, first with his faulchion slew
Antiphatus ; then Menon felt his force ; 190

Orestes next, and brave Iamenos,
In quick succession dying, heap'd the plain.

Whilst these victorious reap'd the glitt'ring spoils,
The braver Trojans crowded round their chiefs
Polydamas and Hector, fully bent 195

To force the pass and burn the ships with fire.

Whilst yet debating at the fosse they stood
Impatient for the fight, the bird of Jove
Aloft in air between each host appear'd,
Whose talons grasp'd a serpent's scaly form 200

Of size enormous, bleeding yet alive,
And eager for revenge; with sudden turn
Writhing its tortuous folds, beneath the breast
It fix'd the wound: pain'd by the sudden stroke
Before the Trojan chiefs he dropp'd his prey, 205
And loudly screaming wing'd his rapid flight.

Whilst each beholder terror-struck survey'd
The speckled monster, signal of high Jove,
Polydamas great Hector thus address'd:

“ Hector, my sentiments you often blame 210
“ Though just and right; yet would it ill become
“ A citizen in council or in war
“ Other advice to give than what might aid
“ Thy pow'r, and vindicate his country's cause:
“ So will I now declare what seemeth best. 215

“ No further let us urge this vain attack :
“ Mark but the event. If, as I deem, the bird
“ Of Jove be sent a token to our host,
“ Whose talons grasp’d a serpent’s scaly form
“ Of size enormous, bleeding yet alive, 220
“ But dropp’d his prey ere at his nest arriv’d,
“ Nor gave it to his young ; so surely we,
“ Though burst the solid gates and pass’d the wall
“ By force superior, though repuls’d the Greeks ;
“ Yet from the ships shall foul discomfiture 225
“ By the same road drive back our routed host,
“ And many heroes fall beneath the foe
“ Contending at the ships : who reads the signs
“ This truth must know, and what he knows de-
“ clare.”

When Hector sternly thus : “ Polydamas, 230
“ Thy counsel pleaseth not ; thou might’st advise
“ Far better ; or if this thou deemest best,
“ And spoken from the heart, some adverse god
“ Hath of intelligence thy mind bereft.
“ Wouldst thou that I reject Jove’s high behest,
“ His nod propitious, his direct command, 236
“ To follow what ? the devious flight of birds
“ On airy pennons borne : I heed them not,
“ Whether to hail the orient beam of light

“ Eastward they take their course; or to the west,
“ To darkness and to night: we Him alone
“ Obey who reigns o’er gods and men supreme:
“ One omen to defend my country’s cause
“ My soul acknowledgeth both first and best.
“ What! dost thou dread the war? thou need’st
“ not fear: 245

“ Though we all perish at the Grecian ships,
“ Thy coward heart will never dare the fight.
“ Yet note it well: shouldst thou or fly thyself,
“ By fancied omens led, or others move
“ To flight, this spear shall fix thee to the ground.”

He spake, and led them on: with clamorous
shouts

They followed: when from Ida’s lofty top
The mighty Thund’rer sent a chilling blast
Full on the ships; the dust in whirlwind flew,
And damp’d the spirit of the Grecian host: 255
Whilst by the favourable omen led,
The Trojan chiefs anticipate success
And storm the wall. The lofty battlements,
The massy piles displac’d on every side,
In ruins fall. Nathless the Grecian host 260
Maintain their ground, and by their orb’d shields
Protected, from the wall repel the foe:

Each Ajax rallies, and from tow'r to tow'r
Their courage rouses, and exhorts to arms
Or by persuasive words or threats severe: 265

“ Brave Grecians, ye who most excel in arms ;
“ And ye, since various are the gifts of heav'n,
“ Who fill the humbler walks, most urgent need,
“ As well ye know, demands the aid of all :
“ Here then defend your ships, nor once look back ;
“ Right onward press the foe, with one consent 270
“ Uniting: yet again propitious Jove
“ May crown our efforts with desir'd success,
“ And drive our enemies again to Troy.”

Thus they the Greeks exhorted to the fight. 275
As when great Jove prepares the winter's storm
Of snow, thick flakes on every side descend,
The weapons of the god ; and every wind
Is hush'd asleep ; the lofty mountain top,
Each craggy summit, each projecting rock, 280
The fertile plain and cultivated fields
Are cov'ed o'er ; each port and winding shore,
All but the wasteful ocean, when the storm
Of angry Jove frequent and thick descends :
So flew from either host thick show'rs of stones, 285
From Trojan now, and now from Grecian hands
Thrown vehement ; and noise and tumult reign'd.

Nor then had Hector burst the pond'rous gates
And massy bars, but that all-pow'rful Jove
Inspir'd with martial flame his godlike son 290
Sarpedon to attack the Grecian wall :
Forthwith his shield he high in air advanc'd,
Of curious workmanship, whose brazen folds
Thick hides inclos'd, whose orb with studded gold
Encircled shone, high polish'd, beautiful, 295
Wrought by no common hand ; then onward mov'd
Grasping two spears. As from the mountain's brow
The famish'd lion to the plain descends
Dauntless, by hunger urg'd to boldest deeds ;
Now tries the stall, though herdsmen arm'd appear,
And dogs and weapons guard the shelt' red herd, 301
Yet doth he scorn retreat, nor quits the stall,
But or the fence o'erleaping, rends his prey,
Or wounded in the dangerous conflict dies :
Urg'd by the love of fame, by glory fir'd, 305
Divine Sarpedon then the wall attack'd,
Eager to storm the breach, and thus bespoke
Glaucus, the son of brave Hippolochus :

“ Why, Glaucus, do we hold the foremost seats
“ And highest honours at the festive board ? 310
“ The choicest viands and the flowing cup
“ In Lycia ? why as gods admir'd by all ?

‘ And large possessions hold by Xanthus’ stream,
 ‘ Fertile in vineyards and the yellow crop
 “ Of golden Ceres? It behoves us then 315.
 “ As chiefs in Lycia to excel in fight, at
 “ And foremost dare the dangers of the field;
 “ That all amongst the Lycian bands may say,
 “ ‘Our chiefs deserve those honours they receive,
 “ ‘Nor feast inglorious at their country’s cost, 320.
 “ ‘Quaffing rich wine, but dare the battle’s rage,
 “ ‘In honour first, and first in deeds of arms.’
 “ Might we, my friend (escap’d this dang’rous war),
 “ Live privileg’d from age, and be as gods
 “ Immortal, I should not thus rashly fight, 325
 “ Nor urge thee to this hazardous emprise;
 “ But now, since thousand deaths on every side
 “ Encompass us around, which or to fly
 “ Or to avoid is not for mortal man,
 “ Let us advance, and glory be the prize.” 330
 Thus spake the chief; nor Glaucus disobey’d,
 But onward led the numerous Lycian bands:
 Whom when Menestheus, son of Peteus, saw,
 (For to his post direct they bent their march,)
 With fear assail’d he turn’d his eager looks 335
 If haply he might find some warrior chief
 To aid the doubtful war and check the foe.

The valiant son of Telamon he saw,
And Teucer; yet to call them was in vain;
So great the noise, such shouting rent the air, 340
And shield and helmets from the frequent stroke
Of spears resounded: so at every gate
The conflict dire prevail'd; so press'd the foe,
Eager on every side to force their way,
And entrance gain; when to Thoötes thus 345
Menestheus spake: "Hasten with speed and call,
" O blameless herald, either Ajax here:
" Urgent the need, for this way tends the foe,
" And havoc is at hand; the Lycian chiefs
" This way tumultuous march as heretofore 350
" With force impetuous, eager to engage:
" But, should the conflict there demand their stay,
" Let Telamonian Ajax lend his aid,
" And Teucer skill'd to aim the fatal shaft." 355
He spake: Thoötes hast'ned to obey,
And thus the Telamonian chief address'd:
" Illustrious warrior, bulwark of our host,
" Brave Peteus' son Menestheus craves your aid
" At yonder tower to repel the assault:
" Urgent the need, for thither tends the foe, 360
" And havoc is at hand; the Lycian chiefs
" Thither as heretofore tumultuous march

- “ With force impetuous, eager to engage :
“ But, should the conflict here your stay demand,
“ Let Telamonian Ajax thither go, 565
“ And Teucer, skill'd to aim the fatal shaft.”

He spake : nor Ajax disobey'd his voice,
But to Oileus' son these words address'd :
“ Ajax, do you with Lycomedes here
“ The Greeks encourage, and maintain the fight ;
“ I yonder go to aid the doubtful war ; 371
“ The foe repuls'd I will again return.”

Thus saying he departed, and with him
Teucer (whose well-wrought bow Pandion bore),
A grateful succour to the wearied troops 375
With Mnestheus, at whose post sore press'd they
fought.

The Lycian chiefs, impetuous as the storm,
Scal'd the high battlements, and urg'd the assault :
With furious onset and the shout of war.

First with a stone of more than common size 380
Ajax Epicles slew, Sarpedon's friend ;
A fragment of the wall ; scarce from the ground
The strongest youth in these degenerate days
Might raise the cumbrous mass : high pois'd in air
He bore aloft, then hurl'd it on the foe, 385
Whose casque receiv'd, nor might sustain the force,

In pieces crusht, it mash'd the bone within ;
And, as a diver, from the tow'r he fell.
Then Glaucus, son of brave Hippolochus,
By Teucer wounded, from the fight withdrew ; 390
When rushing to the wall the barbed shaft
Pierc'd through his arm : back from the wall he
 leap'd
Unnotic'd, lest the foe should insult add
And boasting words. Yet did Sarpedon grieve,
His friend thus wounded : nathless he renew'd 395
The conflict, and Alcmaon with his spear
Transfix'd : headlong he fell, his armour rang.
Nor staid Sarpedon, but with utmost strength
Grasping the embattled wall, forthwith he dragg'd
The cumbrous ruin smoking to the ground ; 400
The wid'ned breach appear'd : there Ajax staid,
And Teucer, his assault, with spear and shaft ;
This through the well-wrought belt, (but Jove his son
Protecting sav'd, nor suff' red at the ships
To fall,) that on his orb'd shield with force 405
Great Ajax smote, and staid his fierce attack :
He ceas'd awhile, yet did he scorn retreat,
For glory led him on, but thus his troops
Exhorted : " Do ye then remit the fight,
" O Lycians ! and to me alone consign 410

“ The perilous emprise to force a way

“ E’en to the ships? then follow where I lead :

“ Where numbers aid, the work succeedeth best.”

He spake : the Lycians shouting press’d around
Their chief ; nor less the Greeks within the wall
Their force collected : arduous was the fight ; 416
For neither might the Lycians to the ships
A passage gain, nor might the Greeks repulse
The Lycian phalanx to the wall advanc’d.

As when two men, tenacious of their right 420
(Their measure and their tallies in their hands),
In common field dispute the unsettled claim,
And for small portion earnestly contend :
So at the wall conflicting hosts engag’d,
The battlements dividing each from each. 425
Corselets and shields and helmets from the strokes
Resounded ; blood on every side appear’d,—
Or where retreat stain’d with disgraceful wound,
Or through the opposing shield the weapon flew
Resistless in its course : with blood the tow’rs, 430
With blood the battlements are cov’red o’er,
And Greeks and Trojans equal loss sustain.
As when some poor but honest hand suspends
The levell’d scales and weighs the fleecy yarn,
The daily task, the careful matron’s work, 435

Whose labour thus her children's wants supplies ;—
So doubtfully the fight suspended stood,
Nor either host prevail'd : when mighty Jove
To Hector gave the glory of the day,
To force the barrier and to burst the gates, 440
Who thus his troops encourag'd to the assault :

“ Now warlike Trojans, to the breach once more !
“ Now break we through, and burn their ships with
“ fire

“ Unquenchable !” He spake, and led them on :
Encourag'd by his words, in close array 445
Right on they march'd, and with uplifted spears
The battlements assail'd, and scal'd the wall.

Then Hector seiz'd a stone of wondrous size,
Rough, pointed, craggy, near the gate it lay ;
Not two the strongest swains might from the ground
With ease uplift and place it on the wain 451
As men are now ; he rais'd it high in air,
For Jove had made it light ; the shepherd thus
Bears the rich fleece with ease, nor feels its weight :
So Hector to the well-constructed gates, 455
Whose massy bars with double bolt secur'd
The lofty portal, bore the enormous mass
Advancing near, then with collected force
Straining each nerve discharg'd the cumbrous load.

. .

Riv'n by its weight the solid planks gave way,
The brazen hinges burst; within the gates 461
Borne by its force the craggy ruin fell.

Then Hector, dreadful as the shades of night,
Rush'd through the breach, from his resplendent
arms

Of polisht brass blaz'd terror and dismay; 465
Two spears aloft he bore; nor less than gods
Had check'd his course, so fierce his eye-balls glar'd;
Then bade advance his host and scale the walls;
They o'er the battlements or through the gate
Obedient to his voice rush'd on amain. 470

The routed Greeks retreated to their ships;
Tumult and noise, and shouting rent the sky.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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